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UNEMPLOYMENT continues to dominate the by-elections, though we must remember the complication of the Catholic vote, heavily influenced against Labour by the Papal Encyclical, in constituencies like Ardwick and Wavertree. While the unemployed themselves support Labour for fear of reductions in benefit, there are an increasing number of wage-earners who are critical of a Government which has no constructive industrial policy. Not that they succumb to Baldwinism, even when it is represented by an enthusiastic golfer and food-taxer like Mr. Nall-Cain. Meanwhile really important things are being attempted in the field of foreign affairs. But international economic co-operation does not make a serviceable election cry. Were this Government's good offices to solve the international debt situation, and the Committee of Experts, for which Mr. Henderson is so largely responsible, to find a way of persuading Europe to begin on the path of economic co-operation—even such triumphs would not win many votes.

* * *

Tempers in the House of Commons on Wednesday were like the "midsummer" weather outside. For a brief spell the Government Bench was gracious, and members basked in the sunshine of exemptions from the land tax. A long list was announced by Sir Stafford Cripps—universities, schools, religious bodies, philanthropic institutions, playing fields associations, housing trusts, and the rest. These concessions will remove many of the injustices and hardships of which complaints were made on both sides of the House. Mr. Snowden even held out a hope of including playing fields of a more private kind, but against racecourses, dog tracks and polo grounds he stood firm. After this came the east wind and thunder and lightning. Mr. Snowden moved the new Clause 20 graduating the tax on developed land down to ⅛d., but his speech was full of bitter sneers. The Liberals were unhappy at being taunted with their inconsistencies first by the Chancellor and then by the Tories, and Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Chamberlain ended up with a furious bout. The clause was passed, and "double taxation" of land will presently be on the statute book. Mr. Snowden says there is nothing new in it; motor-cars, mines and many other things are subject to the same principle. Mr. Lloyd George comforts himself with the thought that he has got seven-eighths of what he wanted. The Bill, with all its concessions and compromises, is certainly a better thing than it was; but it can hardly be called a feather in the cap of the Government.

The Moslem Conference at Simla, called for the purpose of achieving a united Moslem front at the Round Table, has broken down. There was no hope from the beginning. The minority which follows Dr. Ansari and is anxious for co-operation with the National Congress urged once again the abandonment of separate Moslem electorates. The majority, which includes nearly all the influential Moslems in the country, is immovable on this point, and is standing upon the full demands formulated last year. Hence the Minorities Committee of the Round Table must prepare to meet in London knowing that, as matters stand, there can be no united Moslem delegation, and that the Hindu-Moslem tension will be stiffer than ever. The situation among the Princes has been made more definite by an outspoken reply from the Maharaja of Bikaner to the Patiala attack upon the federal scheme. When the standing committee of the Chamber of Princes meets, early in July, it will doubtless be found that the Maharaja of Patiala has enlisted considerable support, but the eight most important Princes, whose territories contain half the population of the Indian States, seem likely to remain solid for an All-India Federation.

* * *

It is plain, however, that the varied difficulties of a resumed London Conference must be resolutely faced. Mr. Benn stated this week that the invitations had not yet been issued, and Mr. Gandhi's friends in England do not disguise their doubts as to the possibility of his leaving India. In the Hindu-Moslem conflict his influence has ceased to count. He is now specially concerned with the grievances of cultivators who have suffered through the civil disobedience and no-rent campaigns. Jawaharlal Nehru asserts that, so far from carrying out the Irwin-Gandhi agreement, the provincial governments are engaged in a policy of agrarian repression. This touches an issue which the Mahatma regards as all-important, and he is likely to make it a test question. The danger obviously is that the Government and the Indian leaders alike may allow themselves to drift into the second London Conference. This would be disastrous for all parties. The safer plan would be the bolder—a clear declaration in London and at Simla upon the three or four essential matters of principle and policy.

* * *

The general election for the Spanish Cortes takes place on Sunday, when 470 deputies are to be chosen. Nobody doubts that there will be an overwhelming Republican majority. Passion runs high in the constituencies, and indeed has taken violent forms in a number of places. Monarchist meetings have been broken up; there has been damage to property and threats to the person, and several well-known candidates have withdrawn in disgust. The Communists are active, and so are the Syndicalists, who differ from them in theory, but stand with them in opposition to the Provisional Government and the whole tribe of Right-wingers. The Syndicalist Trade Union organisation is fighting furiously with the Socialist body, the General Union of Workers, in the Asturias coalfield, in Andalusia, and elsewhere. A host of political parties is appealing to the electorate, and it is hardly possible to guess at the chances of each. But it is safe to say that the new Chamber, even if it is a hundred per cent. Republican, will not be a band of brothers. There will be Conservatives, Liberals, Radicals and Socialists of varying shades of red, Separatists and "Unitarians." They will be put to a hard test in hammering out a Constitution during the dog days in Madrid.

* * *

True to Lenin's dictum that a Government has only to remain in power long enough to be thoroughly detested, M. Liaptcheff's Coalition has suffered an overwhelming defeat in the Bulgarian elections. In the new Sobranye its supporters have been reduced from 173 to 62. The Democratic Entente came into power in 1923 as a result of the *coup d'état* which overthrew Stambuliski. The vengeance which it wreaked on the Agrarians has never been forgotten by the peasants, whose patience has been further tried by the agricultural crisis of the last two years. After seven years of power the Entente is now in process of dissolution. Its rule has succeeded in uniting all the Opposition parties against it, and the heterogeneous National Bloc, from which the new Government will be formed, has now secured a formidable majority. How far it will be able to maintain its united front remains to be seen. It was brought into being by peasant discontent, and unless it can alleviate that discontent it may crumble quickly. Bulgaria, more than any State, has been crippled by the Peace Treaties. It is true that her reparations burdens have been slightly reduced, but this relief has been nullified by the agrarian crisis which has disturbed the whole economic life of the country. Bulgaria, as much as Austria, requires treaty revision. But more even than treaty revision she requires a turn of the trade tide which for the last two years has run so strongly against her.

* * *

The coal crisis is still unsettled as we write. The International Labour Conference at Geneva did, indeed, succeed in adopting a Convention for the regulation of hours; but some time must elapse at the best before this can be ratified and adopted so as to have a practical effect on the competitive position. Meanwhile, we have our national problem to face. The owners have offered to stabilise present wage-rates for a further six months only on condition that working hours are not reduced, as they must be unless legislation is passed to extend the operation of the seven-and-a-half-hours shift. The miners, for their part, want a guarantee of present wage-rates for a longer period, and also a tribunal with power to fix wages when the guarantee expires. The Government is clearly unwilling to introduce a compulsory Minimum Wage Bill in face of the strong opposition of the owners, and is trying to promote a compromise on the basis of a longer guarantee. For our part, we believe there will be no real settlement in the coalfields until effective machinery is set up for fixing by law wages as well as hours. The two things are inextricably bound up together, and it has become plain that the voluntary wage-regulating machinery set up last year will not work. The miners ought to have their Minimum

Wage Bill, if not now, since there is no parliamentary time, at all events before the guarantee expires.

* * *

Though the direct result of the present Joint Committee on East Africa will not be of any importance—the doors of the King's Robing Room in the House of Lords will now shut while it composes a purely negative report—the indirect results may well be far-reaching. In the first place, the native witnesses brought over here at Government expense obviously made a great impression, even on the Tory Peers in the Committee, and the resolute manner in which all the witnesses, except the Kenya settlers, objected to anything like a closer union with Kenya, has a significance that no one could mistake. There is likely to be a renewed demand, which Tories may join in as well as Labour and Liberal Members, for the reform of administration in Kenya. Native representation on the Kenya Legislative Council, native education and a drastic revision of the method by which the whites commonly profit by taxation of the blacks—such reforms will now be demanded more strenuously than ever. And there is also a new factor to be considered. The natives of East Africa are daily growing in political consciousness, and the attitude of the Joint Committee which received official witnesses, but which refused to hear the chosen spokesmen of the Kikuyu, although they came from Africa to speak their minds, has not tended to soothe native opinion. Why did the Joint Committee commit this act of folly? And why did they refuse to hear the evidence of several of the best-known champions of native rights in this country? After all, the future of East Africa depends on the goodwill of the natives: every settler would be bankrupt if the natives withheld their labour for a few weeks—and that is by no means an impossible contingency.

* * *

A curious incident, reported in the *Times* of last Saturday, has not had the attention it deserves. The Metropolitan Water Board—a public corporation—had before it tenders for timber. The lowest tender—£2,122—was for Russian timber; the next lowest—£2,198—for Swedish. It was decided to accept the latter, and this in spite of an assertion that for the Board's purposes the Russian material was better. Had the purchase of British wood been in question, one could understand, though one might not approve, the Board's policy; but the discrimination shown against Russia is evidently mere political prejudice. Whether its basis is "bugs in the butter," or just Bolshevism on the brain, is not clear. And perhaps £76 is not much to pay for one's display of suburban heroics, especially when the ratepayers are putting up the money. To us, all the same, it seems an inane gesture that would be dear at any price. Perhaps it illustrates the connection between wool and water that was first pointed out by Lewis Carroll.

* * *

A committee of lawyers have been inquiring into proposals for cheapening the cost of litigation. The present state of affairs is certainly scandalous. The average citizen is terrified of going to law—not because he does not love justice, but because, like Miss Anita Loos's heroine, she is such an expensive maid to woo. The elaborate proposals of the committee are mainly technical, but there is one reform which is intelligible to the layman, but which has been insufficiently discussed. This is the rationalisation of the Bar. Instead of having a multiplicity of barristers, of whom a select few earn fantastic incomes (the expression of a law, that of supply and demand, with which the lawyer should have no concern), while a majority are on the verge of penury, why not organise the Bar as an adequately salaried profession? This would remove the present reproach, that justice is most accessible to the longest purse. It would also do away with the absurd spectacle of the fashionable "silk" rushing from court to court, "appearing" (and disappearing) in perhaps three cases simultaneously, in order to lend to the arguments of his juniors the prestige of his name and reputation.

* * *

The B.B.C. is always accused of being highbrow directly it does anything really interesting. But talks are only highbrow when they are academic, that is, when they are out of touch with the needs and thoughts of ordinary men and women. Certainly no such charge can be levelled against next winter's talk programme, which, we understand, is now being worked out on new and exciting lines. All the educational talks are to deal realistically with some immediate problem of the day, each problem being treated as one aspect of one major question—how and why the world is changing and has changed so fast during the last generation. Thus the talks will have an underlying unity, whether they are grouped under the headings of literature and art, science, education and the use of leisure, economics and industry, or politics and social development. Sunday programmes will include talks on the ideals that are emerging in the world to-day—which should at least be a relief from the old-fashioned Sabbatarianism which now makes the B.B.C. week-end programmes so dreary. The casual listener will find himself hearing a good talk. But the thousands of people who have realised the real opportunity offered by the B.B.C., and who have formed themselves into regular groups to listen and discuss talks, can use this winter's programme as a steady educational course if they are so minded. Apparently they are likely to do so; there are already 800 such groups, and there may be 1,000 this winter. Many of the group leaders are meeting next week at a B.B.C. summer school to explore further the technique of this new kind of education. We must wait until September for the details of the programme.

* * *

The Youth Hostels Association has completed a splendid first year's work. Already Regional Councils are at work in thirteen areas, and more than sixty hostels, many of them fully equipped and under the charge of salaried wardens, are open for the use of walkers and cyclists at the cost of 1s. a night. Under the stimulus of the grant of £10,000 promised by the Carnegie Trustees, development is likely to continue at a rapid rate, and within a few years the whole country will be served with a network of these shelters. The task which the founders of the movement have set before them is not merely the provision of cheap lodgings. They want to give young men and women a better opportunity of discovering for themselves how best to enjoy and appreciate the countryside. A great educational process is going on. As Professor G. M. Trevelyan told the Council of the Association a few days ago, the movement for the greater use of the countryside is inseparable from that for the preservation of the countryside. "Anyone who cares for the work of the National Trust and the Society for the Preservation of Rural England must care for the work of the Youth Hostels Association, and *vice versa*." The Association seeks members—and donations.

MR. HOOVER'S MEDICINE

PRESIDENT HOOVER'S plan for saving Germany has had a good press, with certain significant exceptions. The journalists of Paris have looked the gift-horse in the mouth and found a very rotten set of teeth. In Germany the Nazis and the Communists denounce it as a new piece of American bluff or a capitalist dodge. It is, of course, neither of those things, but a supremely important effort to avert a European catastrophe, and it is sound so far as it goes. The praise of Mr. Hoover's courage and generosity has been, we think, a trifle overdone. He and those whom he had consulted were moved to action not by pure philanthropy, but by enlightened self-interest. They realised at last, what a great many people on this side of the Atlantic had long been telling them, that Germany was on the point of collapse—of a collapse which would mean a stoppage not merely of reparations but of the interest on the American money, amounting to some three hundred millions sterling, invested in the country. But prudence is a very respectable quality, which is none too common among statesmen in these days, and Mr. Hoover's motive does not detract from the merit of his proposal. What matters is the effect.

The first effect was naturally an immense feeling of relief and hope, which sent prices bounding up on the stock markets from China to Peru. Here indeed was some proof of what Mr. Stimson calls the "tonic value" of the medicine. But the destinies of the world are not ordered by stockbrokers and their clients; it is the politicians who must say "Yes" or "No" to Mr. Hoover's plan. And the French politicians, at the time of writing, appear disinclined to say "Yes." They can, as usual, make out a case that looks strong on paper for their intransigence. They can complain that Mr. Hoover, in being kind to Germany, is being too kind at the expense of France. The "unconditional" payments by Germany to France under the Young Plan make up some £20,000,000 a year, or five per cent. of the French Budget. France says she cannot sacrifice such a large item of revenue. It is true that the United States will sacrifice more; but the United States is richer, and is also making the sacrifice as an insurance, so to speak, of American investments in Germany. As for the rest, Great Britain will be "all square," since her receipts from her debtors and her payments to America will cancel out. (This, in fact, is not so; for by giving the Dominions a moratorium we shall be out of pocket, as Mr. Snowden has explained, to the tune of nearly £11,000,000.) Italy will lose a trifle of £2,000,000, Belgium rather more. Japan is hardly concerned; she is not a debtor nation, and though she gets some reparation payments from Germany, they only amount to a few hundred thousand pounds. If these countries, or others, consider it to their interest to temper the wind to the shorn German lamb, well and good. But France does not—and she does not even feel any twinge of conscience at the recollection of the Caillaux-Churchill settlement, under which she was let off over sixty per cent. of her debt to Great Britain. The French position was made perfectly clear not much more than a year ago, when the Young Plan was ratified only on the solemn assurance that it was a "complete and definitive settlement." And finally, as the *Temps* observed the other day, if it is fair and reasonable for America to insist on the payment of war debts, why is it not fair and reasonable for France to insist on reparations? There is their case, as the French see it. On grounds alike of justice, need and logic, they should have their pound of flesh.

At the same time, the French Government realise that they are in an awkward position. Some at least of the consequences, to themselves and to other people, of a blank refusal to accept the Hoover proposal are apparent even to the most inveterate Germanophobes in Paris, and a compromise is sought which would modify the proposal so as to safeguard French claims. The Young Plan, it is argued, must be maintained in its integrity; Germany must pay the unconditional annuity, but France would agree to the money being loaned back to Germany. We cannot imagine that Mr. Hoover will be satisfied with this counter-proposal. It would flood the tonic with an ocean of cold water, and it would effectually prevent the application of any more drastic remedy in the future. That, of course, is precisely what it is designed to prevent. What alarms the French is not so much the prospect of losing their revenue this year—that, despite justice, need and logic, they were likely to do anyhow, for if there had been no American intervention Germany would almost certainly have been forced to declare a moratorium, and then France would have had, according to the terms of the Young Plan, to deposit £25,000,000 in the Bank of International Settlements. Their real fear is that after the criminal has been given his liberty for twelve months, it will not be possible to put him in chains again—that, in plain words, the Hoover plan will be only a prelude to a drastic revision of the reparations settlement. The French fear is every good European's hope.

A week ago Germany was in a critical condition, faced with bankruptcy and a political upheaval which might speedily have become civil war. At the eleventh hour Mr. Hoover offers a remedy which, as we have said, is good so far as it goes—that is, as a temporary relief and a pick-me-up. It is also good for other reasons. It is a sign that the United States is coming out of its isolation from European affairs, and that presently there may be a change of policy in Washington in regard to the war debts, although at the moment Mr. Hoover is careful to express his disapproval of cancellation. It might even, as he hints cautiously but plainly, contribute to the good will that is necessary if the Disarmament Conference is not to be a tragic farce next year. But with all its merits the medicine remains a tonic. What the disease demands is a surgical operation—the removal of the tumour that is torturing Germany and all Europe. We do not believe—and surely Mr. Hoover himself cannot believe—that this postponement of debts will solve the whole problem, and that in July, 1932, we shall be "as you were." Germany stands to gain substantially and directly, and the rest of us indirectly (though there are critics who suggest that our gain may be diminished by the strengthening of the competitive power of Ger-

man industry). But the greater the gain the less will be the disposition to abandon it twelve months hence. The French are right in foreseeing that; where they are wrong is in resisting it. The policy of grinding the faces of the Germans is a patent failure. It has not brought prosperity to any one. It has not established peace, but only an armed truce, in Europe. It has given France a position which she has used in ways that redound little to her credit. But it has not given her—as she herself unceasingly protests—the security she clamours for. It has not cowed the Germans; it has enraged them and driven them to Hitlerism. Is civil war in Germany, or even a Fascist-Nationalist Government, in the interest of France? No Frenchman outside a lunatic asylum would think so. But a great many apparently sane Frenchmen are set on perpetuating the discontents that make for mischief. A grave responsibility now rests on France. She has already, by the attitude she has adopted towards the American proposals, taken the edge off our hopes. If she finally rejects the offer, or insists on whittling it down, she will be telling Europe, as well as Mr. Hoover, to go to the devil. And to the devil Europe will go—with France in the van.

THE FASCIST TERROR

[FROM A CORRESPONDENT RECENTLY IN ITALY.]

THE treatment that is meted out to non-Fascists in Italy to-day, in the eighth year of the dictatorship, seems, on close examination, to bear comparison with the worst outrages of the 1922-25 period, when the fate of Fascism hung in the balance and almost every means was considered fair to prevent its fall. In those days the outrages received much publicity, whether they were inflicted on a leader of the opposition like Matteotti, or on whole villages like Molinella, whose co-operative movement was wiped out of existence by bands of "Squadristi" armed with revolvers, sticks and cudgels.

To-day there is no opposition press, so that the foreign journalist in Rome gets his information first-hand and becomes as suspect as the people from whom he gets it. He hesitates to make use of it unless, as recently happened in the case of the Fascist and Catholic dispute, or in the first trials of non-Communist anti-Fascists before the Special Tribunal, the matter has become so public as to be beyond the control of the Fascist censor.

The *Osservatore Romano* during May published a daily account of physical ill-treatment meted out to unarmed Catholic workers and undergraduates all over Italy, which, merely from the humanitarian point of view, was far more painful reading than the burning of church and convent buildings in Spain. The students in Rome who were lynched, or the Catholic workers in the north who were cudgelled, were in every case attacked by superior numbers of armed Blackshirts. While this particular form of violence has diminished pending an agreement between the Vatican and the Fascist Government, there are other fields in which the doctrine of violence preached for so long from the Mussolinian pulpit can apparently not be restrained. Those who come up for trial before the Special Tribunal for the Defence of the State (which only tries political cases) are subjected, according to the practice of Latin law, to a preliminary investigation. A group of former Croatians from the new Italian province of Fiume were being thus cross-questioned in prison last December about their possible sympathisers who had not yet been arrested. On their refusing to give names, the Blackshirts who were standing round were ordered to insert small wire pins under the prisoners' finger-nails.

Dr. Mario Vinciguerra, whose trial in December, with the first group of Liberals that have yet appeared before the Tribunal, aroused some interest in this country, was struck on the ear with such violence during his cross-examination in prison that he is permanently deaf on that side. After the trial, at which he and Dr. Rendi were sentenced to fifteen years' imprisonment, he was sent to a prison at Fossombrone, near Pesaro, where until last month he lived in a cell six feet square with nothing in it but a camp-bed. This was locked up against the wall at 7.30 each morning, leaving him no alternative but to sit on the floor or lean against the damp walls of the cell. Out of the twenty-four hours he spends daily in this cell forty minutes are allowed each morning for a walk, alone, in the prison courtyard. He may not speak to his warders and he never sees a fellow-prisoner. This is called solitary confinement, and an attempt is being made to abolish it in the new Italian penal code. Meanwhile it is the lot of every political prisoner whose sentence exceeds five years.

Anyone who succeeds in gaining admittance to these Special Tribunal trials is struck by the fact that in ninety per cent. of the cases the judge agrees with the defence in its plea that the prisoner has a perfectly clean moral and civil record. The prisoners rarely speak themselves; but I remember one recent instance in which a group of alleged Communists from Brescia were being tried, and one of them complained that they had all been kept in the cellar of the Brescia Fascist headquarters for a week, with their feet under water. It was months before their feet presented a normal appearance again. Another prisoner, who was subsequently found not guilty and released, told me of his journey to Rome (where the Tribunal usually sits) with ten fellow-prisoners from Sicily. They travelled by slow stages, sometimes in cattle-vans, stopping the night in prisons on the way. In Palermo the batch were shut up all night in a room with a skylight. There were no lavatories, and the food was beyond description.

Thousands of non-Fascists never reach the Special Tribunal in Rome. Two, for instance, Angelo Ripamonti and Carlo Veneroni, were simply done away with by "Squadristi" in the village of Busagno, near Milan, on February 23rd this year, because they were held responsible for the return of a complete committee of non-Fascists in the local co-operative society's annual election. Others are either sentenced without trial to *confino* in the islands (like the four Republicans who did not appear with Rossi and Bauer in the May trial at which these men received a thirty years' sentence each) or to an *ammonizione*, which means that the suspected person must always stay indoors between sunset and 8 a.m., or they are merely followed by plain-clothes detectives for weeks or sometimes years. There are a dozen ex-Deputies in *confino*, and some 3,000 other political prisoners—former Freemasons, Liberals, Communists, Democrats and ex-Fascists. There is a continual coming and going from *confino* which keeps the number fairly steady at 3,000. All the men who held posts in pre-Fascist Cabinets have a plain-clothes detective attached to them, but so have many who never held public office. You meet them in Rome and in all the big cities, followed everywhere by their *agente* with his bicycle. The system attains its desired object, which is to cut these people off from their friends, who are in turn afraid of getting known as critics of the regime.

It is only in Rome and Florence that foreigners, and especially British and American residents, still keep open

house to non-Fascists, but Italians have had to give it up for fear of the consequences. One recalls a house in Rome that used to entertain some leading non-Fascists—senators, writers and artists—every week last winter. If one arrived late there was a group of *agenti* leaning against the wall near the front door, waiting to follow the guests home. It seems a farce; but it is in fact one of the cruellest forms of persecution, for nothing can be more galling than to be followed day and night, and to have your house, your letters and your telephone conversations watched by one of your fellow-countrymen all because you are not a believer in dictatorship.

Conditions of life are still essentially abnormal in Italy, and tend to grow more so every day. In 1927 eight or ten men and women used to come up for trial weekly before the Special Tribunal. Last month the average was 20 to 25 a week; last week the figure was 80. Moreover, it has been found expedient to transform the Special Tribunal and the Special Law for the Defence of the Realm from a temporary five-year institution into a permanent organ of the State. Eight months ago a new political police was formed under the initials O.V.R.A. (*Organizzazione Vigilanza Reati Antifascisti*) and before long it was found that men and women of every class of society had been enlisted in its ranks. As for the censorship, it is no longer limited to the press. Letters are frequently opened and badly resealed, and telephone subscribers were notified a few months since of a new decree by which "conversations that are immoral, contrary to public order, or designed to disturb the public or private peace, render the subscriber liable to the immediate removal of his apparatus without further discussion." One is, as a matter of fact, sufficiently aware of telephone censorship in Rome without this further explanation.

The Italian people are not vindictive by nature, but the Fascist Government, having once roused a certain section of the community to a belief in violence, have never been able to control that section again. To-day in some form or other it dominates almost every sphere of Italian life, however anxious the Government may be to keep its activities out of the press and to paint a picture for foreign and home consumption of an Italy that has peacefully solved every problem, whether industrial, agricultural, religious or international. Like monetary inflation, repressive measures may be useful for a time, but they spell disaster in the long run.

THE "SCANDALS OF THE DOLE"

CRITICS of unemployment insurance as it is have usually fastened on one of two main points. Either they have attacked the scheme as a whole on the ground that it is far too expensive, and demanded that the Insurance Fund shall somehow be restored to an actuarial basis; or they have alleged that benefits are being paid to large classes of persons who have no equitable title to them. Often, of course, the two criticisms have been muddled up together, and fantastic estimates have been made of the savings that could be realised by cutting out the shirkers and spongers on the scheme.

With the former of these criticisms we have never been in sympathy. Unless we can find means of employing the unemployed, we are under an obligation to maintain them; and there is nothing to be said either for condemning them to semi-starvation or for transferring a large part of the burden from national to local funds. The second criticism has more substance, for there are undoubtedly loopholes in the scheme as it now exists; and the State is fully justified in trying to stop up these holes, as far as they can be stopped without creating greater injustices than are remedied by the change.

The Bill introduced into Parliament last week by the Minister of Labour is well calculated to achieve this result. It will probably not save the State a great deal of money, and certainly it will not restore the Insurance Fund to solvency. But that is because the abuses and anomalies of the scheme as it stands are not quantitatively very great, though they have considerable qualitative importance. There are persons in receipt of benefit who ought not to be getting it, or who ought to be getting less; and it is highly desirable that these anomalies shall be put right.

Putting them right, however, without creating fresh injustices, is not at all an easy matter. If it were, most of the anomalies would never have arisen. And certainly the wrong remedy would have been to insert in an amending Act new detailed conditions for the receipt of benefit designed to exclude the offenders. For what is needed, if anomalies are to be avoided, is a far more flexible instrument than an Act of Parliament can possibly provide; and the new power of the Minister of Labour to make regulations dealing with the types of cases in question is assuredly on the right lines. Nor can the new plan reasonably be denounced as an illegitimate extension of bureaucracy; for the Minister is to be advised by a committee directly representing the interests chiefly concerned. Indeed, it may well be that the tentative experiment in settling the right to benefit by regulation rather than in the set terms of an Act will be so justified by its success as to be extended later over a much wider field.

For it is plain that, when so much depends on detailed administration, there is need for a far more elastic method than legislation alone can possibly provide. There would doubtless be strong objections to a proposal merely to empower the Minister to make regulations at will; but we believe that more and more, as legislation grows in complexity, resort will be had to regulation-making under the advice of a statutory committee or commission as a means of filling in the details of social laws, and of providing for their application to particular types of case. We therefore congratulate the Government on the terms of the Bill, not because it solves the unemployment insurance problem (for that can hardly be even attempted until the Commission has produced its final report), but as a thoroughly workmanlike attempt to provide a remedy for the chief abuses that everyone admits to exist. Unemployment insurance will remain a heavy burden as long as unemployment remains severe; but the Bill is calculated to take the wind out of the sails of those critics who thrive upon denouncing the "scandals of the dole." That, incidentally, is why it has made many of these gentry so angry.

THE FORM OF SOCIALISATION

THE Joint Committee of Lords and Commons which is working its way slowly through the London Passenger Transport Bill has on it a majority of Conservatives, for the nominees of the Lords swamp the Labour-Liberal majority among the Commons. The Joint Committee is, therefore, not likely to suffer from an unduly Socialist bias; and its handling of Mr. Morrison's measure is being watched with a good deal of interest. In an earlier article we discussed some of the financial problems which arise out of the present Bill, and would arise in more acute form out of any proposal to socialise the main-line railways.

In this article we deal with the closely cognate problem of the forms of administration and control.

Mr. Morrison, in his Bill, proposes to hand over the running of London transport to a Board of full-time commissioners, nominated by himself and removable by him at any moment. In this way he presumably intends to secure that, even if full autonomy is given to the Board in the work of day-to-day management, the members shall be nevertheless under the final authority of the State, and shall carry out the general policy of which the Government approves. Technical control is to be left to the full-time experts; but the control of policy is to be, in the last resort, a matter for the State.

Critics of Mr. Morrison's plan began to lift their voices as soon as it was published. Some of the critics were in favour of a full-time Board of State nominees, but held that, once appointed, the members should be as independent as judges, and as little subject to Government or Parliamentary control. They wanted a purely autonomous Board, free, as they said, from all political interference. Other critics approached the question from a different point of view, and objected to a Board consisting solely of persons nominated by the Government. These, again, differed greatly among themselves. Some wanted to press the claim of the local authorities to representation, some that of the workers employed in the service, and yet others again the claim of the existing shareholders in the private undertakings which are being co-ordinated under the Board. None of these groups would necessarily have objected to the Minister making the actual appointments, provided they were so made as to represent the interests concerned. All these points of view are being to some extent pressed before the Joint Committee; and nobody knows in what form the Bill will at length emerge from its triple ordeal of the Joint Committee and the two Houses of Parliament.

Mr. Morrison is likely to stand out for his right to appoint the managing body without reference to any special representation of interests. His view is that the right way of managing a socialised concern is to pick the best men who can be found, irrespective of their representative position. In this we think he is right; for it is difficult to imagine that a body consisting largely of representatives of diverse interests would make an efficient management. The day-to-day management of a great industrial concern is, after all, a highly skilled technical affair, demanding close cohesion as well as sound knowledge from those responsible for it. A Board whose members were always pulling different ways as representatives of different interests would be certain to make a hash of the job. Just as it was necessary to constitute the Central Electricity Board of appointed full-time members, so will it be necessary to constitute the managing body either for the passenger transport of the London area or of the railways as a whole as soon as we decide definitely to socialise it.

On the other hand, certain of the interests on whose behalf the claim for representation is being made have a very strong case. Of the shareholders' claim we take little account. Their property is being handed over to the Board in return for a claim upon its future earnings, and some of their representatives hold that they ought to appoint the Board in order to safeguard their future dividends. But surely the whole purpose of Mr. Morrison's Bill is to make London transport a public service, and this aim would be quite defeated if the shareholders were to remain in control of the unified undertaking.

The remaining claims cannot be so easily dismissed. The London County Council may reasonably urge that, as the public body chosen by the citizens of London, it has a valid claim to be represented on the authority controlling London transport; and there are other local authorities which can advance similar claims. And the workers engaged in the service have also some right to be represented, for they, even more than the users of the service, stand to be affected by the way in which it is carried on. The Trade Union claim to be represented in the control of socialised undertakings is not new, and has long been conceded in the Labour programme. It can hardly be disregarded now when the question has at length come up in a practical form.

If it is necessary on grounds of efficiency to have a Board consisting of experts chosen solely on the basis of personal competence, we seem to be in a dilemma, for while the L.C.C. or the Transport Workers' Union might, of course, choose the best possible man, they could hardly be relied upon to do so; nor would the men so chosen find it easy to reconcile their duties as representatives with their duty to the public as expert managers of the undertaking. The two principles of selection cannot easily be combined on one and the same body.

What, then, is the way out? Perhaps by the German system of a dual directorate. The German joint stock concern has two directing bodies—a board of management consisting of full-time salaried officers, and a controlling council consisting of part-time representatives. It has often been urged that this structure might well be applied to our own joint stock system, but there is an even stronger case for applying it to socialised undertakings of the type of the new London transport authority. Let us have, as Mr. Morrison suggests, a board of full-time commissioners (who may, needless to say, be drawn from any source, including the workers); but let us have as well a controlling council on which both the local authorities, on behalf of the users of the service, and the Trade Unions, on behalf of the workers in it, can be adequately represented.

It is not suggested that this council should be a full-time body. It would be, evidently, an organ of criticism and co-ordination rather than of execution or management. It should be able to override the board of managers, but its decisions should in turn be subject to the decision of the Government. Doubtless it would in practice leave the managing board with a large measure of freedom in the conduct of the undertaking, for a full-time body has always an enormous advantage over one that only meets occasionally. But the council should meet often enough not to be reduced to impotence—at least quarterly, for example, and for a period of days. If this were the case it would be able to criticise and suggest with effect, without being able to usurp the technical functions of the management.

This dual form of organisation is well worth considering in relation not only to the present Bill, but also to any general scheme of railway socialisation. It is certain that, if the workers are excluded from any form of control over socialised undertakings, the mere change from private to public employment will not make any great difference in their attitude towards their work, and their full co-operation in promoting the efficiency of the service will not be evoked. But it is no less clear that the representative principle is not the best for the constitution of an executive body carrying large technical responsibilities. The two principles must somehow be reconciled, and the dual arrangement seems best to reconcile them.

It is important that the matter shall be rightly settled in the present Bill, because whatever is done now may easily be treated as a precedent, especially when further measures of socialisation are undertaken for transport services. We expressed, in our earlier article, grave doubts whether the report of the Weir Committee on electrification of the main

line railways could be taken as proving the case for electrification, but this did not mean either that we are against electrification, or that we consider railway socialisation to depend upon it. We still hope that the case for electrification will be proved up to the hilt, both because electrified railways are likely to render cleaner and more comfortable service, and because the work involved is precisely of the sort best able to help us in combating unemployment. And, quite apart from the question of electrification, we regard the public ownership of the railways as an urgent matter, in order to secure a better co-ordination of services and a better adjustment of charges to the needs of industry. With or without electrification, the railways are likely to be socialised soon, and we would strongly urge that the Weir Committee's estimates should be closely scrutinised in order to see if costs cannot be reduced and the scheme made clearly worth while from an economic as well as from a social standpoint. Meanwhile, Mr. Morrison's Bill provides us with an excellent opportunity for thinking out in advance the forms which we want socialisation to take, and of finding a solution which will reconcile the needs of efficient management with the workers' claim to a share in the control.

SALMON

THE salmon is so completely associated in our minds with fresh water that it may even come as a surprise to many to learn that it is actually a marine fish which visits rivers only for spawning. It is one of the most interesting of fish. Moreover its habits of life are such that it is possible, as with no other marine fish, directly to estimate the effect of fishing on its abundance, and to test the efficiency of the various remedies against over-fishing. These matters have recently been admirably summarised* by Mr. W. L. Calderwood, late Inspector of Salmon Fisheries for Scotland.

For the better understanding of what follows it will be advisable to discuss briefly the life and habits of the salmon. The adult fish swim at large in the open sea feeding on herring and other fish of the middle and upper waters. How far they wander from the rivers in which they were hatched and to which they return for spawning is unknown. The general impression is that they do not move far from the river mouths, but salmon have been taken in the middle of the North Sea, and a solitary one has been caught near the middle of the Atlantic. Occasionally marked salmon have been recaptured hundreds of miles away from the place where they were marked and released. A fish from the Spey in north-east Scotland has been taken again in the Eden in Cumberland, a journey of 620 miles, while a marked Alaskan salmon has been recaptured at Kamchatka, north of Japan, a distance of about 1,000 miles from the starting point.

After feeding to repletion in the sea, the salmon re-enter the rivers and are often caught in large numbers in nets put out along the shore while they are awaiting the favourable conditions of flood waters. There is good evidence of the presence of a definite homing instinct. Fish marked before they leave the rivers in which they have been hatched have frequently been recaptured later in the same rivers, to which they have returned for spawning. Once within the rivers instinct impels the fish to ascend and to overcome all obstacles that bar their way. There are few finer sights in nature than the tensely braced, arched body of a leaping salmon. They are more successful with a high leap than with a long one, and Mr. Calderwood has obtained certain evidence of a vertical leap of 11 feet 4 inches.

Salmon are divided by fishermen into spring and summer fish according to the time of the year when they enter the rivers. The former frequently encounter ice-cold water, and will delay their progress until the spring sun warms the upper reaches of the rivers. It is a most remarkable, but equally certain, fact that, in spite of their great activity, salmon never feed in fresh water after their return from the sea. They will, however, for some unaccountable reason for which all salmon fishermen render thanks to an indulgent providence, rise to a fly. Apparently they do this most readily immediately after leaving the sea. They may remain for some months before spawning, and all this time they are maintained solely by the stores laid up during their period of feeding in the sea. When they enter the rivers their bodies are great charged accumulators of energy.

They spawn in autumn and winter, especially in November and December. The process is an interesting one. A gravelly bottom is chosen, and the female makes a long trough with a mound at the lower end, known as a redd, by the lashing of her tail. In this she lays her eggs while the accompanying male sheds his milt. Only a comparatively few eggs are laid at a time, the process being repeated until all the eggs have been laid, which usually takes a week or ten days. Then the fish, utterly exhausted with this supreme final effort, drift down-stream—often tail first—back to the freedom and boundless food of the sea.

Meanwhile, the fertilised eggs are left to fend for themselves. For this they are admirably fitted. Their specific gravity is just sufficient to prevent them from floating to the surface, they are so elastic that falling stones cannot injure them, and they are sufficiently adhesive to stick to anything they encounter and so prevent themselves from being carried down-stream. The speed of development depends on the temperature. Hatching may occur at any time between five and twenty-one weeks. The little salmon which hatches out is called an alevin, and becomes a fry when its large yolk-sac has been absorbed. During this period it remains within the shelter of the redd, leaving it in the autumn when the fish is known as a parr. The next stage, attained at the end of two years, is called a smolt—these various names originated when the different markings led to the various stages being considered as distinct species—and it is at this stage that the salmon migrates to the sea. A certain stimulus is necessary, even when the fish is in the right condition, to start the migration, and Dr. H. O. Bull has recently shown* that, in the upper reaches of the Tyne at any rate, this "departure stimulus" probably takes the form of a local fall of rain of not less than a tenth of an inch. As they approach the mouths of industrial rivers such as the Tyne or Tees, the smolts have to pass through a stretch of heavily polluted water. Their chances of passing this in safety depend entirely, according to Dr. Bull, on the quantity of flood water and consequent dilution of the polluted area. He suggests as a remedy the erection of fences above the estuary whereby fish could be prevented from reaching the estuary except when conditions were favourable for their passage.

In the sea the smolts feed and grow first, after one winter, into grilse, which are characterised by yet a different dress and may return to the rivers for spawning, and finally into true adult salmon. After the first spawning they return to the sea and afterwards re-enter the rivers, sometimes annually but usually less frequently.

Owing to their limited area and ease of access, rivers can be overfished much more easily than the sea, and the need for measures of control became apparent several generations before great fleets of stream trawlers began to make serious

* *Salmon Hatching and Salmon Migrations.* By W. L. Calderwood. Arnold. 4s. 6d.

* Dove Marine Laboratory, Cullercoats, Northumberland. Report for the year ending June 30th, 1930. 5s.

inroads into the stocks of marine fish. Two alternative remedies presented themselves. The fishing might be restricted or the stocks of fish might be increased by artificial means. The latter captured the imagination of mankind, always eager to make two blades of grass grow where only one grew before, and, following (as in so much else) the earlier example of the Chinese, Europeans began in the middle of the nineteenth century to establish fish hatcheries. Adult fish ready to spawn were captured and the eggs and milt either forced out of the fish or else stripped from them, and artificial fertilisations made in large hatcheries. From these the fertilised eggs or newly hatched fry were distributed. The first artificially fertilised fish eggs obtained in this country came from a great hatchery established in 1852 at Huningue, near Basle.

At the present day the greatest fish hatcheries are in the north-west of the United States and in British Columbia, having been established in connection with the immense salmon canning industry. Over a thousand million eggs are distributed annually by the former, and more than a hundred million by the latter. It might appear at first as though the introduction of these hosts of young fish could not fail to remedy the evils—well pronounced— of over-fishing. But the reverse is actually the case. Despite the quantities of young fish added annually to the rivers of the Pacific shores of America, the stocks of fish are unmistakably diminishing. In short there are limits to the extent to which man's activities can replace natural processes.

There can be no doubt, however, that the introduction of these artificially fertilised eggs does greatly increase the stocks. Whereas careful deductions from long-continued observations in Scotland have shown that in nature a pair of fish—in spite of the great numbers of eggs laid and of young fish which hatch out from them—produce eventually no more than four adult fish at each spawning, elaborate experiments on the effect of introducing artificially fertilised eggs into Canadian rivers have shown that by this means a pair of fish (removed and stripped) produce fourteen adult descendants.

The decrease in the numbers of American salmon is due to the entire disregard for the natural spawning of the fish. Under natural conditions there is always a certain surplus of fish which can be caught without affecting the stocks. Enough are left to produce the requisite number of young and all is well. This surplus can certainly be increased by the addition of the product of hatcheries—at a price. But if natural spawning is entirely neglected, fishing is unrestricted, and the addition of young fish exclusively relied upon for the maintenance of stocks, not only must increased catches of fish cover the cost of the hatcheries, but the necessary supply of adult fish for the hatcheries will every year be more difficult to obtain. The alternative, the natural method, which, as Mr. Calderwood indicates clearly, is the better paying proposition, is to restrict fishing and give the salmon every opportunity to spawn naturally and so maintain the stocks. Much can be done to protect the fish from their enemies—other than the fishermen—and to provide ideal conditions for spawning and for the survival of the young.

An epoch in biology is passing. Everywhere the belief, generated in the first flush of exact biological knowledge in the latter half of the nineteenth century, that natural processes can successfully be replaced, is being disproved. Man in all his dealings with animals—with insects and shellfish no less than with fish and mammals—is learning that natural processes can be assisted and in part controlled, but that they cannot, in the long run, successfully be replaced.

C. M. Y.

THE HAPPY HORSE

ONE of the novelties of the Horse Show at Olympia this year is a parade of sixty colliery horses and pit ponies, brought " straight from their work " in the mines of Monmouthshire and South Wales. At the sound of a horn the doors, painted to look like gates, are swung open, and a long line of stout, healthy-looking, hairy-footed animals, varying considerably in size, files in, with at the head of each horse a man wearing the clothes of a miner and carrying a miner's lamp. The horses are divided into " veterans " that have worked underground for ten years and upwards, and other classes, and each horse bears an announcement of its name and the number of its years of service. Gwenny, a bay mare, aged 26, is the leader; she has been living and working underground for twenty-two years. Almost as old is County, a 24-year-old grey, who has been at work twenty years of her long life in the bowels of the earth. Many of the animals are decorated with ribbons of lively colours in their manes and tails. They are greeted with applause such as they can never have received before from an audience that includes many of the most devoted lovers of horses in the world. When at the last they break into a trot, some of them at a pace so fast as almost to sweep the attendants off their feet, eager for the return to the stables, the audience is as noisily delighted as if it were applauding a star turn at a circus. There are actors who would feel rewarded for years of endurance if such appreciation as this came at the end.

I confess I sat through the exhibition with mixed feelings. Ever since I first heard of pit ponies I have disliked the notion of this underground life for helpless animals. Their plight is different from that of the miners, whose work, after all, does not compel them to say farewell to the light of day. For all I know to the contrary, a horse may be as happy working underground as dragging a heavy cart aboveground in the rain. But we cannot help applying our own standards of happiness and misery in the view we take of the lives of less eloquent animals. Our opinion of fox hunting, for example, depends largely upon whether we think we would rather live a happy life and then die the death of a hunted fox, or whether the death of a hunted fox seems so terrible to us that we would rather never live at all than enjoy a life that ends as bloodily. And if we apply this (possibly false) standard to the horse, how many of us would consent to live perpetually underground? Even an underground palace would, in such circumstances, seem to most of us a dungeon. To be doomed to exist in it for the rest of our lives would affect us like a sentence of exile to Siberia.

Hence, the page of propaganda in the programme of the Horse Show about the good treatment of colliery horses and pit ponies does not entirely convince the imagination. " The horse's work underground," we are told, " is not continuous, and he has rests far more frequently than a horse usually employed on the surface. The colliery horses, as work horses go, can claim to be better cared for than any other horses in the country. They live in a well-ventilated and equable temperature." Go underground, indeed, and you will find, not the horse's Hades, but the horse's Paradise. " They are not subjected to the vicissitudes of storm and cold, wet or draughts, or other inconveniences so often besetting horses on the surface. They are free from the irritation of flies and other insects. They are examined, groomed and cleaned regularly, and their least indisposition is recorded and cared for immediately." Does it not sound like a description of Mr. Belloc's Servile State, written from the point of view of one who enthusiastically believed in it?

I am prepared to believe that all this is true, and, indeed,

the Monmouthshire and South Wales Coal Owners' Association invites those who wish to verify the statements for themselves to visit the collieries and see the horses at work. Even so, one is anxious to know whether the recent statement that last year one in every six pit ponies was killed, injured, or had to be shot is true. Apart from this, it is difficult to see why animals should be doomed to this subterranean existence when their work could be done by machinery. Mr. Henry Ford once said that one of the objects of his life was to take the burden of drudgery off men and horses and put it on to machinery. The sentimental part of me was divided when I read this statement, for I could see that it implied the ultimate abolition of the horse except as a rich man's toy. As one who had loved plough-horses and all kinds of horses as a boy, I hated the prospect of a horseless world, and tried to persuade myself that it was better for a horse to be a drudge than not to be alive. I had no grounds in reason for my belief—merely a conviction that, both for men and horses, life is good when it is not too bad. But is the plough-horse any happier than the pit pony? I cannot but think so, though I could not prove that any horse is happy in the sense in which we and certain other animals, such as the dog and the cat, can be said to be happy.

Some years ago I was surprised to read in a book by an authority on horses that horses do not enjoy any of the tasks, whether of sport or drudgery, to which they are put by man. The statement seemed incredible to me, for all the horses I had known appeared happy enough. It is true that they looked happiest when they were loosed into a field and could canter round the hedges, as free as their savage ancestors, or when someone brought them a feed of hay or of oats, the day's work over. Especially does one believe in the happiness of horses when one is sitting on the back of a horse drinking from a pond. Even man is a half-hearted drinker in comparison with a horse. But it was not only in their idle moments that the horses on my uncle's farm—Ned and Moll and Bell and the rest of them—seemed happy. Between the shafts of a polo-cart or jogging along in front of a red-and-blue cart loaded with turf, they at least showed no marks of misery, and were figures in so happy a landscape that they seemed to share its quality. Even to-day I doubt whether, if they had been subjected to a questionnaire, any of them would have answered "Yes" to the question: "Would you rather never have been born?"

I think the authority who denied that horses ever enjoy their work admitted one exception to the truth of his generalisation. I forget whether it was hunting or steeplechasing, but it seemed to me that, in order to be logical, he should not have admitted even this enjoyment. If I were arguing on his side of the case, I should make my chief point the fact that, when once a bridle is put on his head, the horse becomes a performing animal. The cat and the dog are free. The dog may be trained for certain purposes, but even then he is following the bent of his nature. The cat in a comfortable home is one of the idle rich. The horse, on the other hand, is trained to do things that are contrary to his nature. It is not natural for him to jump over a five-barred gate with a man on his back. It is not natural for him to compete in races with other horses with a man on his back. It is not natural for him to plod up and down a field all day, dragging against the weight of a plough that is eating its way through the earth. He has to be broken in to these tasks as a performing elephant has to be broken in to his tricks, and the bit that restrains him and the whip that constrains him are symbols of his slavery. Few of us except their owners believe that the performing animals in a circus are happy. We may be wrong, but their tricks, being contrary to their nature, become repellent to us when we think of them. And yet which of us, being sane and in our right mind, does not take delight in the spectacle of that great performing animal, the horse, as he clears a fence or as with a sweep of courage he beats off the challenge of another horse and wins a race by a neck? Here we lose all sense of the fact that we are watching a performing animal; for us he is an animal exercising his genius to the full; and it is to him, even more than to his rider, that we address our applause. We even persuade ourselves that he is enjoying it. "Brown Jack," wrote an eminent racing correspondent, after the horse won the something Stakes at Ascot, "ran as if he loved racing, as he always does." But does he love it as much as the racing correspondent does? We cannot tell. Certainly, at a horse show, few of the horses that take part in the jumping competitions look as if they were enjoying themselves. Their apprehensive eyes, their restless ears, their swishing tails, as they approach a difficult jump, suggest that the sole desire of some of them is to get back to their stalls as soon as their riders will permit them.

Possibly horses are like human beings in several respects. Some of them enjoy work; many do not, but have to earn their keep. Further they enjoy eating and drinking and ease and the commendation of others. It would be a melancholy thing if we sentimentalised so beautiful an animal out of existence. I am sure for a horse, as for a man, broadly speaking, life is better than non-existence. And if in order to live a horse has to become a performing animal, has not man for the same end to do very much the same thing?

Y. Y.

11.59

THERE are intricate questions (the catalogue ranges
Over currency, credit, and foreign exchanges)
Which I leave on one side, since I fondly suppose
That the accurate answer is, "Nobody knows";
But daily and nightly I puzzle my wits
With what everyone knows and yet no one admits.
In private, all sensible people will own
That 'tis useless to try to draw blood from a stone;
That a creditor's fortunes will surely decay
If he renders his debtors unable to pay;
That the trade of a merchant will dwindle and die
If his customers have not the money to buy;
That though quacks and Crusaders may prate as they please
Of a national cure for a world-wide disease,
French, British, and Germans, and Yankees and all,
If they won't stand together, together must fall.
Yet our statesmen and Press-Lords have held, till to-day,
That what everyone *knew*, it was treason to *say;*
And with eyes tightly shut by our leaders' instruction
We have marched side by side, to the brink of destruction.
And now there arrives a last-minute reprieve;
What was always too plain, we are bid to perceive;
And Hoover, the earthly vicegerent of God,
Confirms it as truth with Olympian nod;
While the statesmen and pundits, in chorus sublime,
Are declaring, "Of course! we knew *that* all the time."
Well, I wish they'd explain why, in matters of State,
For the last hour's last minute we always must wait;
Why the true diagnosis we never must quote
Till the death rattle sounds in the invalid's throat;
And why they should always prefer, of intention,
A last-minute cure to a timely prevention.

MACFLECKNOE.

Correspondence

THE FIVE-YEAR PLAN

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—You state in your editorial that if the result of the Five Year Plan is to destroy the economic life of the West it will merely be a proof that our industrial methods are so inefficient that we cannot hold our own against the Communist system of production. Is this fair? Surely you are not in favour of setting up the same conditions here as those imposed on Soviet labour in Russia, where insufficient food, very low wages and wretched housing are, if not the rule, at any rate widely prevalent. Yet these are an essential and vital factor in the success of the Plan, whose object is to produce at lower cost than, and so undersell, Western competitors.

Granted that these conditions are only intended to be temporary, and that the Russian worker has been converted to the necessity for self-sacrifice during this intensive period, being willing to undergo hardships for the sake of ultimate reward, it must not be lost sight of that the fact of a nation submitting to the draconian regime now imposed by Stalin is without precedent in history. We may admire such abnegation—at a distance, but to take it as a model for ourselves is manifestly out of the question. I am not denying the efficiency of the Communist system; it is that and a great deal more, and that you, Sir, who are such a stickler for the maintenance of our standard of living should appear to advocate such a policy is indeed strange. It is rationalisation plus coercion on an immense scale, impossible of realisation in this country where the principle of the living wage blocks the way. And so we must remain, if I follow your argument correctly, "inefficient."—Yours, etc.,

Rock, Wadebridge, Cornwall. RONALD HEPBURN.

[The avowed object of the Five Year Plan is to raise the standard of living in Russia, though for the time being, as our correspondent says, much hardship is endured in order to bring as quickly as possible the greater rewards of the future. Of course, if the Plan does not succeed in improving the standard of living it will not be "efficient" and will not "destroy the economic system of the West." If it does succeed in so doing, and also continues to function without the chaos and unemployment of our system, the example—whether reinforced by underselling or not—will be enough to make it impossible for us to drag along without a planned economy.—ED. *N.S. and N.*]

REBUKE FROM POLAND

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—Being an assiduous reader and admirer of your worthy paper I became very painfully surprised by the number 14 of it from the 30 May a.c., where I found two notices dealing with my country, *i.e.*, Poland.

Only a heated fancy can say that the shore of the gray Baltic does "incessantly remind the Riviera," and I daresay that the fact of having Zoppot, a playhouse like Monte Carlo, is not sufficient enough for such a comparison.

I always considered your worthy publication as one of the most vital and modern, in the best sense of the term, and it is a riddle to me how in such an interesting paper may be found a notice which would be at the right place seventy years ago. For then when people did travel in diligences and abroad was known very superficially, especially Poland then dismembered, would be actual and perhaps possible a notice like this: "Cracov nestled in the shadow of the High Tatras where bears and wolves may be found even to-day." . . .

These fauna-terms as a characteristic of a country in Europe, in a note where nothing else is said about, are far below the level of your worthy paper.

In homage to the truth I must also add that Poznań, "formerly Posen"—but Poznań from its origin—never was a German town, not even during the German domination and that Warsaw is not the historical capital of Poland but the real one.

I pray you, Sir, to be as kind as to publish this letter among the letters "To the Editor."—Yours, etc.,

Warszawa, Praga, Namiestnikowska 7. Dr. ADOLF SPEISER.

THE CHURCH

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—The first of your series of articles on "What is Wrong in the Professions?" is interesting; probably it is the first candid statement of "professional" conditions to-day as regards the Anglican ministry which has hitherto appeared in print. I suggest:

(*a*) The situation might be improved somewhat by greater centralisation. The diocesan unit is detrimental to mobilising.

(*b*) Members of the clergy might be classified: A, those suitable at the age of forty or so for fairly responsible posts (this is now done privately—it might be done more thoroughly and openly); B, those with special qualifications for, and experience in, non-parochial work. The openings for church activity in such directions as school-work, Toc H padreships, are immense; C, those mainly suited to parochial work. (It should be impossible for excellent, but unknown, men to be left to work on in places for which their strength is no longer sufficient.)

This would only apply to stipendiary clergymen. It is difficult to disagree with Mr. F. R. Barry, of Balliol, when he maintains that the scheme for voluntary clergymen set out by Mr. Roland Allen in his book on the subject, suggests the ministry of the future—*i.e.*, local persons of probity and ability are ordained to preach and minister the Sacraments to the congregation of the place they live in. They support themselves by their "tent-making." A college of such clerics in each place could easily cope with the work of the ministry of an ordinary village or parish; one man who spends the bulk of his time teaching, farming or gardening often does now.—Yours, etc.,

Saint Luke's College, Exeter. (Rev.) RICHARD C. WHITE.

"FREE SPEECH IN CHILDHOOD"

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—I am interested by Miss Barbara Low's letter in your issue of June 20th, as it illustrates the tendency to dogmatism without experience from which even psycho-analysis is unable to free the victims of conventional education. Psycho-analysts, in the main, derive their ideas of childhood from the reminiscences of neurotics; those whose impressions are derived from direct contact with children, combined with careful observation, are regarded by the psycho-analysts as unscientific outsiders.

It really amazes me that any person professing a scientific outlook should at this date quote Samuel Butler as an authority. He was an admirable writer, and a man of incomparable wit, but if Miss Low counts among her acquaintances any person with a competent education in biology, let her ask this person what is thought about Butler's views on heredity.

I suggest to Miss Low that before she dogmatises as to the emotions that are innate in children, she should try to observe children brought up in unusual environments. If the matter concerned sweet peas, or green flies, or salamanders, this method would be adopted as a matter of course; but since it concerns children Miss Low feels free to dogmatise on data derived almost wholly from adults or from children in one kind of environment.

As for "cheap catchwords," let Miss Low read how Pavlov turned dogs into neurasthenics by applying to them the methods commonly applied to children, and let her study also the methods which he adopted for curing these victims of higher education.

In so far as M. R. Le Fleming attempts not to teach the customary national and class prejudices, my remarks on that subject clearly do not apply to him (or her?). But most of the current geography and history books for schools (which we find we cannot use) suggest to me that, if there are teachers of wider views, they are not very successful in making themselves felt in the educational world.

A recent attempt under this present Government to introduce better history and science books in State schools utterly failed.

Looking to a new teaching method—the cinema—we have found that the majority of films made available in libraries for small projectors are inspired by national, imperialist or commercial propaganda. If the children happen to be interested in something other than the American view of industry, or Empire marketing, it is not easy to provide for them.

The efforts of the few teachers who resemble M. R. Le Fleming will surely be helped rather than hindered by public denunciation of the manufacture of prejudiced matter for children. It is inescapable unless they are forbidden to read, or even to see.—Yours, etc.,

Beacon Hill School, Harting, Petersfield. BERTRAND RUSSELL.

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—Miss Barbara Low in her adverse criticism of Mr. Bertrand Russell's article on "Free Speech in Childhood," indirectly proves the correctness of his argument. Most of us who are interested in education know by now that the idea centring round the word "Freedom" is that the inner nature of the child must have freedom to express itself. The child by being allowed freedom of thought and expression will the sooner tap those profound emotions (to quote Miss Low) of "reverence—fear—shame." Mr. Russell says that such limitations (*i.e.*, good taste) are not imposed at Beacon Hill, but he does not go on to say that as a result his children are always irreverent towards elders and betters. The two do not necessarily go hand in hand, any more than "good manners and good taste" necessarily produce admirable children of enduring qualities.

Miss Low quotes from Samuel Butler's *Life and Habit* to show that the child's soul is no simple affair. Who suggested it was? Is it not the very complexity of the child's heritage which requires this expression on the part of the child? The easier it is made for the child to face up to his qualities, by experience and effort to harmonise his conflicts, the sooner will he be able in adult life to find that something infinitely greater than these qualities remains.

While the parents would wisely not repress, the child must grow the desire to inhibit. We do not need the discipline of conventional morality, religion and fear, but we have the discipline of our own desire. Desire creates its own discipline. The nature of this desire will be much influenced by the educator, but it cannot be imposed. It is probable that an environment such as Mr. Bertrand Russell provides will promote desire on a worthy level.

One part of his article I should like to understand better. Mr. Russell says: "A doctor's understanding of a patient's body ought to be effected not only by the brain but by the viscera. As a rule, however, the brain and the viscera have become disconnected as a result of early taboos." Does he mean that besides through the intellect we understand actually through the avenues of the emotional nature and the physical body? I should like more explanation on this point.—Yours, etc.,

Mile End Nursery School, AGNES PIRIE.
Glasgow.

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—The whole idea of Mr. Bertrand Russell's group creation seems to be quite unhealthy. Creative work consists in building up within the mind the results of many thousands of varied reactions. Not only are these reactions different, but they are also different for any two persons. And therefore a collection of minds each with its own course of thought cannot expect either to agree upon the original idea or to consider the same details as relevant or necessary to the working out of this idea.

Poetic séances may succeed in producing reasonably good jingle, but the complete representation of some great idea or beautiful action in words cannot be shared between a number of minds whose fundamental philosophies are almost certain to be at variance.—Yours, etc., RICHARD SELLIER JEFFERIES.

46 Cyril Mansions, S.W. 11.

SIR ARTHUR KEITH'S SCIENCE

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—I do not doubt that Sir Arthur Keith will have a defence for his words to the Aberdeen students on the subject of war, but perhaps you will allow me to correct the somewhat narrow limitations imposed on his words by his critics and then to express my profound disagreement with the view in its widest aspect.

It must, of course, be absurd to imagine that Sir Arthur meant that the actual process of killing and maiming large numbers of the pick of the male population was actually a good thing from any point of view. He has already made it clear that what he both meant and said was that a nation worthy to survive must be ready to fight for survival and that in wars which occur for that reason the cutting off of a number of the shoots, however healthy, does not impair the main growth or stock. He might add that the peace time physical training compensated in large measure for the loss in possible wars. That, I think, is the strongest form of his argument.

And now, though I have the greatest respect for Sir Arthur Keith and am proud to be the publisher of this and most of his works, may I express my personal disagreement with him on this point?

When he uttered those words he strongly influenced the young men of Aberdeen in the direction of militarism, as Mr. Drinkwater has pointed out. Is it a fact that the militarist peoples have survived better than those who aim at different ideals in the struggle for existence? Were not the peoples of South America declining in every respect so long as they were continually ready to fight and actually fighting for survival, and does not their cultural, commercial and physical advance date from the time when they ceased to do so? Is Scandinavia to-day, with its fleets laid up as museum specimens and its armies little more than holiday camps, receding in strength as compared with the Balkan States? Cannot these examples be multiplied?

Is it not a fact that the venue of the struggle for survival is rapidly changing and that to-day people become healthy in mind and body and, I hope Sir Arthur will allow me to add, spirit, by the use of their competitive and idealistic energies to those ends themselves? If the minds of the youth of Aberdeen and of every other university, college and school in all countries can be directed to that aspect of the struggle, the world will be a far better place and all will be even better equipped for survival, than if they are told to prepare to kill their fellow-students in the interests of their own survival. A Scottish friend of mine had during the war two officer nephews, one in a British regiment and the other in a German regiment. Their attempts to eliminate each other is an epitome of what the war method does for the world. I am not, like Sir Arthur Keith, a scientist and do not know precisely what "Nature" means, but my impression was that the aim of civilisation was to defeat or elude that old lady whenever she became malevolent, and I fancy that she is never more malevolent than when she makes the youth of the world embark on a policy of self-destruction.—Yours, etc.,

Williams & Norgate, Ltd., B. N. LANGDON-DAVIES.
38 Great Ormond Street, London, W.C. 1.

SPEECH DAYS

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—This is the season when school Speech Days are held. To these functions prominent personages are invited, and they have the privilege of delivering addresses which are, like church sermons, treated as authoritative and are immune from criticism. Why, then, do they so often express opinions based on a most illiberal conception of citizenship which they must know to be repudiated by millions of their fellow-citizens? Here, for instance, is what the Lord Mayor of London, Sir Phene Neal, has just been telling the boys of Christ's Hospital:

> Upon them would rest the great and almost overwhelming responsibility that the Empire as it stood to-day should continue, increase, and be a leader of the Christian civilisation of the world.

This is just the Die-hard attitude of mind which, if persisted in, will not only wreck the British Empire but will also in the process cause untold misery and suffering. It is a pity that such perverted advice should be given to the boys of a great school; yet it can be paralleled in many other cases.

How refreshing a contrast to this is provided by the speech of Sir Basil Blackett at Malvern College, in which he said:

> Never before had the rate of change in the world been so dizzily swift or so fundamentally unsettling as in the past thirty years. The supreme need of the day was for young minds, able and willing, to question every institution, to take nothing for granted, to be iconoclasts in the good sense, devoted to the destruction of idols. The nineteenth century was content to believe that, by relying on *laissez-faire* and the enlightened self-interest of individual enterprise, progress through competition was assured to mankind. To-day we saw that it was not so. Planning ahead and thinking ahead were the tasks of the twentieth century.

Both these addresses were given on June 20th last, and my quotations are from the *Observer* of the following day.—Yours, etc.,

11 The Orchard, DONALD BARBER.
Welwyn Garden City, Herts.

THE NEW PARTY

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—Mr. Hope and his friends in the New Party probably need not continue their efforts to make certain the defeat of the Labour Party at the next General Election. I take it that their chief purpose is to achieve that object, since nothing except a miracle can secure them a majority in the next House of Commons. The present Cabinet are, however, doing all that is

necessary by their ineffectiveness; defeat is pretty certain without the New Party running a single candidate or taking a single Labour vote. Does Mr. Hope realise the consequences of that defeat or understand that it is essential to avoid it? It means without the slightest doubt that there will come in some form or another a deliberate attack upon the standard of life of the working classes. With all their failings the present Cabinet is the only one which dare not do very much to facilitate such an attack. It should be sufficient to refer Mr. Hope and his friends to the recent article in your columns by Mr. G. D. H. Cole. It would be more statesmanlike for those who want a new party to wait until the rank and file in the Labour Party rid themselves of their present leaders; sooner or later this is inevitable.

Sir Oswald Mosley has quite accurately drawn attention to the ineffectiveness of the present Cabinet and Parliamentary system in dealing with urgent reconstruction. He has nothing to say about the House of Lords, although it is clear that very few of his proposals would receive more sympathetic treatment in that House than the very sound agricultural proposals of Dr. Addison. When I pointed out the discrepancy in the proposals of Sir Oswald Mosley to the National Secretary of the New Party (Mr. Risden) at its inaugural meeting in this city, the extraordinary reply I was given was that the Emergency Powers Act would give a Mosley Government all that it required to override the opposition of the Lords!—Yours, etc.,

"Kelmscott," Parker's Lane, Dore Moor, Sheffield. THOMAS PLATT.

TRADE DEPRESSION

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—Surely it should be clear by this time that neither Free Trade nor Protection, neither high nor low wages, can be regarded as very adequate causes or remedies for trade depression, since the slump now covers all combinations of these factors.

You quote with approval Mr. Shaw's declaration that "a reform of distribution" is what is wanted; and this could hardly be gainsaid if a plausible scheme of action were offered us, and one that stopped short of a goal so controversial as that of "equal incomes all round."

Is it not time, then, that some attention was given to Professor Soddy's solution of the problem? The Douglas scheme may, as I think very naturally, have thrown a suspicion of crankiness on all credit and currency reformers, but that ought not to prejudice our hearing on the subject of a great man of science, who repudiates that scheme. His solution of our problem, which can hardly be summarised in a brief letter, is so fundamental as to be rather alarming: but in suffering at the same time, and almost without hope or protest, from the two evils of poverty and of immense productive capacities unemployed—of human beings daily deteriorating for want of employment—we are involved in a paradox so preposterous that we ought to be prepared for a drastic remedy.

Perhaps not very wisely—and not always in impeccable English—Professor Soddy hits from the shoulder, but in allowing ourselves to suffer thus paradoxically, do we not lay ourselves open to such handling? "It is impossible," he says, "for those who profess to understand economics and government to escape the charge of knowing nothing whatever of those subjects so long as poverty and unemployment exist in an age of brilliant scientific achievement. Never tired of attributing economic heresies to others, the state of the whole world is the monumental evidence of their own." I believe that the only official reply to this challenge was a *tu quoque* to which the modern man of science is hardly liable: but it occurs in a long, difficult, and rather expensive book, published some years ago, which is not likely to have been widely read. Professor Soddy has now published an easily readable and accessible book, *Money Versus Man*, Elkin Mathews, 8s. 6d., which should obtain a wider audience.—Yours, etc.,

A. ROMNEY GREEN.

CONTRACT BRIDGE BIDDING

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—I am interested in Mr. Lunn's criticisms of my No. XI Hand. My bidding, however, is in strict accordance with Culbertson's principles. What Mr. Lunn overlooks is that ♥ K Q 9 6 does not constitute a "biddable suit"; the Culbertson minimum is K Q 10 x. For this reason Hearts cannot, with safety, be bid either originally or on the second round. If South wants to show another suit, it must be Clubs.

Incidentally (though this, of course, does not affect the bidding) it is very unlikely that Four Hearts would be made in actual play. They can be made at double dummy, but only by the exercise of much ingenuity; in play I would rather take a chance on Three No Trumps.

I agree that many players would lead a Spade and defeat the contract; but not, I think, the best ones. Culbertson would almost certainly lead the Knave of Diamonds.—Yours, etc.,

CALIBAN.

POISON AND HANGING

To the Editor of the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—It is strange that while Mr. Clynes shows such reluctance to stop State killing his Department busies itself with the promotion of legislation which is bound to make private killing easier. Clause 17 of the Poisons Bill is quite definitely a step backward, for as your correspondent H. Maurice Palmer rightly says, it is not conditions of easier purchase, but a "tighter control" of poisons, which is needed.

> "How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds makes ill deeds done."—(*King John, Act 4, Sc. II.*).

Expert witnesses in the courts have recently been explaining how weed killer containing a fatal dose of arsenic could not be detected in a sandwich. Why not? If we must sell these dangerous products at least we might take steps to warn people from them. We flavour methylated spirit to prevent people drinking it; why not add some such substance to weed killer? But one of the objections to capital punishment is that, in the words of the Select Committee's Report, "it has the effect of satisfying and securing the public mind, instead of leading it forth on a crusade to eliminate crime by eliminating its social causes." (p. 20).—Yours, etc.,

Parliament Mansions, London, S.W. 1. E. ROY CALVERT.

FOOTWEAR

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—"Is it too much to ask the shoe manufacturers to discard their time-honoured lasts and look at feet as they are born, not made"? The answer to that question is that the manufacturer produces and will produce exactly what his customers demand. The majority of middle-class Englishwomen simply *will not* wear the sort of shoes which Dr. Bonnard advocates. And I am not so sure that they are utterly benighted in their views, in spite of the fact that I myself prefer a 2½ inch heel *for town wear*.

After all, fitness to purpose is the soundest test. Anyone who has tried to walk across a cobbled street in a pair of light-soled, spike-heeled shoes will have a lively recollection of the sheer physical torment entailed. There are a good many rough roads outside the West End.

Then again, a shoe which is admirably suited to "the younger generation of Englishwomen" fares very badly when required to carry the weight of a heavy dowager. No art of the shoemaker can construct a shoe with a 2½ inch spike heel that will support successfully a woman who weighs fourteen stone. Unfortunately some women who weigh fourteen stone cannot be made to realise this and their "returns" of shoes which have broken down at the seat and "oozed" over the heel-piece are one of the abiding problems of the wretched manufacturer!

But when Dr. Bonnard suggests that (normal) shoes should give support to the waist of the (normal) foot, she must reckon with the shoemaker and with the wearer! Every shoemaker will agree that a shoe should follow precisely the contour of the instep of the foot so that there are no ugly wrinkles in the leather to mar the beauty of a good arch. On no account, however, must the instep of the shoe be so high as to carry any weight, for then the inevitable result in wear will be that the downward pressure on the sole will cause the sides of the shoe to push out. The shoeman calls this "gaping at the quarters" and regards it as one of the seven deadly sins of shoemaking.

Apart from the ugly appearance of gaping shoes, the upward pressure under the instep of a shoe made on a last which has been too much hollowed at the waist becomes painful after a

few hours' wear. In a perfectly fitted shoe, worn by a normal foot, the weight descends first on the heel and is then transferred to the ball. But the *arch* of the foot should not leave any impression on the waist of the shoe-sock, even after months of wear.

May I conclude, however, by thanking Dr. Bonnard for setting a much neglected ball rolling with her lively article. If only men and women could be induced to take the fitting of their shoes as seriously as the fitting of their tailor-mades, the manufacturers would be the first to rejoice and the world at large would benefit in greater comfort, much longer wear and infinitely better appearance from shoes.—Yours, etc.,

HILDA F. OBOTT, B.A.
Lotus Ltd. Advertising Manager.

Miscellany

THE RANCIAD

INVOCATION.

DIVINE Cacophone! ugliest of wenches
at whose dread aspect all Parnassus blenches,
listen and aid! Admit me to thy choir
too wan for hate, too languid for desire.
Let me co-whimper through imperfect teeth
that he alone deserves the victor's wreath
who never felt a wound except the kind
inflicted, as he fled, on his behind.
Immortal lady! foe of all that Sunday
stood for, inverted image of Mrs. Grundy,
let me be numbered with the slightly blotchy
enthusiasts who try to follow Croce,
or let me hunt emotion down and stab it
with the New England Conscience of Prof. Babbitt.
Do not deny me! Have I not also strayed
by the Pierian spring, disgusting Maid,
and spat into the waters, to ensure,
whatever else they are, they shan't be pure?
Am I not willing with the rest to sneer
at what in secret I respect and fear?
Ready with sycophantic awe to flinch
at anything that's written by the French,
particularly if it apes the stutter
of a dead rat decaying in the gutter?
Ask what you will. My serfdom knows no limit,
Show me the best, I'll enviously damn it.
Show me the stuff that rides up and refuses
its fences, and I'll prove by all the Muses
(humbly) that in their archangelic sight
there's such a thing as being too proud to write.
Or bid me like the Transatlantic mob
do all but face the problems of my job,
I will not fail you. Like a circus clown
earn more applause, the more I tumble down,
or like the comic juggler of the Halls
toss in the air my vision's coloured balls,
and, when they crash, anticipate with vigour
the crowd by teaching them myself to snigger
Or call upon me in a reckless hurry
to do the utmost violence to Murray,
and you shall find in me (I swear) the man to
invent a new gorilla Esperanto,
which, scorning English, with a jungle sound
salts, as it causes, reason's hopeless wound.
Nor will I stop at that. My Muse shall curb
the native insolence of noun and verb,
seeking that happiest of all conditions
when verse is one long string of prepositions.
Thence, if you wish, with poetry's go-getters
I'll break up words into constituent letters,
and make my poems, composed of shred and splinter,
read like confused instructions to the printer.
Can you deny my plea, immortal Ogress,
to stumble backward and to call it progress?
I do not ask for throne, or even chair
among your heroes, but if they can spare
six feet of the trampled mud in which they revel
I'll join with them in worshipping the devil.
Let me from far behind the crawling van
consolidate my claim to be a man
by running on all fours, and speaking what
even the jungle would dismiss as rot.
I'll roar you gently as a sucking-dove,
and vomit faintly when I mention love,
regard my tripes in every place and season
as the true source of passion and of reason,
maintaining that it is the food he eats
which consecrates or nullifies a Keats,
and that it was a rumble from the belly
that made the skylark magical for Shelley.
All this I'll do, and what is more, sweet strumpet,
whatever card is played, I'll always trump it
with aces up my sleeve and in my shirt,
knowing that in thy service dirt's not dirt,
nor madness madness, and when all is said
and we lie at your altar safely dead,
only the ashes of unbridled lust
will sweetly smell and blossom in the dust.

HUMBERT WOLFE.

THE GREEK CHORUS

"THE Company of Fifteen" from *Le Theatre du Vieux Colombier* must have been gratified by their reception at the Arts Theatre. There was no mistaking the quality of the response to *Le Viol de Lucrèce*. When the curtain fell no one in the audience rose; we remained seated to applaud repeatedly and, what was more significant, before the audible enthusiasm one of those pauses of sudden silence occurred, which resemble a deep breath of astonished satisfaction. Some of us can distinguish between wholly admirable and merely adequate acting.

M. André Obey's play is a little masterpiece, too. Its merits were fresh, yet as old as those of Greek drama. I cannot say that I have ever enjoyed thoroughly a modern performance of a Greek play; passages, yes, but the Chorus, instead of being a sounding-board to my emotion, has invariably proved a blanket. Listening to *Le Viol de Lucrèce* revealed to me the dramatic resources latent in that convention. I had understood, of course, before that the Greek Chorus represented the audience; that they were in a state of sympathetic excitement. They were speaking for us, expressing in words more appropriate than we could find, the emotions and thoughts which the story should be evoking. They could look before and after; they could see what our eyes could not see, when Clytemnestra and Agamemnon went together into the inner chamber, and thus intensify our excitement; all this I understood. But, whether it is that the emotions and thoughts of an audience to-day are so different, or that no producer has yet succeeded in training a Greek Chorus properly, on our stage its effect has always been most dismally flat. One seldom experiences moments of more intensely uneasy boredom in the theatre than while one is watching a troop of maidens, or young men with well-shaved legs, swaying with self-conscious willowiness, waving their arms and chanting in the voice

beautiful platitudinous comments or long stories. And yet what immense dramatic possibilities this old convention holds! In *Le Viol de Lucrèce* the part of the Chorus is taken by two masked beings, a man and woman; the man interprets the emotions of Tarquin, the woman those of Lucrece; the male the emotions of terror, indignation and tragic exaltation which the story itself may be trusted to rouse in us, the female the pity and personal sympathy. Both parts were played in a masterly manner by M. Auguste Bovério, whose declamation was perfect, and Mlle. Suzanne Bing, the inflections of whose voice left nothing to be desired.

The play opens with a scene outside the tent where the officers of the Roman army are carousing. The sentry at the door repeats to his fellow-sentry scraps of the speeches which he overhears. The night before, at the suggestion of Tarquin, they had ridden back to Rome to see how their wives were behaving in their absence. Only one, Lucrece, the wife of Collatinus, had been found worthy of the traditions of the Roman matron. We gather that Brutus is making a speech in her praise, and that all the company are congratulating Collatinus. Tarquin creeps out of the tent, festering with envy and the itch to destroy what he envies. He utters only two words, "My horse." Then the scene changes to a room in the house of Collatinus: Lucrece is seen with her women spinning. We listen to their quiet laughter and chatter, and while we watch them the female chorus recounts her virtues as a wife. Her speeches alternate with those of the male chorus, who, like a clairvoyant, has projected himself into the mind and body of Tarquin. "He has started. Tarquin has started. The King's son has left the army! . . . How he gallops! . . . I am afraid. Listen, you can hear the hooves of his horse ringing on the Roman road. Hup! His horse has stumbled. How its flanks are heaving," etc., etc. A little later, "Tarquin is in Rome. . . . Why is he alone? Why is he here to-night? . . . I hear the steps of his horse moving up the sleeping streets." Then Tarquin appears.

The greeting between Tarquin and Lucrece is in dumb-show, but the female chorus interprets her thoughts. Can any disaster have befallen her husband? No, all is well with him. It is her duty to show hospitality to the Prince. During this scene only two words have passed between the protagonists. Tarquin is lighted to his room: "Bonsoir, Madame"; "Bonne Nuit, Monseigneur." The dumb-show increases the effect of the terrible yet restrained horror of the scene of the rape, when the drama becomes a hurried gasping duologue. Further, it has been prepared most cunningly by the double "chorus," speaking antithetically thus: "She sleeps"; "He cannot sleep." Through the feminine chorus we enter into the dreams of Lucrece; through the male, into the tortured restlessness of Tarquin. Just as we obtained before a vision of his riding through the night, and a sense of fate approaching, so now we live through Tarquin's black mood of lust, shot with misgivings and twinges of conscience, followed by more reckless resolutions. The male chorus shouts his warnings—such deeds are worse in a king—as Tarquin, watched by second-sight, creeps down the passages seeking the door of Lucrece's room. Then, at last, as he tears apart the curtains of the bed at the back of the stage, and we are again in the presence of immediate drama. That scene was played by both actors with an intensity which is never for a moment too ugly. Indeed, throughout the play the acting of Mlle. Dasté was a marvel of dignity and pathos; her gestures, her voice, kept every incident up to the grand level imposed by the dramatic form. In the last act Lucrece puts her household in order in preparation for death, and sends for Collatinus. When in his presence she stabs herself, her death is in that key of traditional tragedy, now so rare upon the modern stage, which brings to the spectators solemnity rather than horror. Her death divides the double chorus into conflicting points of view. With savage scorn the male chorus bids us see Tarquin's return to the camp; how he leaps from his horse, greets Collatinus jovially, turns in and sleeps a hog-like slumber. Then, at the thought of the enormous results of his iniquity, of the rebellion in the city which will follow, he loses himself in exultation over such high events. Athens in her beauty! Babylon in love! Troy in tears! Rome enters history at last! Every step the swarming, furious citizens are taking in the streets is now upon historic ground! "A gentle lady is about to die," the female chorus reminds us. "A great, a noble lady!" he cries with admiring gusto. "A woman," she sadly answers. "She will kill herself."

Here, then, for the first time (I speak for myself) I caught a glimpse of the value of a convention which has produced masterpieces I have hitherto been unable to enjoy upon our stage.

DESMOND MACCARTHY.

OPERA LIBRETTOS

A MAN may be a specialist in a subject and be looked upon, therefore, by laymen as an expert without having wisdom in that subject. It is rather difficult to define what it is that such an expert knows, but I should be inclined to say that what specialists of this sort (who have not the real illumination) possess is knowledge of the *material*, of the dead matter of their subject. The other day that well-known specialist, Sir James Jeans—whose branch of science is, I presume, astronomy—when presenting the Hawthornden prize for imaginative literature, made some remarks about art which did not show enlightenment, but a mere superficial brightness upon this subject. Whether he possesses wisdom in his own subject I cannot judge, but on general *a priori* grounds, judging from his remarks about art, I should say not, or not yet.

What I presume to call his unenlightenment (which is shared by the majority of professors, specialists, and practitioners in every domain) was apparent when he referred to the subject-matter of art, putting the question whether modern science could offer new material to the poet, and suggesting that perhaps a heap of 'bus tickets on Hampstead Heath did not offer such appropriate material to a poet as Wordsworth's daffodils. Now, every enlightened artist knows that the *material* of art is unimportant. It is rather the non-artist who paints picturesque cottages (generally in water-colour) pretty bits of scenery, beautiful women, magnificent mountains; and the non-poet who rhapsodises over sunsets, Napoleons, Lenins, great battles. But we must be careful not to overemphasise this contrast or we shall falsify the position. Anything may serve the artist. He finds his material where he pleases according to his own instinct, and theoretically a 'bus ticket is as good material for a poem or a picture as a daffodil. On this point there is a profound passage in a letter by Henri Gaudier-Brzeska, who was what I have called an enlightened artist. In other words, Gaudier-Brzeska—whatever the degree of his genius—was a true artist and not a mere practitioner or expert in art. Gaudier-Brzeska wrote:

> Artistic vision, sensation if you like, is not called forth because some picture is labelled "The Battle of Hermann," in which Romans and Germans kill each other, but by some beautiful form which it contains. Now what I object to in such representational subjects is that the artist, not having been in it, cannot convey all the artistic feeling; his work lacks interest, and to gain ground he indulges in theatricalities and sentimentalities; in fellows who bleed, in children with torn throats, in women who cry, etc., not to mention the sweeter sides. *Imagination exists to help us to understand the present, not to create things of herself.*

The last sentence, which I have italicised, gives us the clue to the artistic activity. Art is not the mere functioning of the imagination in the void, but is necessarily as closely bound to facts as science, and its facts are precisely the same, namely, the phenomenal world of our senses. But the artist selects the facts that make a form, and it is this form that thrills and delights us. The form is some relationship between him and the facts, and the only truth in art is the truth of that relationship—referred to by Gaudier—" the artist *not having been in it cannot convey all the artistic feeling.*" The amount of foolish stuff that is written about the librettos of operas by musicians and critics is measureless. We are constantly being told that the libretto of such and such an opera is stupid, as if, where the work of a true artist is concerned, we could make such an assertion. There is no such thing as a good or a bad subject for libretto in the abstract. But I admit that here the case is complicated by the apparent existence of two artists collaborating, a poet and a musician. I am inclined, however, to look upon the role of the poet or librettist as having a similar relation to the musician as the model has to the painter. There is a sense in which it is true that there are good and bad models. So there are good and bad librettos. But different musicians would estimate them differently, and a musician who is a true artist would in this matter follow his instinct and choose the librettos that best suited him. We know that Beethoven turned down many librettos, and continued to the end of his life looking for one that suited him. Mozart had much less difficulty. Verdi was haunted all his life by the subject of *King Lear* and made many sketches and attempts at an opera on this subject, but never realised his intention. These are facts from which extraordinarily interesting speculations may arise. Why did Verdi never compose a *King Lear*? (By the way, why does not some enterprising theatre manager in this country endeavour to get Chaliapine to play Shakespeare's *King Lear*?) Why did Beethoven never compose a second opera? Why did he dislike Mozart's librettos, making, according to the account we have, a moral criticism of them as if he, Beethoven, had been no artist but a mere Philistine? Was it that Beethoven did not altogether understand literature as an artist, but had the prejudices and susceptibilities of a man who is not free in the world of ideas and words, whereas Mozart was more completely free, and had that understanding of literature which the poet has? I incline to believe this, and to think that it proves how the judgment of perhaps no man is completely free in all spheres. If it were, a man possessing such free judgment—given the other requisite gifts—would be an all-round genius, a super Leonardo da Vinci.

There are many deep mysteries in the creative activity of which the artist himself may be totally unaware. Beethoven himself would never have given the real reason why he did not write a second opera. He would have made all sorts of excuses and I doubt very much if Verdi in his last years ever said to himself, " I cannot compose a *King Lear*, and the reason is ——." Whatever the reason was it is connected with the innate character of the artist. There are things he can do and things he cannot do. Only the non-artist can do everything, for everything he does is equally worthless.

An example of how the same plot may become totally different at the hands of different men is given by the treatment by Signor Romano Romani of the classical story which is the subject of Euripides' play *Hippolytus*, and the theme of his opera *Fedra*, performed for the first time this week at Covent Garden. *Hippolytus* is a work of art, one of the Greek classics which time has not destroyed. In *Fedra* we have a perfect example of the artist not being in his theme. Gaudier's description of " The Battle of Hermann " applies essentially to Signor Romani's *Fedra*, in which the ranting, the stabbing, and the strangling are all theatricalities that affect us not one jot. There are also sentimentalities and sweetnesses, but there is no " beautiful form," there is no relationship between the artist and his material expressed in a work of art. But can we say that the libretto is good or bad? Euripides's *Hippolytus* is a masterpiece, Romani's *Fedra* does not exist on land or sea or in the mind of man. It is not even moonshine; it is pure limelight, and when the limelight goes out it goes out also.

W. J. TURNER.

PLAYS AND PICTURES

A Dramatic Allegory

IN *Death Takes a Holiday*, at the Savoy, the allegory is obscure and incomplete. Either Death is conquered by Love, or Love by Death, or both by some unmentioned compulsion precluding any one of the other solutions which may occur to the critic fidgetting uneasily through the last scene. What are the limits of Death's power, that he may take a holiday for three days and not four? How are we to reconcile his destructive omnipotence with his curiosity and his divided will? Signor Alberto Casello, the author, shrugs his shoulders; he is a playwright, and it is none of his business. And so we get back to our plain straightforward melodrama. Not even as melodrama is the play effective. The emotion is loose and unfocussed, the atmosphere declines to become supercharged and sultry, and the thrill of Death's anonymous presence at the country-house party is dissipated in the prattle of a boring old politician who discovers that his rheumatism and other infirmities of age have vanished—as not only Death, but decay and disease are on holiday. Miss Rosalinde Fuller, as a sensationalist guest of the duke is sultry enough, but there is no actress on the English stage who carries such an aura of uneasy tension with her. The rest of the party are incredibly impervious to the mysterious prince's hints, and as wildly credulous when the duke himself, who has hitherto carried his secret like a gentleman, blurts it out on realising that Death, after experimenting with the other ladies, is in love with his daughter. Miss Celia Johnson plays the daughter with a wistful pathos; but the part demands an intensity of suppressed passion which she cannot achieve. There remains Mr. Ernest Milton, who is curiously unsubtle in his performance as Death. There are two phases of the character which interlock, yet he makes no real effort to differentiate between them, and is as sepulchrally darksome as a man of the world as in his natural guise.

A Light Play

Mr. Felix Aylmer's translation of Curt Götz's *Delicate Question* (at the Embassy Theatre) is evidently a pretty free one, and while he was about it he might have made it a bit freer still. Many of the epigrams are rather slow, and not even Miss Eva Moore's skill can give them that spontaneous sparkle which is the epigram's excuse. But if the audience sometimes laughs mechanically, its appreciation of at least half a dozen of the situations is quite genuine, because it has been really amused. The story of the learned doctor's pretty wife, who has a mole on her left knee and dallies with the affections of a handsome young man, is almost ingenuously simple and old fashioned, but its details are original and diverting. The interest never flags for more than a moment, and the final curtain, which might easily have been obvious or sentimental, is subtly equivocal. Mr. Owen Nares sets a standard of polished acting which the

other members of the cast live up to, and the "modern" setting deserves a word of praise for its effectiveness gained without any fuss.

"Antigone" at Bradfield

The *Antigone* of Sophocles as played at Bradfield is a beautiful and moving production. The producer is no slave to archaic tradition. The movements and singing of the chorus preserve the atmosphere of the traditional Greek stage; but, for the rest, the presentation of the drama follows, as nearly as may be, modern histrionic lines. The result is a performance full of vitality. The players are youthful amateurs, and yet, from the first admirably conceived entrance of Antigone and Ismene, to the last pathetic line of Creon's lament over the consequences of his unbridled "Lubris" they hold one's attention. The general level of acting is surprisingly high, and many of our professional actors might take a useful lesson from these boys in clearness of enunciation. The casting is excellent; the male characters are forcibly masculine, the female heroically and pathetically feminine; nor is it mere make-up that provides the illusions of youth, middle age and extreme old age. Under the inspiration of this acting, and the beautiful setting of the play, Sophocles' great drama shows even for modern audiences a depth and sincerity of emotion that may surprise those used to the thinness and tawdriness of much modern theatre.

Good and Bad Parades

The Last Parade (New Gallery) is remarkable for the fact that the hero-gangster is actually electrocuted. We see him safely into the death-chamber. No possible chance of a reprieve. This is distinctly "unpleasant"; and so is a good deal of sentimentalising about last parades and the significance of Armistice Day. Good is symbolised by co-operative route-marching; bad by the egocentric activities of the gangster life. But in *The Last Parade* the gangster, when gangstering and not joining up in processions, shows considerable activity and good pictorial value. In fact, as usual, the gangster is revealed as the human being whose activities are best suited to representation on the screen. He was a far more amusing character than his war chum, the virtuous policeman. *The Last Parade* is not a very bad film. But it is not a very good one either.

A "Sophisticated" Talkie

Indiscreet with Gloria Swanson (at the Dominion) is a good example of rather a bad kind of film. Bad because a great deal of time is wasted in rather a crude discussion of a moral problem (should a fiancée tell?); good because the dialogue often reaches a higher level than is usual in a "sophisticated" talkie and because Gloria Swanson herself keeps up a rattle of energy and high spirits. From a purely pictorial point of view there is little to be said. The scenario and continuation are adequate, but the appeal of the film is "literary" throughout. A few windows are smashed and some ice cream is upset; further, there is a good sequence showing Gloria Swanson getting on to a liner without a ticket. A pleasantly intellectual note is added by the extraordinary fact that the hero has written a novel. "Books on the screen" would be a good subject for an American thesis.

Film Repertory

A season of Continental films is being given at the Academy (Oxford Street), and the programmes are on the same lines as those at the Shaftesbury Pavilion before it became a news theatre. The only difference is that the films here, instead of being German, are mostly Russian and French. In the first two weeks Dovshenko's *Earth* and Freyder's *Crainquebille* were shown; the programme this week includes *Turksib* and an early Clair film, *The Crazy Ray*. *Turksib* is the least attractive of the industrial films produced by U.S.S.R., and cannot compare for structure and photography with *Earth* or *The General Line*. The subject is the construction of the Turkestan-Siberian railway in 1930. There is a magnificent and dramatic picture of the simoon, and the scenes of wheat and cotton fields and of the herds in the mountains are good. *The Crazy Ray* is slapstick and not recognisably by René Clair, except for the incident of two sandwichmen bending at the same time and knocking boards in an attempt to pick up a banknote. The plot is like Conan Doyle's *The Poison Belt*. Paris is put to sleep by a scientist, whose ray, however, misses the night-watchman at the top of the Eiffel Tower and five passengers in an aeroplane. They walk about a waxworks Paris, where people and traffic are frozen still. The ray goes on and off once or twice with amusing photographic trickery. The film is some years old. Next week the Academy is showing *The Passion of Jeanne d'Arc*, which has only been seen in England at one performance of the Film Society, and the week after that really fine Russian film, *The End of St. Petersburg*.

* * *

Things to see and hear in the coming week:

Saturday, June 27th—

Anglo-Russian Garden Party, organised by the Society for Cultural Relations with Russia. To be opened by Madame Sokolnikoff, King's College, Kensington, 3.

Open Conference on "The Prospects of Disarmament," organised by the National Council for Prevention of War, Denison House, Vauxhall Bridge Road, 5.

Royal Air Force Pageant, Hendon.

Cricket, Test Match, England *v.* New Zealand, Lord's.

Spectacle showing the growth of English Drama from the Tenth Century to the stage of Shakespeare, organised by the Essex County Drama Society, Langleys, Chelmsford, 3 and 6.

Sunday, June 28th—

"Shall we say Grace?" by Ann Stevenson and Gordon Whitehead, Grafton Theatre.

Reading of "The Trojan Women," Fortune Theatre, 8.30.

Arts Theatre Revel.

John A. Hobson on "Ourselves," Conway Hall, 11.

Monday, June 29th—

"Le Viol de Lucrèce," by André Obey, Ambassadors Theatre.

Shakespeare Summer Dramatic Festival, Stratford-on-Avon.

Tuesday, June 30th—

"Sea Fever," by Marcel Pagnol, translated by John Van Druten and Auriol Lee, New Theatre.

"Strange Orchestra," by Rodney Ackland, Embassy Theatre.

Ruth Draper, Matinée in aid of the Royal Free Hospital, Vaudeville Theatre.

Wednesday, July 1st—

"Demos, King and Slave," by Henri Gheon, adapted by Sir Barry Jackson, with verses by John Drinkwater, Arts Theatre.

"Mrs. Fischer's War," by Henrietta Leslie and Joan Temple, Ambassadors Theatre. Matinée.

Tilly Koenen, song recital, Wigmore Hall, 9.

Henley Regatta.

Thursday, July 2nd—

"Coincidence," by Basil Mason, Grafton Theatre.

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

DISTRUST, disappointment, nervous and sensitive apprehension of disaster. The sense of abandonment and abandoning. All of these have characterised the human race since it first became capable of introspection, and added the torment of "why" to the pleasanter difficulties of "how." To-day, at least in the art of literature, these perplexities and diseases of the spirit have taken on a different and more sinister colour. Of old the man who distrusted based his distrust on his faith in something. And so the man prepared to face disappointment, the man who indulged in the scrupulous delectations of apprehension, the man who feared he was abandoned or heroically decided to abandon some old safeguard—were all somewhere sure of something or somebody. They had faith even if it was only in unfaith, and they believed, even though their creed began *Credo in nullum Deum*. To-day, if we search among those who claim to be intelligentsia, that ultimate sense of security can be found only among Catholics and Bolsheviks. The rest of the world has lost the spring-board of criticism. Their distrust is based on nothing, and their disappointment is not an accident, however frequent, but an axiom. That mood, or conviction, has been brilliantly exposed by three writers in English—Mr. James Joyce, who denies the soul, except the damned soul, Mr. D. H. Lawrence, who would destroy the mind, and Mr. David Garnett, who, far more subtly if less impressively, attacked the will.

* * *

If we put aside religion and theology, it is evident that it is man's belief in his will which has been mainly instrumental in making the distinction between man and other animals, a distinction of which man is normally quite certain, and which, to do him justice, seems to be recognised as valid by those of the brutes with whom he comes into close contact. Yet the imaginative has always had his suspicions about the distinctness of that line of division. No one who visits the Zoological Gardens but has his moments of uneasiness, and not only in the monkey house. Even if we are shy of discovering our own brute parallels, we can quickly enough find our friends' very images. The camel, the albatross, the brown bear, the pelican, the tapir (which always has feminine counterparts among men), the owl, the sea-lion (so frequent in the commercial room, and the bars of prosperous inns), the penguin (which restores to our world the dignity now abandoned by family solicitors), the parrot and the hippopotamus—all of these represent only too faithfully our friends to our nervous judgment, and ourselves to our friends. I think that Mr. Garnett must have begun his work after one of those all too convincing visits to Regent's Park. I do not suggest that his attack on the will was deliberate; but in what better way could the attack be made than by minimising the distinction between man and the brutes; a distinction only gained and held by the continuous exercise of the human will?

* * *

Three of his books are variations on this theme—*Lady into Fox*, *The Man in the Zoo* and *The Sailor's Return*. They represent his contribution to the noisier, more mystagogic campaign of Joyce and Lawrence—Voltaire to their Rousseau. Nor are his *Go She Must* and *No Love*, in spite of their apparent difference in approach and form, really far removed from the earlier work. For in these books too he shows men and women who move spasmodically, who are without velleities, without any conviction that they can master either destiny or chance; and that conviction, however false it may be, is the mark of the distinctively human. It is not what you do that matters; it is what you believe you can do, for then, if belief be strong enough, success is snatched out of apparent disaster, or given to a man by the power which has decreed that what is must always be greater than what is not. It is right that Mr. Garnett, whose approach to the problem was always more intellectual than that of his contemporaries, should return, however drily and uncomfortably, to an assertion of the validity of man and man's will. For in his last book, *The Grasshoppers Come* (Chatto and Windus, 5s.) we have an ironic gospel, good news from an air-crash.

* * *

In his story Mr. Garnett has not only the manner (most nicely individualised) of Voltaire and Erewhon Butler, but he has harked back to their saner, really rationalist philosophy. Machines are the enemy; and in his subjection to them the man who fancies he is most modern is in danger of returning not to the near-human of the brutes, but to the automatic, strict, confined and unmotivated existence of the insects—the insects that "had no reason and little that might be called instinct. All their movements are due to the heat of the sun. They are thermotropic." Wreaks, Lily Beanlands and Wilmot Shap start on a record-breaking flight. It is financed by Lily Beanlands, who has taken up aviation as she might take up Contract or tarpon-fishing. All her movements are due to the glare of fashion. Shap hopes to marry her—he wants wealth and comfort. Jimmy Wreaks is a pilot just as his father would have been a motor-car driver and his grandfather on the cab of a railway engine—a man who can think of a machine as consisting of its various parts, not as a mysterious, semi-organic whole. The Moth crashes in the deserts beyond Bogda-ola, on the way to China. Mrs. Beanlands and Shap go off to find help, and are never again heard of; Jimmy Wreaks stays alone, with scarcely any food. But the crash has been near a spring; and the grasshoppers come. It is rare to meet in modern English prose passages of such alarming power as the pages in which Mr. Garnett describes Wreaks' welcome to and conflict with the grasshoppers—the insect so monstrously parodied in the aeroplane of man's making. They are food, and they are menace. Wreaks, characteristically human, cannot help ascribing to these overwhelming insects the malice which would inspire a like visitation of his own kind. He becomes crazed as he fights with the horrible, darkly determined cloud.

> Shouting oaths, Wreaks stood by the airscrew and slashed at them. But the sound of his own curses only maddened him, and raised in him a lust for massacre and destruction which he could not gratify. What was the use of striking down a hundred when the sky was stained bronze by billions of them? An insect alighted in his open mouth as he uttered a last curse, and he spat it out, suddenly sickened.

It is not man at his noblest that Mr. Garnett exposes in this story; his tale is the better for that. It is an essay on human tenacity, on human stupidity, in so far as it is stupid to remain true to that stubborn human instinct which refuses, even if reason appears to lead one, to go to conclusions which destroy the supremacy of reason. It may be true that, as the varieties of chance are so indefinitely wide, a mob of monkeys turned loose among typewriters would in the end produce *Hamlet*, or the *Encyclopædia Britannica*; but I cannot help thinking that there would still be some strange difference between the Shakespearean and the simian drama, just as, in spite of resemblances, there is a distinction between the way of the airplane and the way of the grasshopper.

RICHARD SUNNE.

MR. HICKS ON THE THEATRE

Between Ourselves. By SEYMOUR HICKS. Cassell. 10s. 6d.

I may be prejudiced, but I find myself always thinking that theatrical books are becoming some of the best reading in the world. The writers are never able to start off by claiming descent from Homer—the most they can claim is descent from Thespis, which, after all, keeps the thing on a nice cart-like basis: their chariots have never been anything but rigged-up things. I am not sure that the real gods and their real chariots are not a little too immense for even the greatest of writers to drive without being over-solemn. Seymour Hicks is never over-solemn, though he can be sufficiently serious when necessary, and some of the serious passages in his book, like some of his more serious performances, are perhaps the best things in it.

Still, I am like one of the public in regard to Seymour Hicks—I am afraid I like his twinkle too much to want him ever to frown. Of all the funny things that he says in this book, to me the funniest are those about Charlie Chaplin and Bernard Shaw . . . other readers would not find there any joke at all.

Hicks describes Irving as "one who understood what all great theatre men understand, that a theatre is a theatre, and not a drawing-room." It doesn't sound very much to say that, and yet it is so extraordinarily important. We stand in need of having written up on the curtains of our theatres, "This place is a Theatre, not a drawing-room"; for when our people nowadays get into a theatre, they so often want to force it to become what it is not—a drawing-room or a cabaret.

Hicks tells us that Irving

> had an odd habit of stamping at times and walking towards the corner of the stage whenever he had made some big point in a scene. I heard him once explaining the origin of stamping, which was a custom observed religiously by all actors of the old school. It originated, he told those to whom he was talking, from the fact that in the early days when only candles were used in the footlights and there were no lights overhead, the stage was so dark that the speaker was obliged to attract his audience's attention by a stamp of the foot.

I had never heard of this before, but it is awfully good. The sooner people begin stamping again on the stage, even if they have to turn down the lights in order to do it, the better we shall know when the actor has made his point. At present I miss half the points because they have not been made quite clearly enough. Perhaps it is because the modern actor's performance is a series of such a number of brilliant little points, that one is apt to miss them: I wonder if that is so? I remember but recently seeing Ralph Lynn, and I never missed a single point, although they were made rapidly enough. It is true he didn't stamp, and that upsets my argument entirely . . . but I think he clicked his fingers instead. Click the fingers in comedy, and stamp in tragedy—I suppose that's what it is.

I should like to see Seymour Hicks doing a little stamping soon: I suggest *Richard III*, *Shylock*, and—how about *Louis XI*? He would have such an advantage there, because he could write the play himself.

But to return to Irving. . . . Seymour Hicks tells me another thing that I didn't know about him, which is that:

> It was the grandfather of the present Lord Burnham who "made" him in *The Bells*. Mr. Levy, the proprietor and founder of the *Daily Telegraph*, happening to visit the Lyceum Theatre one evening was so impressed by what he saw that directly the performance was over he drove straight to the office of his newspaper and, sending for the editor, John Le Sage, said: "To-night I have seen a great actor at the Lyceum—yes, a great actor. There was a poor house—you go and see him and write about him so that everyone shall know he is great." Le Sage did, and the tide turned.

Good for Mr. Levy!

Hicks adds that as a whole Irving, in his heart, thought little of critics, "though he had a genuine affection for one critic, Mr. Chanee Newton."

It seems such a strange thing not to think much of critics . . . it seems another strange thing to write down in print that one doesn't think much of them, because I believe they don't think much of themselves (I allude to the good critics). I have sat with large bodies of them once or twice, and I have felt this much more keenly than when I have read what some of them have written.

But Hicks and I, who belong to the theatrical profession, and know what it is to have one's whole profession damned, must have the utmost sympathy for the critics, when we remember the crushing things that are said about their profession. We know who critics are, according to Disraeli—"men who have failed in literature and art." . . . critics and theatre people seem to get a deuce of a lot of kicks from the superior ones. And here am I, a theatre man, criticising a book by another theatre man, who has also been a critic!

Besides Irving, Seymour Hicks has much to say about other interesting people—King Edward, Beerbohm Tree, Charles Frohmann (of whom he tells a quite new story of his helping Wilde, and it pictures a very kindly man). He praises Beerbohm Tree's imagination, saying that if his powers of execution had been as great as his imagination, he would most certainly have been one of the greatest actors who ever lived. And that is absolutely true. He refers to Tree's dislike of Irving: but I have never heard of two actors who played the same roles *not* having had a certain amount of "feeling" about the matter of the other fellow's existence. Charles Kean and Macready, for instance—the elder Kean and John Kemble—Garrick and Macklin.

How can a man who becomes, let us say, *Richard III* or *Coriolanus*, and so makes the part his own, even conceive the very thought of another man playing it during his life-time? The other man's performance, to him, must be but a mere assumption! It does not matter who plays the part first—if you act it, you think you are the character itself—the other man *must* be merely an assumed thing, because you are *it*. I should think it very unlikely that Tree ever said that Irving could not play Matthias in *The Bells*, for example. I believe it is quite true that there was a certain enmity between Irving and Tree, that it was not one-sided—but then there was enmity between Coquelin and Irving, and between Rachel and Ristori; and there is enmity to-day in all the chief capitals, between lots of good actors. I don't think this is so when actors are comedians—but you see the tragedians have to take themselves so mighty seriously, and their sense of humour is apt to be lost as they stamp. The way Hicks writes of Ralph Lynn shows that there is no enmity whatever between two clicks of the fingers.

The Irish Players come in for high praise from the author, which makes me think how much he would appreciate the Sicilian Players, in their own country, and the Habima Company, if he could only see them . . . for the three companies are not so very unlike in some ways. Hicks says that he saw *Juno and the Paycock* three times, and was so moved that "on each occasion I was obliged to leave my stall and stand at the back during the last act. Mr. O'Casey's play and its presentation was more than I could bear." Good Hicks!

As for his kind remarks about me, they are much too flattering, and I shall never forgive him if he includes them in the fourth edition—which by this time must be almost due, for the first two editions were sold out in the first two months.

E. GORDON CRAIG.

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A PRACTICAL WORDSWORTHIAN

Hartley Coleridge, Poet's Son and Poet. By HERBERT HARTMAN. Oxford University Press. 15s.

A great attempt was made to overcome the tendency of Hartley Coleridge to proceed according to the prophecy and wander like a breeze; Southey and others established him at Oxford, where in 1819 he was elected, subject to a year's probation, to a Fellowship of Oriel. The authorities of that college abandoned their hopes by the end of that year; we should rather think of them as valiant in their experiment than as unkind in terminating it. Hartley, too, had shown considerable courage in exposing himself to the year's trial. He next endeavoured to organise his life as a contributor to magazines in London, that period being one in which men with learning and reading like his might live on them well enough as essayists. He could not settle down to this system. In later years, he even figured for a time as headmaster of Sedbergh, and was punctual, industrious and instructive. That season ended, Hartley returned to Rydal and to that truant disposition whence we have the anecdotes and the legends, and biographies such as the present. For biographies of Hartley Coleridge are quite numerous. The latest before Mr. Hartman's appeared was published in 1929; there were two in 1912.

In the proposals for making him less eccentric, Hartley took considerable and benevolent interest. He was haunted many a day by the ghostly expression "I ought." When he recorded his thoughts in verse, he frequently surrendered to the mood of self-reproach, literary and moral. In literature, he had been set from his infancy amid majestic examples of executive intellect; from them he had received anticipatory admiration; but he had grown grey without writing a great poem or a monumental prose work. And some of the critics suspected him to be the author of Southey's tremendous *Doctor*! In morality, he had always been confronted with the Old Testament and the conclave of seventeenth-century folio divinity so earnestly interpreted by his father. Hartley was again and again agitated by contemplating his proneness to Sin.

In spite of all outward and inward rectifications, Hartley Coleridge fulfilled the parental scripture and was one of the very few remarkable poets who have not been compelled by society to lose their contact with plain men and women. He remained at large—"in the eye of Nature," as his overshadowing neighbour put it; as it might be put also, in the public house, the barn and the cottage firelight. Intensely observant of the metropolis and the spirit of the age, ever seizing the new number of the *Athenæum* and penning his lengthy comments in the margin, Hartley was happy where he was and with the audience which he had. His conversation, one judges from most accounts, would alone have brought him an ultimate triumph in town. He preferred, despite "I ought," to call in at "the Red Lion and Swan in Grasmere, the Unicorn in Ambleside, and others." The natural way in which he divested himself of our social burdens may be felt in the absence of manifesto about it in his writings. He preached no philosophy of simple life, sons of the soil, secrets of the woodland. No interviewer obtained from him a doctrine of sun-hats and folk-dancing and the message of the wild.

On the other hand, his poems are often dominated by the reflection that they ought to have been more important poems. At best, he presumes that he was not "made in vain"; that

> The very shadow of an insect's wing,
> For which the violet cared not while it stay'd,
> Yet felt the lighter for its vanishing,
> Proved that the sun was shining by its shade.

Those who read his poems in full, like Mr. Hartman, may feel a "deficiency" in them "which keeps him a distinctly minor poet"; may wish to have caused him to scatter fewer sonnets through the Lake District and to concentrate his powers of imagination and inquiry, not merely sighing after, but commanding

> grace
> To breed high memories in the womb of time.

However, he gave away his rhymes and was repaid with smiling faces; he forgot for the time the other argument, or it seemed something musty among the cowslips and the children. The end of it all is that new selections of his verse are brought out every few years.

There are fresh and sometimes startling beauties in his poetry, and in unexpected metaphor, brief or sustained, he is his father's son and even rival; if one is gratified with impressions of scene, moment, flower, or bird, Hartley Coleridge is exquisite in that art. He did not roam about for nothing. Keats would have approved his temporary transmigrations of personality:

> While the bald trees stretched forth their long, lank arms
> And starving birds pecked nigh the reeky farms.

In his verses, Hartley has told us much of his movements, which so regrettably baffled Wordsworth: "Poor fellow! he has no resolve. . . . Yesterday I learned that he had disappeared from his lodgings, and that he had been seen at eight o'clock entering the town of Kendal. He was at Ambleside the night before at eleven o'clock, so he must have been out the greater part of the night." I begin to apprehend that Hartley, as a personality, also baffles the biographers. With what net shall they catch that half-angel? What subtlety of transitions can narrate his April of fifty years?

The case is complicated, too, by the fact that literary history is involved. We must be informed of such matters as Hartley's edition of Massinger and Ford, and how his poetry belonged to "the hushed interval between the so-called wave of Romanticism and the back-wash of Victorianism." A bibliographical affidavit is called for. Hartley was an author, subject to the usual diligence of posterity. This is one of the reasons why those who describe his life do not altogether write with certainty of progress. Besides, it would seem that particular records of Hartley's works and days are not now to be found except in a passage here and there: it would be strange if they were.

Under these circumstances Mr. Hartman, as Mr. E. L. Griggs did two years ago, has produced a valuable account of Hartley Coleridge, examining closely the known events of his life, and collecting a number of familiar and unfamiliar notes upon it by those who had the good fortune to know the honest little man. There is no failure in candid criticism, but a strong loyalty is felt supplying genial warmth throughout the careful presentation of circumstances and analyses. Indeed, without such a spirit, a writer at this distance of time would hardly have looked up what the *Christian Remembrancer*, *Christian Observer* and *Catholic World* had to say of the memoir of Hartley by his reverend brother (his useful biographer, too) in 1851. That conscientiousness which in one direction constitutes the claim of Mr. Hartman's work to the library shelf in another sense hinders its advance; for the anecdotes and glimpses of Hartley in his peculiar glory and "Eton jacket" are introduced so well that we yield to a mild lethargy when we turn from donkey-races and impromptu kisses to "his more formal essays."

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> Oh, had my youth been wise
> I had called upon the Sage—
> Not on that starry Child.
> What had been harsh to youth
> Would have been sweet in age.

This sense of the loss in all gain gives the poems a grave and moving note: it deepens, too, the loveliness of lines in which the

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poet is secluded once more within the charmed circle of imagination, as in his *Midsummer Eve*.

> Yet on this night have holy care.
> All things put on their loveliest dress.
> The fallen angels of the heart
> Their ancient, angel faces wear,
> A heart-consuming tenderness,
> Though it may be a wanton thing,
> Walks like a Daughter of the King.
> Hardly the saint may with much prayer
> Make his soul meet for Paradise,
> Who met nor knew in their disguise
> The sultry Children of the Air,
> And from the tempting of their eyes
> Built up a heaven for the red dust
> Out of a light-transfigured lust.

The "golden heresy of Truth" is not for all: but in such lines A. E. asserts the mystical antimonies of his vision.

When we turn from these high poems, the next writers seem to be struggling in what A. E. has called "the everlasting fire, the torment of the sense." In *Kinds of Love*, Mr. Max Eastman neglects American Socialism for the roses and raptures of erotic poetry. Sex in the modern novel ends in cynicism or the subconscious, except in the case of poetry-haunted writers such as the late D. H. Lawrence: but it is curious to note how poetry itself forces its devotee to find a mystical resolution of the senses. The fiery clutches and burning embraces which adorn Mr. Eastman's lines are chilled by a curious poem called *X Rays*. Calderon, last of the mediævalists, found but sepulchral drama in the human frame: and Mr. Eastman's modern lover doting over the vertebræ of his beloved would be comic but for an almost mystical intensity in this green light of science—

> Tracing on the ancient screen of night
> That crooked and pale writing of the wonder
> Of your beauty.

The Oriental love in Mr. Gordon Bennett's one-act verse-play, *The Sword*, is as mighty. But the belief that love can justify death needs a passionate conviction, and one is inclined to smile fatally when the heroine of this play approaches her passive lover and, to quote Shakespeare, "bravely broaches his boiling bloody breast."

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Human love may well be enough, and in a poem called "For the Body," Mrs. Gamel Woolsey writes:

> Your soul may go to Heaven's bliss,
> They may have that, it was not mine,
> But the dear body loved like this. . . .
>
> O, will that whiteness bloom again
> In cherry or in hawthorn boughs?
> The body that was my dear house

—and in many of her poems there is a frank and noble simplicity, an erotic grace in lines that are almost mystical in their intensity. Here, daintily expressed, is the secret religion of true matrimony: a theme which preachers resolve into vague and pompous platitude. The sonnet carries a graciousness of its own: it admits the marriage of true minds. In her sequence of fifteen sonnets, Miss Lorna Collard can develop an image with skill—

> Learn me by heart, by sight, as one who reads
> A well-loved book—

and find a suave line such as—

> Or read by touch alone all that love needs.

Universal love is amplified in Mr. William Lloyd's lyrical drama *Azrael*, but he lacks imaginative particularity and is badly handicapped by the obvious comparison with *Prometheus Bound*. Miss Bourne's *Invitation to Parnassus*, on the other hand, is quite pressing. He is in close pursuit of "Endymion": but here is a sample of what he can do despite a cockney rhyme:

> As in Venetian style a flight of Loves
> Striding across the vaulted heaven moves
> Upspringing sturdily, pushing amain
> Some ponderous gold curtain and will strain
> With dimpled shoulders and little rosy palms,
> To drape the massy folds and deep festoons—
> Maugre their falls and merry shrill alarms
> And the distraction of celestial tunes
> Fluted about them.

He is as excited by Ovid as Tiepolo, and if he can bit his runaway fancy he should do well.

Mr. Richard Rowley is the best-known Ulster poet of to-day, and his "Selected Poems" shows the range and variety of his interests. He writes indeed of factories and shipyards, their crowded humanity: but poetry is to him an escape and his heart finds holiday among the Mourne Mountains. Miss Moira O'Neill discovered the plangent lilt in Ulster dialect: Mr. Rowley has explored the further possibilities of that pleasant speech. He has a humour of his own, and there is complete joy in his play of Apollo in the Six Counties. The Ulster dialect is still homely: but Miss Marion Angus carefully fosters the courtly tradition of the Scots language, and remembers Holyrood. She is often content to find a lilt of lovely words, but "The Blue Jacket" shows the intensity she can achieve by an art that is less simple than it seems.

Miss Wordsworth's poems range over fifty years, and many were written as long ago as Queen Victoria's First Jubilee and the Battle of Sedan. She can comment in sprightly lines upon our modern age, and, altogether, her book has the charm and steadfastness of the past.

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despite descent in David's royal line, was made a hunchback by his trade, had eyebrows meeting in the middle (*σύνοφρυς*), and was of unseemly stature. From a policy of non-resistance he came to tread the road of revolution that led to a traitor's death. With his own intimate associates he marched to Jerusalem, gathering some hundreds of followers who cried out, "Free us (*Hosanna*), O Son of David," and was able, in the absence of the Roman forces at Cæsarea, to seize Fort Antonia and the Tower of Siloam. He got so far in his plan of seizing the Temple and proclaiming himself Messiah as to attack the banks and cattle dealers in the precincts. Meanwhile the priests had appealed successfully for Roman aid. The soldiery recaptured Fort Antonia and overthrew the Tower of Siloam—which was the occasion when it killed eighteen persons. Jesus, still at large but expecting death, supped secretly with his disciples, and told them how on the morrow his body would be broken and his blood poured out. That royal fate of being hewn in pieces was not to be, and under the *servile supplicium* of the Cross he cried out in desolate tones, "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?" But the story was not then finished. The existence of a twin brother of Jesus gave credence to the belief that he had risen from the dead. All this took place in 21 A.D. John the Hidden One survived to 35 A.D.

The reconstruction is vivid. How far it is convincing depends on the sources and the method of using them; and confidence is not inspired by source or by method. The main source is a translation of Josephus's *Capture of Jerusalem* made into Slavonic in the thirteenth century. It was discovered about sixty years ago, and is only now being appreciated. The date itself does not inspire confidence, especially as Dr. Eisler points out the existence at that time in South Russia of a large body of Judaisers who, we may feel sure, were equal to their opponents in the facility with which they could manipulate texts. The great differences between this translation and our Greek texts Dr. Eisler proposes to explain by making the Slavonic a translation of the first Greek edition of Josephus's work, originally published for private circulation in Aramaic. Our Greek versions, he holds, have suffered much doctoring both from Josephus himself and from Christian hands. But the Slavonic version also is not exempt from Christian doctoring. Dr. Eisler unashamedly confesses his method of reconstructing the original text: "everything of anti-Christian character, every contemptuous or disparaging allusion to Jesus and His followers, may be regarded off-hand as the authentic work of Josephus; every statement exonerating Jesus and favourable to Him and His disciples is to be set aside as an interpolation or correction introduced by a Christian reader or copyist." Amazingly *a priori* and unscientific though this canon may be, it is followed by Dr. Eisler to its inevitable end. If a disparaging picture of Jesus is produced we need not be surprised; this canon could produce no other even from the Gospels.

There are a few detailed points of criticism which should be made. Dr. Eisler regards as authentic the *Acta Pilati* published by Maximinus Daïa in A.D. 311. We are bound to consider it extremely unlikely that Pilate ever sent a report of the trial of Christ to Rome, especially if he played in it the discreditable part which the Gospels suggest. Certainly it would not survive to the fourth century. Dr. Eisler exaggerates the "Romanisation" of Palestine at that time. The crucifying of one more disturber of the peace was neither here nor there.

Dr. Eisler's work will probably be valued for reasons other than he intended. We suggest that its chief claim to fame is its thorough disproof of those who would deny the existence of Jesus altogether. Such "rationalists" will scarcely be able to hold up their heads again. Its second claim, we suggest, lies in its merciless unmasking of Josephus's unscrupulousness. The character of the man, as delineated by Dr. Eisler, is such as to render suspicious anything he did write; therefore, it seems scarcely worth while trying to disengage his own contributions to the Slavonic texts.

To pass from Dr. Eisler to Dr. Mackinnon is relatively to take a mental holiday. Yet much learning has gone to make *The Historic Jesus* though it is concealed in the easy flow of the story. The heterodoxy of one generation becomes the orthodoxy of another, and Dr. Mackinnon advances no hypothesis which would not be accepted by the majority of textual scholars to-day. He bases himself on the Synoptic records, giving priority to Mark, and discounts the Fourth Gospel as relating history in the light of later religious experience. We dislike this interpretation. On the surface the Fourth Gospel professes to relate facts, and if it wilfully distorts and inverts them no amount of religious experience will excuse it. For ourselves we expect to see in the next quarter of a century this gospel restored to something of its former position, in the name not of tradition but of scholarship—*i.e.*, as the work of the Apostle John supplementing and sometimes correcting former accounts but making the occasional mistakes of memory which an old man does make. That, however, is not Dr. Mackinnon's view, and he gives a picture drawn from the Synoptic Gospels of a good man Jesus, a man who did not enter the world miraculously and whose body did not rise from the tomb. It is a picture in which emphasis is laid on the ethical and spiritual teaching of Christ, who gradually became conscious of a special relationship to God.

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Captain Acworth's book starts with a preface which must win the reader, and an introduction calculated to alienate him. In the latter he talks like a Service clubman against parity with America, against any idea that air-power has deprived us of our insular security, and against any surrender of "the immemorial and full rights of blockade." These are not the wares which one expects to see in the front window of a fresh and elastic mind. Yet such a mind Captain Acworth possesses; and when he passes from the "crisis without" the Navy to consider the "crisis within," he reveals qualities of modest candour, impersonal objectivity, intellectual courage, and searching analysis, which entitle him to be taken very seriously. Besides a long and varied sea-going experience, he spent four post-War years on the Naval Staff at the Admiralty. Of course, he discloses no official secrets, but the hallmark of inner knowledge cannot be mistaken.

What does he criticise, and what does he propose? To begin with (and here, no doubt, he has a great many naval officers—not always the most thoughtful—on his side) he criticises the "materialism" of the late Lord Fisher. He argues that Fisher's passion for new mechanism was grossly overdone, and its reactions on our naval strategy in many respects disastrous. Not all his points here are equally convincing. For instance, he censures Fisher's preference for oil fuel as strategically unsound, since we have to import our oil. The argument would be more weighty if we did not happen in any case to be so dependent on all sorts of regular imports for our vital needs, that one category of them more or less need not much vary our embarrassment. On the other hand Captain Acworth does not mention the great strategic gain which oil fuel confers, through the possibility of refuelling fighting ships very quickly at any point on the open sea. Nor does he seem aware of the extent to which our oil could now be distilled from our coal. It may well be that the fault of Fisher's mind was not so much to be over-mechanical, but to be over-impulsive and sloppy. He had the half-educated man's inability to co-ordinate his ideas; thus, while giving our Navy the biggest guns afloat, he left it disastrously behindhand in its system of gun-control.

When Captain Acworth comes to the War and its naval lessons, his analytic faculties are seen at their best. His criticisms are not new; they could not be. But they show a discrimination, a balance, and a sense of relative values, which are still not common. There is only one salient point, which he seems here to miss or disguise. His whole conception of naval strategy turns on the supreme importance of victory over the enemy's battle-fleet. Assuming this to be true, and also that our failure to destroy the German battle-fleet at Jutland did do us the injuries that he indicates, he scarcely faces the fact that we should have suffered them just the same if that fleet had never come out of harbour, and that there was and is no naval means of compelling such a sortie. At least, there is only the indirect pressure of naval blockade; a slow process to which the pace of war in its other spheres is now much more disproportionate than it was in Napoleon's day.

Reasoning as he does about the importance of battle-fleets, Captain Acworth comes to centre his positive proposals round his conception of the battleship of the future. Here he parts company entirely with the Admiralty's policy of post-War construction. His reasoning is as follows. The gun is the supreme weapon; but there is no great gain in having it more than big enough to do execution at the maximum hitting range; which he puts at 20,000, or (for caution) 22,000 yards. At this range the 13.5-inch gun is sufficient. Secondly, battleships

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should carry no secondary armament; it should be left to their light cruiser escort. Thirdly, they should not carry torpedoes; which he inclines to think useless (as well as dangerous) in any craft but submarines. Fourthly, the War showed that the extra turn of speed, which adds so enormously to the size and cost of ships, brings no equivalent advantage. The conclusion is a battleship of about 12,000 tons, not very fast, torpedoless and without secondary armament, but very strongly armoured, and mounting six 13.5-inch guns. Such a vessel could be built for about £1,000,000, as against the Rodney's £7,000,000; and seven of them would vastly surpass that monster both in tactical utility and in practical hitting gun-power.

Similar reasonings are applied to cruisers and destroyers. A lay reader, of course, should not dogmatise too far in such matters; but most will agree that Captain Acworth states a remarkably plausible case. Two main difficulties he seems to bring insufficiently into account. One is that of existing international naval agreements. They are based on a classification of naval types and sizes, which, however unideal, is at present common to all naval Powers, and into which Captain Acworth's new categories could not easily, if at all, be fitted. An epilogue shows that he dislikes the agreements anyhow; but there, in principle, most of us will differ from him. Secondly, he almost certainly makes a most serious underestimate of what aircraft can do in naval war under post-war conditions—a view which influences his policies at a number of points.

Admiral Richmond's book is of a different type, though it leads to some parallel conclusions. It is a history of the remarkable naval war which, during the American War of Independence went on in Indian waters between the British and French, and later the Dutch also. Outside naval specialists most people, perhaps, forget that such a war ever occurred. Yet its stake was the British Empire in India; it included four naval battles on the grand scale; and it provided a theatre of action for France's greatest naval commander, Suffren. His British antagonist, Admiral Hughes, was not of the same calibre; yet he was a capable and dogged officer, put up a patient defence, despite very great handicaps from the officials of the East India Company, and on the whole earned the thanks of Parliament, which he received on his return. It brings home to one the remoteness of India in those days, that his last great battle was fought exactly five months after peace preliminaries had been signed in Europe.

The Navy in India is primarily a study of strategy. It illustrates at many points the problems of co-operation between naval and military forces; and also the preponderant value of naval bases in remote waters. It draws upon the original papers, English and French, and does justice to the forgotten heroisms of both sides.

SWINBURNE

Swinburne. By SAMUEL C. CHEW. Murray. 15s.

Swinburne: A Nineteenth Century Hellene. By W. R. RUTLAND. Blackwell. 21s.

Two things stand in the way of modern appreciation of Swinburne: the legend of the "poet," and the bulk of his writings. There is so much of them, so little of him. He can be crammed into a phrase, "the wonderful child," or, maliciously, "the pseudo-Shelley"; and one eagerly accepts the portrait of a cockatoo, or a sleep-walker miraculously crossing the streets and eating lunches of asparagus in a Holborn restaurant. They are not complete portraits; but they have that touch of incongruous human nature which makes them acceptable. Swinburne is at once too easy and too difficult for the biographer: even Gosse, who was a personal friend, succeeded only in sketching him. It is hardly enough to know that he had small feet and fluttered his hands, that at Putney he drank a bottle of beer a day and pinched babies' cheeks, that he could recite a whole play of Æschylus from memory (though this tells us something). One cannot help feeling that all his friends and visitors who wrote about him must have missed something—something essential—until suddenly it is plain that Swinburne was actually like their descriptions (which concur remarkably), that in fact he was a windy spirit somehow bundled together with human characteristics, most of which seem irrelevant.

The chief thing about Swinburne, from the point of view of the critic, is that to him poetry was all-important; his life outside his poetry and the reactions from it was negligible. He had one love-affair, which terminated abruptly; much of his life was solitary, and when his health broke he submitted himself to Watts-Dunton, for a period of twenty-eight years, without question. Gosse records that Swinburne explained to him once "that he did not regard current novels as literature but as life, and that in his absolutely detached existence they took the place of real adventures." Swinburne's chief reading was Dickens, whose novels he re-read every three years! And his love of Italy and the sea was hardly, in this sense, more realistic. It is as though his physical sensibility exaggerated contact with the outside world a hundred times, so that a footfall became a deafening roar. His whole life, which to us seems like the retirement up a sheltered valley, must in fact have been as shrill and shattering as a journey in the Tube. The confusion of his poetry—a sort of Albert Hall echo—comes not from the jarring of unrelated experiences and sensations, but from their universal muffled roar. Just as a camera with the lens sufficiently out of focus will reduce everything on the ground-screen to a similar blur of colours, so Swinburne's imagination worked with the same distorting influence on whatever came into its view. It was a question with him of seeing red, or not seeing at all. Again and again he uses the same symbols to describe things as different as a landscape and kiss:

> Forth, ballad, and take roses in both arms,
> Even till the top rose touch thee in the throat
> Where the least thornprick harms;
> And girdled in thy golden singing-coat,
> Come thou before my lady and say this . . . .

He addresses his ballad exactly as he would his lady. The raptures of his early poems, profuse and astonishing as they are, glut the appetite. What a relief it is in the poem, "At a Month's End," after the ghost of the seashore and the night's remembrance and "love's love forsaken," to come upon these lines:

> Across, aslant, a scudding sea-mew
> Swam, dipped, and dropped, and grazed the sea . . . .

But again the verse ends:

> . . . . And one with me I could not dream you;
> And one with you I could not be.

Which is matched by twenty other such verses in the poem. Yet by the same methods he achieved many of his finest images; the evocation of the Republican flag, for example, in the magnificent "Epilogue" to *Songs Before Sunrise*:

> For if the swimmer's eastward eye
> Must see no sunrise—must put by
> The hope that lifted him and led
> Once, to have light about his head,
> To see beneath the clear low sky
> The green foam-whitened wave wax red
> And all the morning's banner fly—
> Then, as earth's helpless hopes go down,
> Let earth's self in the dark tides drown.

Only Swinburne could have written that.

His love of freedom and humanity is obviously sincere, and productive of much of his best work. What then of the sadism and exuberant sensuality of the first *Poems and Ballads*? Their roots were largely in his imagination. The references in a letter to Lord Houghton about his "infamous" *Dolores* are cynical, delightedly so. About a novel, *Lesbia Brandon*, he wrote in 1867: "I flatter myself it will be more offensive and objectionable to Britannia than anything I have yet done." This is bravado, and yet with most writers it would hint insincerity. *Dolores*, after all, was then his most famous poem, and Edmund Gosse, in a little known essay written in 1875, describes it as a unique and magnificent achievement of Swinburne's genius. That was the general opinion of the time, and Swinburne probably shared it. Then there are his far-fetched and elaborate hatreds: Hazlitt's name must never be mentioned because of his attacks on Coleridge; an edition of Shakespeare is violently attacked in a long review because its editor is Hazlitt's grandson. Much of his critical prose is spoilt by irrelevant abuse and sheer bad writing, which never occurred in his worst poems. The seventeen sonnets collected under the title *Dirae* were no doubt in many cases remotely and unhistorically felt, but the feeling is there, with terrific force, and one does not question their genuineness. So long as he caught fire, his sincerity is unquestionable; and even the productions of those last twenty years at Putney, though the genius is gone, are never mere empty exercise or ingenuity. He was always, completely, a poet, even when he was a bad one—that perhaps is the most that can be said. Imperfect as even his best work is, it is in this sense pure art, and not like Wagner's the result of an imperfectly achieved artistic sincerity. It is the fact that he never ceased

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to be and think as a poet which is finally responsible for his excesses. He did not, like Shelley, leave countless poems unwritten; on the contrary, he very often went on writing long after he should have stopped. A lyric like the one which begins:

> If love were what the rose is,
> And I were like the leaf

is weakened by long antithesis and repetition. There is almost no poem of his that can be called faultless, in spite of the claims of various critics. Mr. Rutland in his book on Swinburne's Hellenism exalts *Erectheus*, which perhaps rightly he calls the most Greek of any English poem. Mr. Samuel C. Chew, whose *Swinburne* is a fair and even estimate of the poet, prefers *Tristram in Lyonesse*. I cannot agree that either of these long poems is perfect; something is lacking in both, particularly in *Tristram in Lyonesse*, despite its superb prelude and passages of description and conversation between the lovers, which are as fine as anything Swinburne ever wrote. *Siena* is for me a more complete and organic poem than either of these.

Any discussion of Swinburne is bound to mention his literary influences. What a mass of them there is! Hugo, Baudelaire, Shelley, Æschylus, Wagner, Landor, the border ballads, Villon, Catullus, Aristophanes, the Elizabethan dramatists—to name only a few! And the astonishing thing is that all these influences were particular and vital. Mr. Chew rightly points out that very few of Swinburne's poems can be called derivative, and only perhaps in the case of Landor and Baudelaire can it be definitely said that the effect was bad. Hardly a poem that is not characteristic of Swinburne himself, whatever its origin. His metrical skill, particularly in the management of long irregular rhythms, as in "Super Flumina Babylonis" and "Hertha," is unequalled in subtlety and variety; but it is of course a mistake to pretend that the sound is everything and the meaning nowhere. The technique of his later work at least equals the earlier.

It is the bulk of verses, neither good nor bad but typical, which makes a formidable bar to one's enjoyment of Swinburne. The particular boredom of reading too much Swinburne is that of a long train-journey offering too many views. But his best is fine and unmistakable, and there is far more of it than most readers imagine.

The appearance, at the same time, of two books on Swinburne suggests a possible swing of fashion in his direction. It would have to be a taste for his poetry, because there is nothing in his life to tempt the public as in Byron's case. Both Mr. Chew and Mr. Rutland are concerned with Swinburne's poetry (one of them only with a cross-section of it), and they agree about its main delineations. I can recommend Mr. Chew's *Swinburne* as a very competent and even-minded study; he praises generously but with discrimination, and leaves Swinburne "not of the first order of poets, nor perhaps even of second rank," but unquestionably the greatest poet of his end of the century. The biographical part of the book is skimped a little, and Mr. Chew might have taken more feathers from Gosse and Mr. Beerbohm to brighten it. Mr. Rutland's "nineteenth century Hellene" is a slice off Swinburne, served up on a gigantic scale, a whole jardinière of Greek and Hellenist poetry. It is a long and learned piece of research, with a tartness of judgment which makes it surprisingly readable. And, indirectly, it throws new light on Swinburne.

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Charlotte Corday was a girl of good birth, handsome, amiable, well-educated, and—an important factor in her history—the great-granddaughter of Corneille. From his works, and from Plutarch, she had absorbed a passion for freedom: the Revolution in its beginnings delighted her, but she had hoped for a bloodless revolution. She was horrified and disgusted by the cruelty and tyranny of the mob: and, coming to identify the mob with its idol, Marat, who was for ever unearthing imaginary conspiracies and calling out for heads, she decided that the only way to restore peace in France was to rid it of the "monster." No one prompted her; she confided in no one. Her plan was to stab Marat in the very midst of the Assembly; the rabble in the galleries, who adored him, would then infallibly leap down upon her, and tear her limb from limb. Her identity would remain a secret, and none of her friends would suffer on her account. She set off alone for Paris, and here her first project fell through. Marat was ill, and no longer appeared in the Assembly. Secrecy became impossible; she would have to kill him in his own house, she would be taken, and would die upon the scaffold. This plan went through without a hitch.

There is really very little more to say about her, even when the biographer is, as in this case, a collateral descendant of his heroine, and has been indefatigable in her cause. Facts about Charlotte's family, associates, etc., are not wanting, but they are for the most part external, and of little interest. M. Corday has to console himself with her personal charms, reiterating her fresh complexion, her "harmonious gait," and her "musical, almost childish voice" in an unfortunate style of pseudo-poetry. He will not even allow her to be "ironical" *tout court*; in the interest of sex appeal she must be "sweetly ironical." It is true, of course, that the amazement her crime excited then and later must be put down almost entirely to the sex and appearance of the criminal. There has been no end to the discussion whether, if she had not been a virgin, she would ever have committed it; this began to be agitated in her own day. Some of her contemporaries hoped to prove her to be a loose woman, acting on her lover's instigation; failing in that, they fell back on her chastity as the "cause" of the crime. The argument seems to be, that while virginity is not an essential feature of the female criminal, no woman, without it, could be so fired with disinterested enthusiasm as to sacrifice herself for the public good. All such enthusiasm, therefore, stands condemned. Setting her chastity aside, however, it is impossible on the evidence to dismiss Charlotte as unbalanced, though the president of the court which tried her was humanely anxious that a plea of insanity should be put forward. The girl whose mind had been formed on Plutarch and Corneille must have smiled to hear her advocate assert, in a republican assembly, that her calm self-abnegation, though "in its way sublime," was "not natural."

On the ethics of political assassination M. Corday tells us that his subject has obliged him to form a "more definite opinion." This opinion seems to be adverse; but the only argument with which he supports it is that the crime did not, in this case, attain its end. Peace was *not* the consequence; the bloodshed grew more profuse than ever. "She had proved," says M. Corday, "the futility of violence." Unfortunately the question is not quite so easy to dispose of. It is a comfort to reflect that Marat was himself an advocate of the knife. He justified the September massacres on constitutional grounds by asserting that the mob had temporarily "appointed itself to the dictatorship" to commit them. Charlotte made no such plea; she acquiesced in her sentence, and left her justification to a higher court.

MR. OSBERT SITWELL

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Mr. Sitwell's poetry is not great poetry, nor does it pretend to be. He keeps it cool in tone: he is content to write at a low emotional level, often at the level of conversation, of brilliant, agile, even inspired conversation, but not more. It seems at first that what moves him to write is a fresh and poignant interest in particular things and their affinities with each other, and with this, delight, or amusement, or affection, or (in the satires) anger, or sometimes the sense of fragility or of danger; it is never any wider vision of truth, nor the desire for such a vision, nor passion, nor any overwhelming sorrow or joy. And among these particular things he takes most pleasure in those which are curious, so that reading his poetry is a little like being shown the curious treasures of a connoisseur—which certainly may be one of the dullest of occupations, but Mr. Sitwell can communicate his own pleasure in his possessions: those that are beautiful he knows how to hold in the light, and if some are only strange and grotesque, he has a story about most of them. In a few words he can make you feel the past, or the distant place or way of life, which they represent; only occasionally he does not try, he produces them without remark, and people with less knowledge of antiquity are at a loss. But what is most noticeable is the way in which he handles his treasures, not as if they were sacred, without any suspicion of trembling, but easily and carefully at once, as if they were delicate indeed, but he knew too well for nervousness the shape and texture of each. He has a pleasant touch, and will not be solemn towards his subject.

The curious interests him not only for its own sake, but because he finds in it the key to an age or a personality. He has that ceremonialist mind which fixes the spirit in certain external details: so he dwells on the paraphernalia of an age or place, and

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on the dress, the oddities of manner, of a person, because though these may be superficial things in themselves, he has entrusted to them the profounder things that he knows; and so he recurs often to those mythological and heraldic birds and beasts which represent for him the Middle Ages and older civilisations seen through them. But here he is sometimes at fault by his own standards; for ceremonial holds a meaning implicit for those who are initiated; it is not an expression of emotion, but a symbol of emotion understood to be felt, like the ceremonial of friendship in shaking hands: but poetry is an expression not a sign, like clasping of hands which is not formal, and generally it seeks, for its own salvation, to be new expression; for if it flows into the channels of ceremonial, unless it is of great power, it may be merged and lost there. And Mr. Sitwell has rightly observed that the skylark, for example, has become a ceremonial bird, so that most poems about it, whether or not they are written with new emotion, come to readers transmuted by an old emotion, even though Wordsworth and Shelley are not in their minds: and so Mr. Sitwell hates the "anæmic skylark," which flies so near Heaven already that the least extra touch of the feeblest poet will send it toppling to the door; but he does not observe that his own birds and animals and his witches and crinolines and croquet-hoops, though the initiate into their mysteries are fewer, are in danger of becoming only symbols too; the phœnix no less than the skylark comes trailing clouds of glory. Mr. Sitwell must be careful then not to let ceremony do the work of poetry, and to think he has expressed something when he has only given the sign.

But this warning is not needed often; generally his poetry is inspired by the moment, and his creatures live by his life, not as ghosts, by the memories which their names evoke. And the good of this poetry, which is neither philosophical nor at all passionate, is chiefly in the life that the poet gives to his creatures, the truth of his perception of them and the vitality with which he can convey it. It is particularly so in the later poems, which are all portraits of simple people seen in the most clear and neutral light possible, in the light of a detached, amused, slightly ironical affection. In such poetry, where the mood is prosaic, it is the vividness of the description from moment to moment that matters; but the earlier poems have value also as expressions of mood, especially the series called *Winter the Huntsman*, in which the poet fills with apprehension even the rhythm of his verse:

> Where, tall as the creaking trees,
> The chalk-white shadows stalk
> Till another sudden breeze
> Whips them back to the dark.

And the poems about old and mature gardens, in this series or wherever they occur, have also a special beauty of mood, because Mr. Sitwell is extremely susceptible to those gardens and writes with great tenderness whenever he has in mind their fountains and birds and trees.

But for the most part his poetry lives by description; and because Mr. Sitwell has a mind instinctively quick and brilliant in associating his perceptions, naturally he describes mostly by comparisons. Sometimes these have a stark intellectual accuracy, like the description of a gardener in his greenhouse as

> a signed Van Eyck
> Inserted in a Gauguin panel,

which, for all its fitness, is a sterile metaphor, and final, like shutting a door; or like the picture of a cottage garden:

> That lay scratched upon the hilltop
> Like a pattern made with a stick upon the sands

which is excellent for the sense it gives of the shallow and raw and temporary. One can see and analyse where these things are alike; but most often he brings his creatures together in an instinctive and unintelligible comparison which one must either simply recognize or forego; thus he says, in a *Nocturne*, beautiful both for mood and description:

> The sighing woods are still
> That climb this mouse-soft hill—

And however much one may be pleased with "mouse-soft," if it is arraigned there is no defence.

Mr. Sitwell's poetry is almost always a pleasure to read for its sound; for the intricacy of the pattern of his consonants, and the quick recurrence of vowel sounds, make it easy to listen to, like tuneful music. For instance:

> When Orpheus with his wind-swift fingers
> Ripples the strings that gleam like rain. . . .

And he will use this quick assonance more deliberately to imitate an effect of music; especially he will imitate syncopation by bringing back some heavy vowel sound before you expect it, like the beat falling a note early in syncopated music. But this is just play, and the sound of his poetry is most beautiful when he will uncramp it and let it flow loosely:

> If I must leave the faces that I love,
> Let it be when every dove
> Is crooning, swinging in the soft June trees,
> And roses ride on every breeze:
> Thus would I love the faces that I leave
> And need not so much grieve.

We have said less about the satires in this book, because they are less interesting than the poems; and for all their wit and vigour they leave the impression that though irony of a gentle kind is natural to Mr. Sitwell, this violent pugnacity is not natural. There is a suggestion of bravado about it. In a few of his satires the poet seems happy and up to the neck in aggression, but most seem as defensive satire, and are only distressing.

A GREAT PEACE-MINISTER

The Endless Adventure. Vol. II. By F. S. OLIVER. Macmillan. 15s.

This is the second volume of Mr. Oliver's work on Robert Walpole; and it has all the merits that marked the first, liveliness without superficiality, and common sense without platitude. He has seen that Walpole's career, so often regarded as the *ne plus ultra* of dullness, has in it many of the elements of romance: that this supposedly pedestrian politician traversed as many morasses, conquered as many dragons, and surmounted as many difficulties as a Knight of the Round Table; and he succeeds in making us feel the glamour. It is not without reason that he entitles his book "An Adventure," that the headings of his chapters recall Malory's "How King Pellinore took Arthur's Horse and followed the Questing Beast," or "How Sir Tor found the Brachet with a Lady." The whole work is a sermon on the text, "Peace hath her victories no less renowned than war." To those who, admiring *Ordeal by Battle*, disagreed with it, the *Adventure* is a surprise, but a pleasant one.

The present volume begins with the real crisis of Walpole's life—the "Black Week" of June, 1727, in which George I died and all the world anticipated that the new king would get rid of the Minister. Mr. Oliver makes an admirable drama out of the events of that time. It was a drama whose catastrophe depended on character, and in particular on the character of Queen Caroline. That character has been analysed a hundred times, but never, not even by John Morley, more brightly and clearly than by Mr. Oliver. His sketch is indeed a masterpiece. It is followed up with a full-length portrait of Caroline's husband, equally living and unforgettable. Beside these two stands Walpole, capable, sanguine, and quick to seize his chances, over against Compton, incapable, pusillanimous and futile.

It is hard to maintain the standard set by such an opening: and it is high praise to say that Mr. Oliver nearly succeeds. He puts life even into the dead embers of the Polish Succession, and makes the Parliamentary debates almost modern. Pulteney and Carteret are as vivid as Mr. Baldwin and Lord Curzon, while Bolingbroke, working ceaselessly in the background, is seen like a press-magnate of to-day. Walpole, of course, exactly fitted his time, a time in which peace was necessary alike to recover from victory and to prepare for a coming struggle. His not too scrupulous nature suited his contemporaries, and his unwearied diligence, allied as it was with an easy-going indifference to non-essentials—the essential being his retention of power—was just what the country required. He was fortunate in the fact that Queen Caroline perceived clearly that the country *did* require him. He owed much also to the errors of his adversaries. But he owed most to himself. It is true that he repaid that debt somewhat liberally. He made his own fortune and his children's. But, looking back after 200 years, we see that his services were great, and deserved their reward.

This volume would naturally end with Queen Caroline's death in 1737. Space has compelled Mr. Oliver to end it earlier; but this only makes us look forward to the next instalment.

CIVIC ART

The Story of Architecture in England. By WALTER H. GODFREY. Batsford. 12s. 6d.

The first portion of this volume was originally published in 1928 and deals with the period before the Reformation, whilst the second part is concerned with the three following centuries coinciding with the revival of classic art. Each of these two

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sections is given 150 closely-printed pages, and is illustrated with a series of accomplished drawings, some photographs and a few plans.' The author has kept his language as simple and his presentment as direct as possible with the aim of making the book suitable for use in schools, should the value of architecture as an illustration of national life ever be realised. He does not profess, however, to deal completely with his subject, for to do so would be impossible in the space, but he seeks to awaken interest so that his readers may begin the study of actual buildings, from which alone an intimate knowledge may be acquired. Mr. Godfrey makes the valuable suggestion that to know thoroughly one church or manor-house is better than to make superficial and hurried visits to a large number of possibly over-esteemed architectural lions.

We do not quarrel with any of Mr. Godfrey's facts; but we think he is too much engrossed with construction to the detriment of concern with the plan, although the latter is really the primary matter, and is more closely in touch with human needs. Imaginative construction is often a lyrical and individual impulse, whereas the imaginative arrangement of the plan follows from the requirements of the group of persons using the building. Architecture is, therefore, par excellence the art of the family, the community, the citizens, and the Government. It is the result of a civic impulse. The perfect State, in which the individual finds his fulfilment in the corporate life, and industry is organised for the honour of the producer and the use of the consumer, and the past remembered, the future nursed—such an Utopia, though the subject of infinite passion and the inspiration of martyrs, has not yet been achieved. Architecture has given us the mirage of that ideal. The Romans first offered us the consolation of the claustrum in their basilicæ and thermæ-walls, like authority to close us in, yet enormous spaces for our liberty. In their villas we found the organisation of separated spaces, as in their forums we had seen the citizen's consciousness. Mr. Godfrey properly reminds us that this civic Roman art was practised in Britain for 500 years; then it was defaced by the barbarians. No further manifestation of it on a great scale occurred till after the Norman Conquest, by which time the conception of the Civitas had been enlarged by the Church to include all tongues and kindreds and both the quick and the dead. Every new idea requires a new expression (though such an expression is not necessarily in correspondence with the idea). Since, however, the kingdom now included Heaven, and Heaven was symbolised by the sky, a tall proportion became the new motif. To obtain greater safety for the high vaults, the pointed arch was introduced and spread like forked lightning through Europe. A family of similar shapes—spires, gables, pinnacles—flocked to support it. To those builders, however, the spire was not a springing of individual impulse to something higher so much as a static weight of high Authority condescending to earth, whilst beneath it on the chancel arch the second Person of the Trinity, enthroned, judged mankind as His fellow-citizens with the gravity of God. To the very end of the fifteenth century the interior roofs became more elaborate, especially in the town parish churches, not to draw men's eyes upwards but because men's eyes were normally looking that way.

Then as it were with a single gesture of the head, men's eyes were lowered and they looked out to the level eyes of men around them. Humanism—the Renaissance—had begun. The ideal of citizenship was no longer mainly an ideal of discipline with priest and soldier as normal citizens; the normal figure henceforward was the gentleman with his code of honour, of service and of enjoyment. Whereas formerly the priest had had all the art because his ideal was essentially a civic ideal, the soldier had built as scrupulously for use only as any R.E. officer planning a row of tin huts. The soldier having beaten the priest was converted to poetry, music, painting, rhetoric and especially to architecture. He became a gentleman and an incarnation of the Roman citizen, and ruled countries, empires and particularly colonies; he constantly overruled English countrysides and villages. His authority and prestige are planted in the broad manors and country houses. These were planned like palaces for affairs of state, and supported an enormous establishment and dispensed hospitality and justice. Architecture to the civilisation of the gentleman was the means of well-mannered display, and an outward form capable of the most delicate adjustment to indicate social position and consequence. With this Roman dignity the gentleman told England that he held the power and took responsibility for the country. He was the only person who ever succeeded in imposing a town-plan on even a part of London.

The author, especially considering his purpose of producing a school book, has not interpreted this civic story of architecture with sufficient clearness. As well the peculiar fitness of our English traditional buildings to the English landscape might well be explained. Architecture in England seldom dominates the countryside as it does in Italy and Spain, but likes to curl up and sleep in valleys, and even on Cotswold hills will lie down in the shadows of trees.

WAR AND POST-WAR

Higher Command. By EDLEF KÖPPEN. Faber and Faber. 7s. 6d.

Time Stood Still. By PAUL COHEN-PORTHEIM. Duckworth. 8s. 6d.

Occupied: 1918-1930. By FREDERICK TUOHY. Thornton Butterworth. 10s. 6d.

The war recedes, faster and faster, and even the convenient label of "post-war" is taking on a retrospective tinge. The sentimentalist (let us call him) denounces this process as a dangerous forgetfulness; the realist (let us call him) greets it as the shaping of a perspective. But so far there is no great war-book. No book, that is, which has shown not only the coming, the impact, and the passing of 1914–1918 in the personal life of its individual characters, but also the deep-running continuity of impersonal forces which links the years before with the years after, the lives of men with the lives of nations. That book will be written. Its author is now probably in his cradle, possibly not yet even there. Tolstoy, after all, was born thirteen years after Waterloo, and was forty when he published *War and Peace*.

Herr Köppen's *Higher Command* represents a step towards such a book. It is only a partial step, for its characters are kept strictly within the bounds of the scene and years of fighting. But Herr Köppen, whilst painting a detailed and varied picture of day-by-day life on the German fronts, east and west, with his central character attached first as a private soldier, later as a junior officer, to the field artillery, has nevertheless tried to unfold at least some of the wider, and ironically tragic, implications of this individual experience of war. This he has done by interposing into the narrative of young Reisiger an ingenious collection of actual contemporary "documents"—staff orders, official communiqués, newspaper balderdash, stay-at-home cant, censors' regulations, music-hall programmes, and so on. Some of these are curiosities to rejoice the heart of any connoisseur of the *bêtise humaine*; others are merely pathetic. The book is thus rather like a film, in which the drama of the acted characters is cut into by shots chosen from the everyday life outside their drama. In the job of cutting and building-up Herr Köppen shows, on the whole, less deftness than ambition; the *tempo* of the two elements in the book is apt to be jerky. Nor has he been well served by his unnamed translator. But the book has freshness, fairness, and originality, and should certainly not be passed over as "another of these war-books."

Herr Cohen-Portheim, in *Time Stood Still*, has a painful personal experience to record. He had the misfortune to be spending the summer of 1914 in England; the law first made him prisoner with tiresome but not intolerable red tape. But under the stress of gathering fear and the "Intern Them All" campaign, the red tape was abruptly changed into barbed wire, and Herr Cohen-Portheim spent over three years in British internment camps, mainly in the well-known centre at Wakefield. He frankly admits that his experience was "but one of the very minor aspects of the tragedy of war," and in spite of strong temptation to be otherwise, he is very fair-minded towards the forces and the individuals who willed this useless amputation of his years. Inevitably, his story is one of ugliness and pettiness. Any active-minded person who has been placed in even approximately comparable servitude will feel a reminiscent gooseflesh of sympathy with the author when he expands the idea of his title:

> It was really a static condition . . . and if the other years of my life seem like the flowing on of a river, those years seem like a stagnant pool. Of course, its waters were ruffled quite frequently, but, looking back, these interruptions seem much more simultaneous than successive in time—which is but another way of saying that there is no time.

It is surprising, nevertheless, to find how much interesting and often moving detail Herr Cohen-Portheim can tell of how men thus isolated improvise, at first blindly and dully, later with in-

creasing method and satisfaction, a technique of life to fit a state of existence that deprives them of effective ambition, of purpose, of women's society, of privacy, of any visible term to their marooning, even of the ability to walk in a straight line for more than a moment or two. For all the long days of futility, active warfare had its moments of grandeur. This was futility unrewarded. But it was worth recording, and Herr Cohen-Portheim should be congratulated on his narrative skill as well as his generosity of temper.

Narrative skill, on the other hand, is emphatically not what one could congratulate Mr. Frederick Tuohy on possessing. Seldom, except in his other books, could one find between binder's boards such a welter of slipshod figures of speech trooping along in the semblance of sentences and paragraphs. Dimly through the fog, however, one becomes aware of an attempt at a general survey of the military occupation of western Germany between 1918 and 1930. It is a casually told story, often shrewd enough in a hit-or-miss way, but so confused in outline, so spattered with "knowing" slang and man-on-the-spot allusions, that its publisher's claim for *Occupied* that it is "the first full history of the Occupation" is absurd. "Certain passages," he adds, "should cause a mild sensation." Should they?

AUTHORS OF SPAIN

A History of Spanish Literature. By ERNEST MÉRIMÉE. Routledge. 15s.

In one of the stories of the Spanish Romancero there is fruitful suggestion. The Count Arnaldo, enraptured by a song a sailor was singing as he came in from the mysterious open sea, asked him what the words were. "I tell the words of that song," replied the sailor, "only to those who come away with me." One must indeed abandon oneself to a foreign literature before one can taste the pleasures of criticism. One must be prepared to sail away. And Professor Mérimée's monumental history may be regarded as the indispensable time table and sailing list of the strange barques of Spanish literature, indispensable to the English and even the Spanish student. For as Azorin noted some years ago, without his Fitzmaurice Kelly or his Mérimée the Spaniard himself had no manageable history of his own literature. The Mérimée, as may be expected from a French scholar, is a methodical book but is very far from the dullness which so frequently chokes the close packed pages of the literary Bradshaw. Its learned chapters on the literature of the Middle Ages, the Renaissance, the Siglo de Oro and the decadence down to contemporary literature are preceded by brief surveys of historical conditions of the period both in the Peninsula and beyond it, and are packed with facts and lucid, individual critical comment. Professor Mérimée wrote with a generous sympathy and understanding and with little of that condescension which usually creeps into the French voice when it talks of the things of Spain. Not unnaturally Professor Mérimée reproved the Spaniards' impatience with method and his indolence in philosophy, but this is very different from the extremes of alternating condemnation and wild romanticisation which Spain has suffered at the hands of France.

Professor Mérimée proceeds from his criticism to the inevitable, disconcerting question. Why, in spite of the gradual revival which began in Spanish letters at the time of the Romantic Movement and sharpened into the brilliant crest of the Renaissance of '98, do Spanish writers tend to remain in relative obscurity behind their own frontiers while their foreign rivals become citizens of the world? The classics are international and unread, but what of modern writers? We read Dickens, Balzac, even Erckmann-Chatrian. Why do we not read Galdos? Is the fault in the Spaniard or ourselves? Do Spaniards fail to become citizens of the world because of their deep and primitive regionalism? Has not an outstanding characteristic of the Spanish nature been its instinctive self-isolation from the modern world? To some Spanish writers, however, as Professor Mérimée points out, the deficiency has seemed not one of breadth but of depth. Azorin, who is beginning now to be read abroad by the general public, has complained that in Spain there is "no vigorous, scrupulous, philosophical and scientific thought." It has been as if the appointed planets had refused to merge in a celestial plan and had flown wildly about the heavens according to individual whim—a dazzling, versatile, original but, to northern minds, improper performance. The Spaniards are a nation of improvisers and there is monotony in continual improvisation.

We cannot, however, pretend that our comparative neglect of the Spaniard is based on his æsthetic and philosophical deficiencies alone: we have stood for many monstrosities from other countries. A real difficulty for us has been in the past, as we have said, Spain's isolation from the modern world. We have felt that she has had nothing to tell us; and it is only now that the modern world after a vigorous and scrupulous devotion to philosophy and scientific thought has become sceptical, that we are beginning to wonder what we have been missing on the other side of the Pyrenees. Thus we see Unamuno becoming a citizen of the world if there ever was one, though with apparent irresponsibility he plays the very dickens with philosophy and scientific thought, and is as profound as you like to think any mystic may be. And we proceed from Unamuno to be bored with internationalism and to wonder if the Spaniard is, after all, provincial in any thing more than the Pickwickian sense; to ask if his originality is necessarily fatal and deplorable. Since the Renaissance there has come about a divorce of culture from the people; but in Spain, which gave literature the romancero, and the picaresque novel there is, as Professor Mérimée says, an interpenetration of the artist's genius and the people's genius which has brought forth a truly popular spirit—a condition which modern plutocracies hunger for in vain. System is anathema to the Spaniard because he never sinks his individuality; he never loses himself in the general. One fancies he has in the past preferred theology to philosophy because he prefers quarrelling men to quarrelling systems; and Professor Mérimée, in noting the national bellicosity of Menendez y Pelayo in matters of religion, politics and philosophy, understands that, as in the case of Sainte Beuve, the great critic is a poet at his roots and brings everything to life that he touches. Systems are but men, and the Spaniard never loses sight of the man of flesh and bones, even when, with the mystics, he ascends Mount Carmel or leads the soul to "annihilation in the bosom of Divine Love."

A QUEEN'S MOVE

The Sibyl of the North. By FAITH COMPTON MACKENZIE. Cassell. 10s. 6d.

Once in a while the right biographer and the right subject meet and clasp hands across a sea of ink. Christina, Queen of Sweden, foundress of the Order of Amaranta, whose personal motto was *Tout Savoir!* could scarcely have chosen for herself a happier chronicler than Mrs. Compton Mackenzie. Perhaps at first her arrogance might have demanded more awestruck treatment—but she was a wit herself, and she would have swallowed Mrs. Mackenzie's occasional affectionate mockery for the sake of her understanding.

The life of this adventurer Queen is so full of pictorial splendour that it might seem, at first glance, an easy one to write. Yet her character is a subtle enigma which can be, and has been, too easily dismissed as a mere conjuring trick. Queen from the age of six, taking eagerly to her boyish upbringing, a lover of learning, and fearless as became the daughter of Gustavus Adolphus, she had many of the qualities of the ideal ruler. Yet, once she had been magnificently crowned (how pleasant are these coloured processions, of which this author gives us all the details that are usually omitted!) she chose to reign only for a few years, during which she provided her country with a succession, not of heirs, but of galvanic shocks. From the first we see her staid Ministers bewildered by the contradictions in her nature—her brilliant statecraft, alternating with violent enthusiasms for philosophers, for a French quack doctor or a handsome Spanish envoy. She loved display, fine horsemanship and physical beauty; yet herself she dressed carelessly, often in male attire, with not too nice a regard for personal cleanliness, and with a disconcerting indifference to food and sleep. She could be truly Royal, yet she could make a gouty and important *savant* dance in public for her amusement. What wonder that most of her Councillors breathed a sigh of relief at her abdication.

The reasons for that astounding step are here convincingly set forth. She had by now "squeezed all the juice out of the sensation of ruling," she had the longing for freedom in her soul. "She was enamoured of the Latin temperament, and in consequence turned almost with loathing from the crude directness of her countrymen. . . . She dreamed of a salon that should eclipse all other salons, where she could talk on equal terms with the great minds of the time."

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the highways in boy's dress, snatching a kiss as the fancy took her. To dine with the Pope, sincerely reverent in a black gown, was good; but so it was to give gay parties, attended only by men, to the scandal of high Roman society. She became the wandering firebrand of Europe, just as the Lady Hester Stanhope, in another century, became its mountebank, and for the same reason—the urge of genius insufficiently canalised. "If Christina had had a strong masculine body to match her mind, she would have been one of the great figures of history. Most of her exalted schemes ended in smoke because her body got tired and reacted on her mind." So ended, for instance, her efforts to make wars or to control her own ever precarious finances. On one occasion, "a cannon, saluting her, burst into a thousand pieces."

How symbolical is the blowing up of that triumphal cannon! Not even the peaceful epilogue with Azzolino can efface the sound of it. Yet bursting cannon make a goodly noise, and seem nobler to the bellicose than intact pea-shooters. This is a book to read and read again, in case one may have missed some delicate sidelight or apt ironical comment.

SHORTER NOTICES

Volume Two. By KATHERINE MAYO. Cape. 7s. 6d.

The report of the Age of Consent Committee appointed by the Government of India in 1928, with its nine volumes of evidence, comprises a huge mass of testimony on child marriage which the author of *Mother India* could not but regard as predestined material for her second volume. Miss Mayo has dealt with this material—terrible and complicated as it is—in the manner which helped to make the sensational success of her former book. That is to say, she has filled the larger part of the seventeen chapters with extracts from statements by witnesses from the report. These passages return again and again to certain central questions—for instance, the prevalence of prepuberty marriage, its religious sanction, the customary age of consummation, the marriage of little girls to mature men and elderly widowers. Miss Mayo is concerned exclusively with her indictment of the Hindu social system, and here, as in *Mother India*, she proceeds on the assumption that child marriage is a Hindu institution alone, while frequently using "Hindu" as synonymous with "Indian." In anticipation of the Sarda Marriage Act, Miss Mayo says, "the Hindu peoples had run marriage-mad, sloughing off their girl-babies by wholesale." That, of course, is so; but the fact is notorious that the Moslems also took vigorous advance action. Miss Mayo calls the date of the Act (April 1st, 1930) "April fools' day," and she finds it impossible to believe in any Indian reform agencies. This is to ignore the extraordinary uprising of Indian women—a movement, in the mass, only of yesterday. The *purdah* is certainly doomed, and with the *purdah* goes child marriage.

The Local Government of the United Kingdom (and the Irish Free State.) By JOHN J. CLARKE, M.A., F.S.S. Sixth Revised and Enlarged Edition. Pitman. 12s. 6d.

Mr. Clarke continues to put in his debt all who are concerned with local government, whether as students or administrators. This invaluable book has now grown to more than 800 pages, which explain a complex subject with exceptional clarity and accuracy. The chief new features in the latest edition are sections on transport, on the Road Traffic Act of 1930, and on such portions of municipal trading as relate to Public Services Undertakings; a completely rewritten chapter on housing, which includes the Housing Act, 1930; a remodelled section on Public Assistance; and a fresh chapter on mental treatment. All these are matters of outstanding importance, and Mr. Clarke has done his work admirably.

By Whose Authority. By OLIVER MADOX HUEFFER. Benn. 7s. 6d.

In these days when countless veiled autobiographies and psychological treatises masquerade as fiction, it is refreshing to come across a romance of adventure whose author has no other purpose than to tell a story and to tell it well. In *By Whose Authority*, Mr. Hueffer relates how a certain Sir Rafe Gardiner, being unwilling to pay court to William III., goes to America and there is betrothed to the daughter of the notorious Captain Kidd, who is made out to be a virtuous gentleman very evilly entreated by fortune and his fellow-creatures. Sir Rafe, however, is separated from his beloved, and undergoes many strange adventures both with pirates and honest men before they are reunited. Parts of the book are clearly derivative, and others are tantalising by their restraint; nor is Mr. Hueffer's style always convincing, since it suffers from the strain of keeping the narrative in the first person. Nevertheless, his novel provides entertaining reading for those who desire a straightforward tale rather superior to the ordinary "thriller."

Trackers and Smugglers in the Deserts of Egypt. By COLONEL ANDRÉ VON DUMREICHER. Methuen. 15s.

Until comparatively recently the great desert areas of Egypt, which flank the Nile Valley on either side, were ignored by the Egyptian Government and their peoples left to their own devices, but on the introduction of the salt monopoly and an increase in the tobacco duty, desert smuggling became a pressing problem, and the coastguard service, hitherto restricted to the towns with custom-houses, was greatly augmented. Colonel Dumreicher served with the Camel Corps of the Desert Directorate, and of its activities he here gives us a lively account. Many of the incidents are highly romantic and exciting; but the book is much more than a story of adventure, it is compact of shrewd commonsense, and gives us pictures of desert life and desert peoples which will compare with the best records of ethnographical exploration. Throughout the history of his service Colonel Dumreicher writes with sympathy and understanding of the Bedouin, and the sidelights his story throws on the character of these turbulent people are particularly illuminating.

Lagooned in the Virgin Islands. By HAZEL BALLANCE EADIE. Routledge. 10s. 6d.

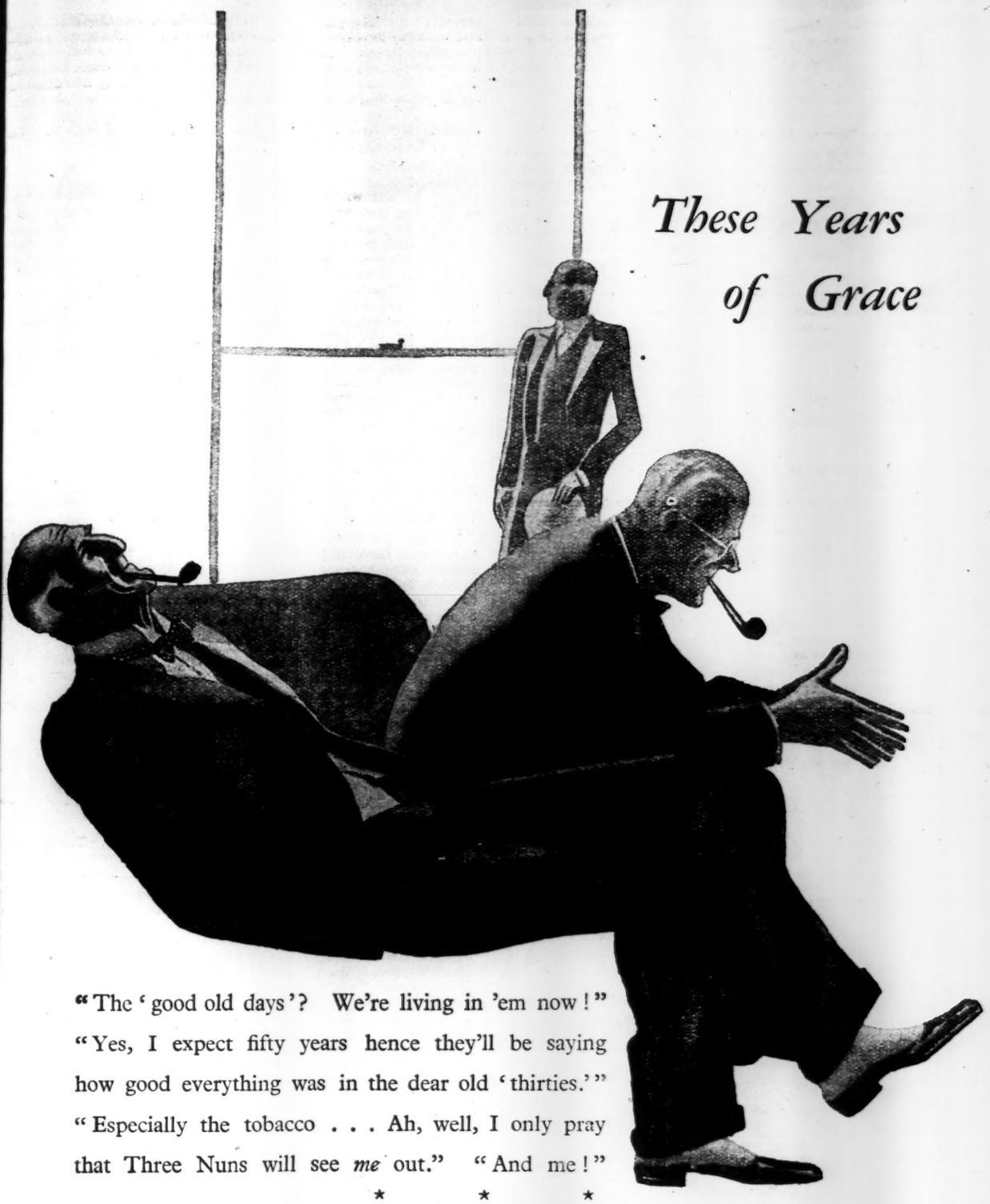
Mrs. Eadie has made a big book out of her residence in Tortola, one of the Virgin Islands in the West Indies. It is a book to be dipped into and lingered over rather than read directly or hurriedly through; part of its charm is that of the well-selected commonplace book. Why Mrs. Eadie and her friend went to Tortola is not entirely clear, nor what they did there beyond organising a Boys' and Girls' Social Club for the largely neglected coloured children. From the first their interest was principally in the black and brown folk, and they shocked the tiny white colony by deserting Road Town to live among their humbler friends in a tumbledown cabin between the bush and the sea. Thus Mrs. Eadie is able to give a detailed and exact account of the lives, personalities and typical talk and maxims of these West Indians, their religion, superstitions, customs, festivities, and general outlook.

Mariners of Brittany. Written and Illustrated by PETER F. ANSON. Dent. 12s. 6d.

Mr. Anson's genuine affection for the sea-coast of Brittany and for the Breton sailors and fisherman has impelled him not only to write about them simply, clearly, and with real charm, but to pack into his book a surprising amount of information. He writes of social conditions among the fishermen, of their folk-lore and superstitions and of the history and present position of the chief fisheries. He gives little thumb-nail sketches, half historical, half descriptive, of every port and fishing-village along the coast. He makes it all delightfully easy reading, vivid and picturesque; but at the end of it you find there is an unusual proportion of solid information you have noted for reference. His delicate line drawings constitute a record of a large number of types of fishing and coasting craft, too many of which are now rapidly passing away. The right minded will pore over them for hours. It is not often one receives a pleasanter volume.

The Austrian Tyrol. By IAN F. D. MORROW. Faber and Faber. 15s.

Mr. Morrow has been a constant visitor to Tyrol for many years and knows the country intimately in all its aspects and at all seasons. His book consequently has a pleasant note of intimacy, though it aspires to give its readers something more than the mere impressions of a visitor. Much of the book, indeed, deals with the history of Tyrol from Roman times onwards and reveals the character of its people as it has been moulded by racial movements and the stress of the political and geographical environment. So far from their hard life—farming in Tyrol being doubly laborious owing to the constant climbing it entails—making them dour, the Tyrolese peasants face life with a gay courage, and the visitor who can attune himself to their frank and



These Years of Grace

"The 'good old days'? We're living in 'em now!" "Yes, I expect fifty years hence they'll be saying how good everything was in the dear old 'thirties.'" "Especially the tobacco . . . Ah, well, I only pray that Three Nuns will see *me* out." "And me!"

* * *

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sturdy independence will find them friendly, courteous, and hospitable. At the close of the book Mr. Morrow writes of the Tyrolese inn and innkeeper with warm appreciation; here at any rate will be found the inn as our forefathers knew it, a place where the host is really the host and guests are really guests and much is given and received that does not appear in the bill. The book is well illustrated.

Yehuda. MEYER LEVIN. Cape. 7s. 6d.

Mr. Levin has himself been to Palestine to study conditions amongst the Purim communes which there are attempting to found anew a Jewish nation. This book is the result of his studies, and it is extraordinarily unpleasant and depressing. The dirt, the squalor and general messiness are unbelievable, as are the petty jealousies and ambitions, the picking and stealing and coveting of other men's goods. Yehuda, the hero, is a genius—a violinist; he is also fanatical in the cause of Eretz Yisroael. He works all day and fiddles all night. A girl from a nearby farm comes to the settlement and asks for help. Yehuda ploughs her fields and falls in love with her, but she will not join the comrades, and he hates her for her criticism of them. An American drifts into the community—an insurance broking Jew, who tempts Yehuda to go and study music in America. Yehuda hesitates, and the American invites Yusuf Brenner, a world-famous musician, to come and play to the community. He comes, and Yehuda makes his choice. "To-morrow he would take Maccabee's princelings and go out with the Puisker to do ploughing on that field." A gloomy book, written jerkily and with many changes of style, but certainly the superimposed unpleasantness is effective.

Blue Ghost: A Study of Lafcadio Hearn. By JEAN TEMPLE. Cape. 7s. 6d.

Lafcadio Hearn is a writer whose work as a whole must always remain exotic to the great body of readers, but who to his own particular disciples means often more than the larger works of greater men. The difficulty is to ensure his discovery by those who will respond to him, and Miss Jean Temple's study of the man and his work—or rather, the man in his work—deserves a special welcome as the best possible means to that end. It is clear, sane, sympathetic, understanding, restrained in appreciation, consistently intelligent, and written with a real sense of style which, if possibly derived from a loving study of Hearn's prose, is far from being merely imitative. It is indeed unusually well-written, evoking the inner spirit of its subject not only in the quotations. It does not pretend to be biography, and no more than outlines the essential facts of travels, friendships, and incidents, but it presents a careful portrait of the living man in every phase of his mental and æsthetic development. The chapters on the Japanese period—practically the latter half of the book—are particularly well done, and in the account of his life as a search, profound in its nature, for philosophical truth, the common charges of simple eccentricity and decadence are implicitly but decisively rejected.

Spain. (Its Story Briefly Told.) By CATHERINE MORAN. With an introduction by G. K. CHESTERTON. Earle. 18s.

Mr. Chesterton is, no doubt, right in stressing the need of a popular and straightforward book which will lighten the darkness of the English about the history of Spain. Miss Moran has succeeded in being popular and straightforward, but the light she sheds is limited. It is not easy to put the story of more than 2,000 years into 250 pages; a great deal has obviously to be left out. What is left in in Miss Moran's book is mostly kings and queens. These, from the first of the Visigoths to the last of the Bourbons, are packed like sardines in a tin. The book can be commended as a lucid outline, with an orderly arrangement of facts and dates and some interesting thumb-nail sketches of great personages. But the last chapter, which is entitled "Spain of To-day," is extremely superficial. Primo de Rivera's dictatorship is dealt with in a few uncritical lines, which give the impression that it achieved a programme of substantial and rather democratic reforms. The Moroccan war is casually disposed of in a couple of paragraphs. Alfonso XIII is presented as the patriot king who "has invariably played the part of peacemaker, recommending moderation and compromise, appeasing, tranquillising, and tempering the shock of clashing aspirations." Miss Moran's position as a tutor in the royal family doubtless gave her, as her publishers observe, "exceptional opportunities of studying the chronicles of old Spain." But it handicapped her as a historian of modern Spain.

Vanished Fleets. By A. J. VILLIERS. Bles. 16s.

The vanished fleets of which Mr. Villiers has so many stirring stories to tell were the whalers and clipper ships which, built in the yards of Hobart, sailed the seas for whales, or travelled backwards and forwards between Tasmania and London round the Horn. Mr. Villiers has much to tell us of the whalers that made Tasmania second only to the United States in whale fisheries; but it is when he comes to the clipper ships that he becomes most enthusiastic. Many of the stories he tells have unhappy endings, but the best of all is of nothing but success. It is of the little clipper "Harriet McGregor," 331 tons, that for thirty years regularly rounded Cape Horn, and always had good passages. Mr. Villiers gives us the times taken by sixty-two ships sailing from Australia to London in 1881, and "Harriet McGregor" beat them all. By 1885, she had sailed half-a-million miles and more, had never had an accident, and her average speed had been over 1,000 miles a week. In her lines, writes Mr. Villiers, she must have caught something of the secret of the Albatross which goes the way it wills. But this little ship was fortunate as well as lovely; for the cost of all the beauty of the days of sail was high. Tasmania was the birth-place of ships, but she was also their grave, as Mr. Villiers relates.

Seven Days' Darkness. By GUNNAR GUNNARSSON. Translated by ROBERT TAPLEY. Allen and Unwin. 7s. 6d.

In spite of the stilted dialogue and the absurdly naïve philosophical discussions in which the characters indulge, this novel possesses a rare kind of elemental power, the strangeness of which has an attraction of its own for the English reader. The scene is Iceland, and the action takes place during seven days when the sky has been darkened by volcanic ash and there has been a fearful epidemic of influenza. The local doctors are grossly overworked and on the seventh day one of them goes mad; *Seven Days' Darkness* is the story of the events leading up to his madness, as told by a friend. The strength of the book lies in the descriptive passages and in the subtle and clear cut characterisation; even the wicked Pall Einarsson never becomes merely ludicrous, as so many personifications of evil, including the devil himself, tend to do. It is too much to claim, as the "puff" on the wrapper does, that Gunnar Gunnarsson has done for influenza what Defoe did for another kind of plague, but he has written a story which, although possessing many defects, is oddly moving and should enhance the prestige of modern Scandinavian literature in this country.

The Trial of William Henry Podmore. Edited by H. FLETCHER-MOULTON and W. LLOYD WOODLAND. Bles. 10s. 6d.

The interest of this trial, for the murder of an oil agent in a Southampton garage in 1928, lies mainly in the detective work which, with painful slowness, hardened the suspicion against Podmore into a circumstantial proof. This was remarkable, for the guilty man had a long start in the race. The editors, whose survey of the case is admirably clear and fair, rightly animadvert on the Crown's reliance on certain witnesses whose evidence, as the Lord Chief Justice quite mildly remarked, should be weighed "twice and even thrice" before any weight could be placed upon it. But the Crown had a winning hand in spite of that.

Troublous Times: Experiences in Bolshevik Russia and Turkestan. By CAPTAIN A. H. BRUN. Constable. 12s.

Captain Brun went to Russia in 1917 as one member of a special department of the Danish Legation at Petrograd detailed to look after the interests of Austrian nationals interned in Russian prison camps.

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Being anxious to see as much of the country as possible, he selected the remote province of Turkestan as his district. He arrived in Petrograd just on the eve of the Bolshevik Revolution, and during the next two years saw the country at its very worst. Reaching Turkestan in December, he found the province almost immediately isolated from the outer world, and for more than a year carried on his appointed task with little result and amid general disorganisation and distrust. Following an abortive counter-revolution he was twice arrested, almost shot, arrested again in Moscow, and finally dumped over the frontier between the Russian and Polish lines to shift for himself. The interest of his narrative, much of it in the form of letters to his wife, lies in its day-by-day account of personal experiences.

Collected Poems. By BEN HAWORTH BOOTH. Nisbet. 7s. 6d.

Part of this poetry attempts to synthesise the religious vision which the poet carries in his mind and the beauty of nature which comes in at his eye. One feels that the synthesis fails because he is trying in a partial way to reconcile the religious vision and the "sense-dream" which he has already rejected as a whole when he makes God the father of mind and naught beside. He continually sees the "carnal lie" weaving "its woeful cobweb o'er the sky." Now and again he comes very near to fine poetry, or achieves it, as in the passage just quoted or in the following:

> The silver-threaded substance of the dream
> Between the sunlight and the sunlit sea.

But, on the whole, he succeeds in communicating his vision only very imperfectly. He is more successful with the purely devotional poems.

About Motoring

THE H. F. CAR TESTER

HITHERTO when a motorist consigns his car to a garage because of either a specific or a general dissatisfaction with its running, he has been peculiarly at the mercy of its staff. If the mechanicians are efficient, he will get value for the bill which he will receive in due course. If they are inefficient, he will disburse his cheque fruitlessly. In actual practice the ordinary provincial garage employs a staff of very moderate efficiency, shepherded by an overworked foreman. The jobs to which the foreman is able to devote personal attention are well done; but if the foreman is very busy, or concentrates on an individual job, repairs and adjustments are normally ill-done. Some provincial towns boast but one genuinely capable repair foreman. The various garages compete fiercely for his services, and the knowing owners of the town follow him from one firm to another, transferring their custom whenever he changes masters. This generalisation is too wide to be strictly accurate, but it reflects a common state of affairs with fair accuracy. If a car is taken into a garage at random, it is by no means certain that a simple job like the adjustment of four-wheel brakes will be properly done; and only an optimist would expect full satisfaction if the commission entailed tuning up an engine, or setting the carburettor. It is hardly fair to criticise garage owners for such failures. The supply of first-class mechanics is strictly limited, since the normal method of training is to set them to experiment with customers' cars under rather loose supervision. When trained, a good mechanic does not relish garage work, in which the hours are uncertain, and include a great deal of overtime. Customers will not cheerfully pay the high rate an hour chargeable for the services of a first-class mechanician.

Messrs. Heenan and Froude of Worcester are well known in the trade as designers and manufacturers of mechanism for testing the horsepower of engines, and they have now placed the private motorist in their debt by marketing a device for enabling garages to effect cheap and efficient tests of cars at low cost with the aid of semi-skilled labour. The new H. & F. "car tester" should form part of the equipment of any garage which aspires to the rank of a service station, and will probably be freely employed by factories and their provincial depots. If a private car is put on this machine, a mechanic of quite moderate efficiency and technical knowledge is able to hand it back to its owner in less than an hour with a definite guarantee in regard to certain technical tests. These tests cannot be performed with anything like the same rapidity and precision by an expert unequipped with this machine; and an ordinary mechanic could not hope to obtain similar results in a most expensive number of hours. The principal items which can be verified and adjusted with the aid of the machine in the indicated period are the horsepower developed by the engine, the efficiency of the brakes, and the complete efficiency of the carburation. In addition the tests generally facilitate the discovery and cure of illegitimate noise in bodywork or chassis.

The machine will definitely register the power and freedom of the brakes of any car mounted upon it from a 7 h.-p. Austin to a 40-50 h.-p. Rolls-Royce; the job can be tackled by a semi-skilled man, and he will procure better results than a first-class man operating with four jacks, and the task will only occupy him for a very few minutes. The same man can test the effect upon horse-power of any such engine adjustments as tappet setting or experiments with the ignition contact-breaker. Above all, he can adjust the carburation to give a good compromise between horse-power, fuel economy, easy starting and acceleration. For this purpose the engine is disconnected from its usual fuel supply, and coupled by a flexible pipe to a flowmeter embodied in the machine. Thus the precise effects of changing a jet or inserting a new choke or adjusting the pilot jet are instantly read off from the various meters, and information is secured which would be left to impression and guesswork in an ordinary road test.

The machine is necessarily expensive, and therefore beyond the means of the average roadside garage of the "tin hut" type. Moreover, as it employs a dynamometer, it can only be installed when electricity is available from the public mains. Its overhead cost must obviously be distributed over a good number of customers, and over a steady flow of repair jobs. But it should prove a magnet to attract such work to the garage which instals it. It should preferably be installed in a separate compartment of the repair shop, and until its value is recognised by private owners customers should be encouraged to watch it at work. When an owner brings his car in, he should be invited to see its ruthless mechanical examination of the actual power of his engine, his absolute fuel consumption, and the stopping force applied to each wheel by his brakes. When the necessary adjustments have been performed, he will receive ocular demonstration of the improvement effected in a period varying between thirty minutes and an hour, according to the condition of his car. He will realise that he is receiving full value for the fee charged; and will probably form the wise habit of mounting his car on the H. & F. tester once in each month.

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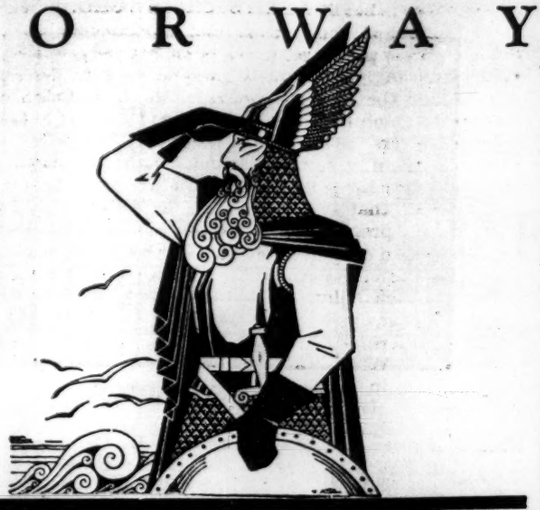

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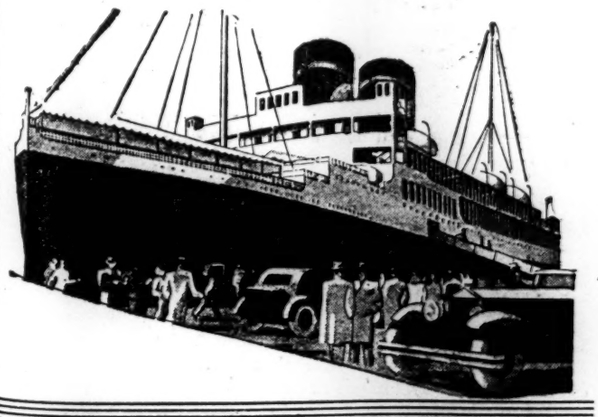

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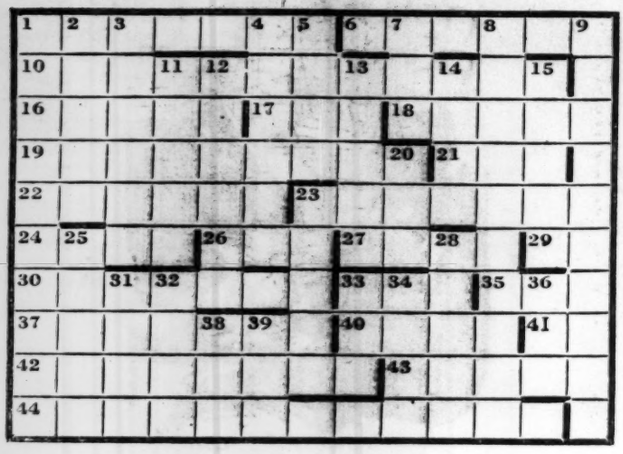


AGAIN THE RINGER.

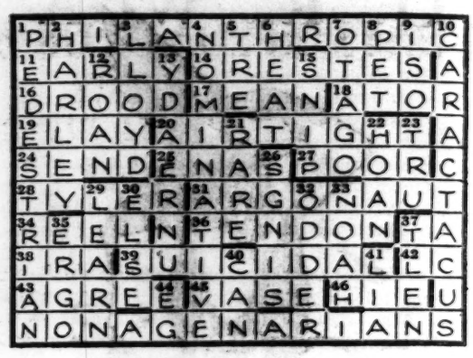
ACROSS

1. Hesiod's first woman.
6. Exercise at Oxford or Cambridge.
10. Looking forward backwards.
16. Wave that baffled Knut.
17. Fruit after an interdict.
18. I was here and there in Tennyson and so was my friend the grayling.
19. This, dear reader, is an accurate description of you.
21. Boiled in bed.
22. Why not asseverate?
23. Turn again back.
24. There in Scotland goes the battered philosopher.
26. Care needs another five hundred; fifty would have served Achilles.
27. You can almost smell the river.
29. Little tin symbol.
30. Put an end to Clytæmnestra.
33. Toss the ball back.
35. Here you are returning.
37. Sounds like refreshments, but it's jewels.
40. Henry V sowed wild ones.
41. Well known in the Smith family.
42. Adventures in a laboratory.
43. Reverse what comes 'twixt magpie and bull.
44. One of the Prince's objectives.

DOWN

1. They asked Malvolio his opinion concerning wildfowl.
2. Not unknown to Trinculo.
3. Not a big knot.
4. A muddled fire-worshipper.
5. A Cockney is not.
7. West-end success.
8. Put in upside-down.
9. Harvest home on the Tiber.
11. Better sow 40 *Across*.
12. Vesta, get you down.
13. Sounds like a palmist's city.
14. Believe and the plant turned up.
15. Old awls that led to Aux.
20. Roderigo Diaz.
23. Inverted frame faces eastward.
25. Scene of Nero's command performance.
28. Muddy waters well stirred.
31. Fifty short of what is lawful.
32. Commercial transaction in Cheshire.
33. Reverse the stuff to give Hollywood.
34. "Eight good men in the good old times."
36. I have run out of rain.
38. The beginnings of hydrophobia.
39. And a prune's companion cut short.

LAST-WEEK'S CROSSWORD.



BIGOTRY AND VIRTUE.

NOTES. *Across:* 14. Anag. of *sicreos;* 16. D—roo—d, Mystery of Edwin D.; 18. A Tor, Rota; 28. Wat Tyler; 31. Argon—aut; 42. *Loc. cit;* 43. Ag—ree.
Down: 9. (B)iso(n); 12. (G)roan; 28. Tru(mp), (h)urt; 29. L—earn; 35. Anag. of *gore;* 40. Can(t).

TO CROSSWORD SOLVERS.

AN INVITATION FROM TRINCULO.

Trinculo finds himself in something of a difficulty. Several solvers have complained that his Crosswords are too hard; several others find them too easy. He would be glad therefore if solvers who are interested would let him know what they think.

The current Crossword is rather more difficult than usual.

Letters or postcards should be addressed to TRINCULO, c/o NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, 10 Great Queen Street, Kingsway, W.C. 2. Solvers might also indicate if they have a definite preference for rhymed or unrhymed Crosswords.

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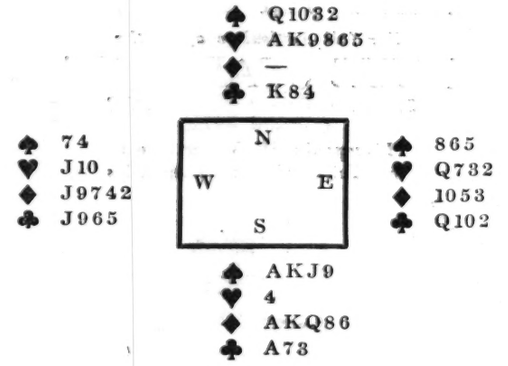

Score: Love all. South deals.

The Bidding:

South	..	2 ♦	2 ♠	7 ♠
West	..	No Bid	No Bid	All Pass
North	..	2 ♥	6 ♠	
East	..	No Bid	No Bid	

In the light of what has already been said, this bidding explains itself. The hands of South and North, and the bidding, are taken (by permission) from the *Contract Bridge Blue Book.*

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THE WEEK IN THE CITY

BY TOREADOR.

MR. HOOVER'S INTERVENTION IN THE MARKETS—AWAKENING OF THE U.S.A. AS A CREDITOR POWER—CONVERSION COMING.

IT is not the breathing space which President Hoover allowed to the Stock markets, it is the further terrible slump which he just averted that should fill our brokers' hearts with thankfulness. The British public never realised how near Austria and Germany were to collapse: much less did the American. But if collapse had come; if the reichsmark had gone to pieces and Austria had announced default, the slump which would have overtaken the world security markets would surely have beaten the record of the New York panic in the autumn of 1929. Happily, by the grace of Mr. Montague Norman, who undoubtedly saved Austria with the unconditional Bank of England loan of £4,300,000, and of Mr. Andrew Mellon, who conveyed the truth about the crisis to his President on the transatlantic telephone, the unsuspecting capitalist has been allowed to sleep peacefully in his bed. And Mr. Hoover has become the tired "bull's" hero. He allowed at least half the army of the "bears" to be routed with the completeness of an Old Testament massacre. For weeks past my plaint has been that nothing was being done, nationally or internationally, to restore the confidence of the investor. The stock markets were being allowed to drift downward under the pressure of "bear" selling and the forced liquidation of accounts open with the banks. President Hoover's proposal for a year's war debts moratorium was, in effect, a declaration that the constructive forces in the world were not dead, and that the "bears" bent on destructive tactics were not to have it all their own way. The more timid of these animals obediently rushed to cover.

* * *

But do not let us run away with the idea that the public has jumped into the stock markets to buy. There is no evidence of it in London. The British investor is still fast asleep. In New York there has been much speculative activity—4,600,000 shares changing hands on Monday, against 1,100,000 on Friday of last week—but it was not to be expected that the "bull" party would miss such a glorious opportunity of routing the "bears" as President Hoover had put in their hands. This explains why U.S. Steel jumped 12 points, American Telephone and Telegraph 13 points, and Auburn Automobile 26 points. Of course, the conviction of every honest American that the U.S.A. has by this edict of their President saved Europe in the great slump, just as they saved the Allies in the Great War, may not unnaturally revive the national satisfaction with all things American and lead to some investment buying of American common stocks. But I doubt whether the industrial "leaders" in the New York stock markets, which are not nearly so deflated as their opposite numbers in London, will be able to hold their advances when the depressing company reports for the June quarter are published. I give the index numbers of security prices which mark the stages of the great slump in the London and New York markets, up to Hoover's day this week:—

	1929 Autumn panic.	1930 Spring recovery. (April).	1930 December low.	1931 Spring recovery. (Feb.)	1931 June low.	1931 June 22 Hoover's day.
20 U.S. railroad stocks* ..	140.23	152.63	91.65	111.75	66.85†	81.75
30 U.S. industrial stocks* ..	227.58	293.26	157.51	193.90	121.70‡	145.82
30 British industrial stocks§ ..	94.2	84.4	71.7	66.8‖	54.5	59.3

*Dow Jones indices. †Lowest since June, 1921. ‡Lowest since May, 1925. §Financial News index. ‖This is not a misprint; there was no recovery in London.

* * *

Having paid my tribute to the Washington Government's constructive move and the helpful cheerfulness, however fleeting, of Wall Street speculators, I may perhaps be permitted to point out that in the past two years the influence of American money and American stock markets on world economic affairs has been pernicious. It was the mad Wall Street boom in 1929 which abused the world's credit system and precipitated the world-trade depression. It is the refusal of the American people to lend its surplus capital abroad which is causing the flow of gold to the United States and making a recovery in world trade more difficult. It was the withdrawal of American "short" money from Austria and Germany which brought Europe this month to the verge of a financial crash. The figures speak for themselves. In 1929 America lent abroad only $671.2 millions against $1,250.9 millions in 1928. In 1930 she lent a little more—$905.3 millions—but the loans were less widely distributed, for a larger proportion than usual went to Canada. In the first quarter of 1931, during which her gold reserves were increased by about $120 millions, she lent abroad only $106.6 millions—one-third as much as in the corresponding quarter of 1930—and 57 per cent. of this miserable total went to Canada. Even so, these figures give an exaggerated view of America's contribution to the finance of international trade. It is no exaggeration to say that the average foreign Government loan issued in New York is never firmly placed with the American investor. It falls to an immediate discount on the New York market and eventually the stock is repatriated or bought by foreign investors, because the dollar price is so much cheaper than that of the stock in other markets. The Bank of America in its May *Review* estimates that between $400 and $500 millions of foreign bonds issued in New York were repatriated during 1930. In the same period the American money market exported about $443 millions of short-term capital. In other words, America dislikes lending abroad "long": she prefers to lend "short." With words prophetic of the recent crisis in Austria and Germany, the Bank of America wrote in May: "Since these (short-term funds) can be recalled on short notice they tend to flow from a country on the first unfavourable development—in many instances at the very time when they are most needed." When will America learn the business of international finance? It is really very foolish of a creditor Power to pursue a policy which leads to the bankruptcy of its debtors. Clearly there are other constructive moves for Mr. Hoover to make before he can claim that America has ended the slump.

* * *

We must not, however, appear ungrateful for small mercies. The City is thankful enough for the recovery in the foreign bond market which followed upon Mr. Hoover's recognition of the light. There are few Governments to-day which are paying their way, and those which have not over-borrowed in the past or broken faith with their bondholders are deserving of all the help which the creditor Powers can give. But before new loans can be issued the confidence of the investing public must be restored. Hence the recovery in the foreign bond market this week, of which I give a brief record, is very important:

	June 19.	June 24.	Flat yield. %	Redn. Yield %
German 7%, 1949	94¼	98	7.14	7.20
German 5½%, 1965	73	73	7.53	7.75
German Potash 7%, 1950 ..	93½	99	7.07	7.12
Austrian 7%, 1957	87	90	7.78	7.95
Brazil 5% Funding, 1976	62	65	7.69	7.85
San Paulo Coffee 7½%, 1956	60	65	11.53	11.97

* * *

Much more significant than the much advertised rise, through "bear" closing, if you please, in British industrial shares this week is the further advance in British Government funds through investment and speculative buying. Assuming that the French and Mr. William Randolph Hearst's opposition to the Hoover one-year plan is overcome, and that all is quiet on the monetary front, the way will be clear for a Socialist Government to call £2,000 millions of 5 per cent. War Loan for repayment and issue a conversion loan. I do not think it is realised how near to a conversion operation the market has come. It is too often assumed that the Socialist Government would not be able to "convert" on such favourable terms as a Conservative Government, and that on that account the conversion offer should be delayed. The truth is that, if money remains so cheap, the Socialist Government will soon find itself pushed into action. Here are the yields obtainable on long-dated British Government stocks at Wednesday's prices:

	Prices. June 19.	June 24.	Flat Yield, %
Consols 2½%	59⅞	60	£4 3 8
Consols 4%	95⅝	96	£4 4 9
Conversion 3½%	84	84½	£4 3 8
Local Loans 3%	69 7/16	70	£4 6 0
Funding 4%, 1960/90 ..	96⅜	97⅛	£4 2 10

An advance of a few more points and a lower Bank rate would have the stage set for a conversion operation.

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ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF MME. ANNA PAVLOVA

THE glory and the ardour of the stage,
The dazzling feet that made a mock of death,
The exultation, the delicious rage,
Are cast upon the chilly morning's breath.

Terpsichore, with unreverted glance,
Stands by the flower-piled burden of the hearse;
Her eyes bent earthward, agonised Romance
Regrets the sharp fulfilment of Time's curse.

The tender-shod and rapid whirling Loves
Lay their extinguished flambeaux on the bier;
The silent Aphrodite of the groves
Accords her parsley wreath with step severe.

The ghosts of ancient dancers gather now,
The nameless figures on Hellenic bowls,
The wry Satyric masque, the votive cow,
And the nude leaper o'er the teamèd foals.

The buskined act of Proserpine and Dis
Revolves around thy tomb with motion staid;
Septentrio, boy of Antipolis,
Lays a light Roman tress where thou art laid.

Camargo, poised between the violins
(Moving immovable, by Lancret's art),
Forth from her canvas, unregarded, spins,
And with the mourning meinie bears her part.

Vestris, and Taglioni, and the pride
Which Spain allowed America to draw,
That Carmencita of the saffron stride,
Revere the vanished proof of Beauty's law.

Vanished the magic of Armida's bower,
Vanished the Butterflies in gilded chase,
Vanished the maiden with the Rose's dower,
The Rose whose Phantom Time shall ne'er efface.

Vanished the Bacchanal, the autumn rite,
The vintage-frenzy, Paganism's birth,
When hand and hair and leaf seemed one mad flight,
And Earth upleapt in joy that she was Earth.

Vanished the veering marvel of the Swan,
Vitally borne unto the bank to die,
Who orbed her feathers to a snow-white fan,
Ere massed against the rushes with no sigh.

She is not dead, the Mistress of the Mime;
Her power throbs in our souls, energic, warm,
Unwithered by the cynic touch of Time,
Inalienable, 'yond human harm.

In her we saw the Being, not the bird,
The rapture of a Spirit uncreate;
Less in the flutes than in those feet we heard
The pride that lifts men far above their fate.

She swam into our cramped and single lives
Ere War had fused them to a complex pain,
Ere yet we knew the Destiny that drives
All empires to one democratic main.

Ere yet the crowns of Kaiser and of Czar
Were forced into the fierce communal mould,
Ere yet we had exchanged our native star
For dictates of a rule, self-centred, cold.

Yea, Pavlova, thy reign is regal yet,
As all fair deeds endure, so this endures,
It is not meet our eyes should long be wet,
Thy grace, thy memory, exalts, secures.

In the wild hour when not a planet burns,
And faith in mortals is a flower forspent,
The moon of pagan ecstasy returns,
And feeds the night with faery nutriment.

E. H. W. MEYERSTEIN.

ON THE ROAD

THE wood was flooded with April sunlight, but shallow pools of rain lay wherever there were hollows in the black earth under the oak trees. Black rings of ashes were dotted about the ground where tramps had made their fires and rested, and primroses were blooming everywhere at the feet of young hazel trees. The wind that blew the hazels with a soft sound one against another was sweet and warm and laden with the scent of the primroses. It was like the breath of a new life.

A man came into the wood from the road and strode a hundred paces into it at random among the hazel trees. He was tall and black-haired and powerfully broad at the shoulders; he carried himself superbly, with a slight swagger of his hips, holding his head high up, and sometimes throwing it slightly backward, with unconscious motions of arrogance and pride. He looked less like a tramp than a fighter, but less like a fighter than some proud, sardonic Indian. His face was muscular and powerful, the skin was burnt tough and dry by the sun, and there was a glimpse of a tattoo mark of a purple and crimson flower on his naked chest. He was dressed in light brown trousers, a black jacket slung over his shoulder, a soft grey hat and a blue shirt faded and washed to the colour of the sky. He stood and nicked off a primrose with a finger-nail and put the flower in his mouth. He was looking for a place to rest.

He took another twenty paces into the wood and saw the white smoke of a fire among the trees. He stopped and gazed at the smoke for one moment and then walked on. In another moment he came upon a woman and man sitting by the fire on a space of earth between a sallow-bush and an oak tree. The man was asleep, with his head against the oak tree, and the woman was boiling a can of water on a heap of smoking wood. He saw a black bundle on the earth and an old perambulator pushed back against the sallow.

He stood perfectly still and gazed at the woman without a flicker of his dark eyes. She was dressed in a short black skirt and an old stained orange-coloured jersey stretched as tight as skin over her big breasts and shoulders. Her hair was very thick and blonde, and there was something about her that recalled a lioness: the tawny eyes sleepy and rich with changing lights, the lips ripe and heavy, the large, strong face superb with its passionate languor. She had a newspaper open on her knees, but she put it down on the

earth as he looked at her. Her hands were strong and handsome, and the skin was a beautiful golden colour, smooth and with tiny blonde hairs that gleamed in the sunshine.

"Sit down," she said. She waved her hand. There were no rings on her fingers. Her voice was low, and careless and husky.

He looked at the man lying with his head against the oak tree. She half-smiled.

"He's asleep," she said. "He's all right. You won't wake him."

He sat down on the black earth. He sat so that he could see both the man and the woman at one glance. In an instant he saw astounding differences between them. The man was haggard and white, and the bones of his cheeks stood out clear and sharp as knuckles under his dark eyes. His face was dirty and dissolute and strengthless, and he lay like a man who had received a stunning blow, his closed eyes dark as two deep bruises under his narrow brows. He looked as if he would never wake again, and the woman looked at him with one hasty glance of indifference, as if not caring whether he woke or not.

The water in the can began to bubble, and the woman slipped a stick under the handle and took the can from the fire. The man leaned across without hesitation and quickly shook something brown from a packet into the water.

"You're very smart," she flashed, looking up. "What was that?"

He leaned over and stirred the water with the stick, which he took from her own hands. "Coffee."

He spoke the word with the primrose in his mouth, and then leaned back and took the flower from his mouth and spat away an inch of bitten stalk and put it back again. There was something about the paleness of the primrose against his dark face that made him doubly arresting.

They stared at each other in silence, their eyes languid and bold and unflickering.

"Where are you making for?" he asked suddenly.

"Liverpool," she said.

He looked at the perambulator. Then he glanced at her shoes. He noticed for the first time her blistered feet through the soles. He looked at her sharply.

"You're a hell of a way from Liverpool. A hell of a way," he said.

She did not answer. The smell of the coffee was strong in the wood, and there was no sound except the whistling of a blackbird and the bees booming softly in the yellow dusty sallow blooms. She reached over to the bundle and brought out two blue enamel cups and poured out the coffee and handed a cup to him.

"No sugar," she said in a languid voice.

He fumbled at his pocket and brought out a packet of yellow sugar, and set it on the earth between them and nodded towards the sleeping man.

"Going to wake him?" he said.

She shrugged her shoulders and tasted the coffee.

"What's wrong with him?" he said.

She crooked her elbow and smiled ironically and took a deep drink of her coffee.

"Like a fish," she said.

He nodded and looked at the thin white face more closely. It seemed very young.

"Twenty-five," she said. "And he was a fine kid. But now——" She laid her two hands just above her breasts and shook her head.

The man took the primrose from his mouth and threw it on the earth and began to drink his coffee. The sunshine came warmly down on his face, and as he tilted back his head he felt the intent and sleepy gaze of the woman on his face too.

"Where are you going yourself?" she said.

He finished drinking and wiped his lips and stared at her, boldly admiring her.

"I want to get to Bristol and find a ship and get to Valparaiso," he said. "I'm sick of this country. I used to know a man in Valparaiso. I made some money there at one time."

She nodded her head and took another drink of her coffee, and repeated thoughtfully:

"Valparaiso."

He drained his coffee and spat the grounds from his mouth and leaned back on one elbow. The place where they were sitting was for a space of a foot or two without shadow, and the spring sunshine poured full on the woman's head, so that her hair seemed more than ever golden and the strength and passion in her face finer in the yellow light. The old orange jersey had a row of buttons at the breast, but the first was missing and the second had slipped from its buttonhole. Her breast gleamed soft and fair against the dirty orange stuff, and half-unconsciously her hand moved and she did up the button afresh. But when her hand dropped back to her knees the swelling of her breast burst it apart again.

"What's it like in a place like Valparaiso?" she said suddenly.

"You know as well as I do."

She nodded.

"If the good God just thinks fit it can be wonderful. In one month in Valparaiso I made five hundred pounds. And easy, too. I made it too easy. I wasn't satisfied. I thought I could go down to Buenos Aires and make a lot more. I lost every penny in a fortnight. Then I went up to Panama and on to Cuba and over to San Francisco. I made a bit of money sometimes, but I could never keep it long. Now I want to get back to Valparaiso. But if things go wrong I daresay I shall want to get back here again."

His voice was deep and easy, and there was something nonchalant and ironical and dreamy about his words. The woman sat watching him with an expression of undisguised intensity, contemplating his dark face with a marvellous steadiness of her sleepy eyes, lost in thought; she seemed in that moment extraordinarily young, her face transformed by a moment of the strangest rapture. She looked at him candidly, enviously, and then suddenly with a glance of full-blooded passion too, her eyes wide and perfectly child-like, her bosom falling and heaving rapidly.

They sat for a moment and watched each other like two animals. His lips gradually assumed a little sardonic smile, but she never changed her expression of marvellous intensity. The sun was warming the primroses and the sallow-bloom, and the air was filled with the soft scents of them, the smell of wood-smoke and the strong odour of earth.

The man beneath the tree stirred suddenly in his sleep and began to breathe heavily, like someone drunk, without waking.

The sound upset the woman. In a moment the fine expression on her face was lost. The sardonic, dreamy smile vanished from the lips of the man too. He stood up.

"I'll push on," he said.

The woman rose to her feet also and stretched her arms over her head with a motion of weariness. In the moment that the orange jersey and the black skirt were pulled skin-tight over her rigid body he saw that she was pregnant.

She lowered her arms with a sigh, her magnificent body all languorous and heavy with its burden of strength and life. She yawned and then smiled at him when she had finished the yawn.

"You're not so very old?" he said.

"Twenty-nine."

"And some," he guessed ironically.

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"No," she shook her head. "Twenty-nine."

"I believe you," he said.

He looked straight into her eyes and nodded, thinking for one moment of the sleepy man, the perambulator, her shoes and her pregnancy. She returned his look with some of the old intensity, but now as though she were thinking of something else, very far away.

"Well, I'll get," he said. "What'll you do if you get to Liverpool?"

She lifted her face a fraction towards the sun and shook her head. Instantly he looked as if he regretted bitterly having spoken the words.

"So long. Good luck for Valparaiso," she said.

"So long," he said. "Good luck."

They looked at each other for a single instant and something warm and tender flashed between them before he turned away and began to stride through the wood towards the road.

The wands of the hazel trees kept whipping back as he passed, the pollen was shaken from the thick catkins and a golden dust came falling through the beams of sunlight slanting between the trees. The sound of the swaying branches and cracking twigs grew rapidly farther and farther away, and the hazel trees trembled less and less and finally became still again. The woman sat down and rested her face in her hands and stared in thought at the primroses and the sleeping man. The last of the branches swayed to rest in its place again and soon the wood was silent.

H. E. Bates.

SHAKESPEARE'S SUPERS

EVERY author, great or small, has his lapses, but the peculiarity about Shakespeare is that when he nods he generally has one eye open. One of the hall-marks of the true Shakespearean scholar, as distinguished from the sciolist, lies in his ability to single out the few inconsistencies in the poet's plays which are actual from the many which are apparent. For example, it is his prerogative to recognise that Shakespeare's most glaring anachronisms—Cleopatra's stay-lace, the Roman conspirators' hats, and kindred blemishes—are purposive, part of a scheme to make comprehensible to an audience largely illiterate and narrowly insular a remote tale of other climes by telling it in a familiar way. This method was really in the air; it was abundantly precedented; it gave colour to the epic in the Middle Ages and was even carried over into the art of historical painting at the Renascence.

Anachronisms apart, it is the great misfortune of Shakespeare that the vast majority of his readers, never having inflated their lungs by deep breathings in the Elizabethan atmosphere, see absurdities in him where none exists. For the purely modern mind there are traps in his plays into which even the semi-scholarly have been known to tumble. One of the best-baited occurs in the description of the dumb show preceding the incidental play in *Hamlet*, as given in the First Folio but not elsewhere. While the Queen is grieving over the body of her murdered husband, "the poysoner," we read, "with some two or three Mutes comes in againe seeming to lament with her" and "The dead body is carried away." At first sight, seeing that all the participants in a dumb show are necessarily dumb, the description of two of them as mutes seems a work of supererogation, but sound reason appears for the use of the term once we plunge beneath the surface. The fact is, though it has never yet been demonstrated, that in the Elizabethan theatre the word "mute" was employed in exactly the same sense as we employ the word "super" to-day. It signified all those who were pressed on occasion into the service of the stage as scene-fillers without having a line to speak; a motley lot, since it comprised not only the property-shifters and stage hands generally, but even the very fiddlers, and, more remarkable still, the door-keepers. What, then, the careful phrasing of the passage just cited from the description of the dumb show so nicely conveys is that, while all the executants of the pantomimic action were regular players, the men who came on with the poisoner to carry off the dead body of the king were of an inferior order.

A wise economy reigned in the Elizabethan theatre. Perhaps the only difference between the mute of those days and the super of ours is that the latter is paid for his supering. Even on the rare occasions when the early seventeenth-century players went outside the theatre for momentary recruits, they sought only for volunteer aid. At the dawn of the Restoration, Tom Killigrew, patentee of the King's playhouse (he was born in 1612), told his friend Samuel Pepys that in boyhood he had a habit of hanging around the theatres, especially the Red Bull, and (leaving the diarist to tell the rest of the story) "when the man cried to the boys, 'Who will go and be a devil, and he shall see the play for nothing?' then would he go in, and be a devil upon the stage and so get to see plays."

Scanty though the evidence is in support of the postulated use of the term "mute" in the sense indicated, it will, I think, be deemed sufficing. As a stage technicality, rare old Ben was familiar with it, and doubtless thought that the select audience of the Blackfriars was familiar with it too. Take the scene in *Cynthia's Revels* where Crites describes the various types of gallants haunting the court, and contrives to indulge in a good deal of quaint and revealing theatrical simile. All that is relevant may be quoted:

> There stands a neophyte glazing of his face,
> Pruning his clothes, perfuming of his hair,
> Against his idol enters; and repeats,
> Like an unperfect prologue at third music,
> His part of speeches, and confederate jests,
> In passion to himself. Another swears
> His scene of courtship over; bids, believe him,
> Twenty times ere they will; anon, doth seem
> As he would kiss away his hand in kindness;
> . . . . . .
> A fourth, he only comes in for a mute;
> Divides the act with a dumb show, and exit.

One has a certain malicious satisfaction in drawing the attention of Professor Dover Wilson and the mighty cohort of followers who unite with him in maintaining that there were no breaks in ordinary Elizabethan performances to the plain import of this last line. It will be a delight to savour the ingenuity with which they will explain it away.

In May, 1599, or about eighteen months before *Cynthia's Revels* was produced, Chettle and Dekker forestalled Shakespeare in providing the Admiral's Men with a Troilus and Cressida play. A curious relic of this piece now reposes in the British Museum. It is a fragment of an action plot for the guidance of the players, and one of the items reveals that, once on coming on, Cressida was attended by "mutes."

Even then the technicality had been long in use. Proof of this comes to hand from a most unlikely source. In 1579, or a bare three years after the first English theatre was erected, the Rev. William Wilkinson, a clergyman of the Established Church, wrote a little book controverting the tenets of that much-ridiculed, long-suffering sect known as "The Family of Love," and, in the course of his fulminations, expressed himself as follows regarding "one H. N., a heretic":

> As for his vayne and idle quotation they are innumerable, which as Mutes upon a stage called forth to fill vp a roome and make a shew depart not utteryng any word at all.

It is astonishing to find an Elizabethan divine conversant enough with the stage to be able and willing to resort to the

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This book is the result of an investigation carried out while the author was a Fellow of the Social Science Research Council in the Soviet Union in 1929-30.

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use of its technicalities, and the circumstance somehow recalls the old story of the picnic at which, by a horrible oversight, the corkscrew was forgotten, and, after a vigorous canvass of the company, the only person who confessed to owning a pocket one was the curate.

Old stories assume new aspects once the obsolete terms in which they are told recover their pristine meanings. It has not hitherto been grasped how menial was the employment of Anne Oldfield when she first went on the stage, but, armed with fresh knowledge, we can at last absorb the full import of Colley Cibber's authentic account of her novitiate. Writing of the old Drury Lane company in the ninth chapter of his *Apology*, Cibber says :

> In the year 1699, Mrs. Oldfield was first taken into the house, where she remain'd about a twelvemonth almost a Mute and unheeded, till Sir John Vanbrugh, who first recommended her, gave her the Part of Alinda in *The Pilgrim* revis'd.

It makes a world of difference to omit the indefinite article before " mute," as was not long ago done by Mr. Lewis Melville in quoting the passage in his *Stage Favourites of the Eighteenth Century*.

Mute always by nature, the super remained mute also by name until the close of the eighteenth century. Poetical satire affords us some proof of this. In *The Rosciad*, that bombshell thrown into the theatrical camp in 1761, Churchill, in describing the pageant which heralds the coming of the various candidates for the histrionic throne, writes :

> First, Order came—with solemn step, and slow,
> In measur'd time his feet were taught to go.
> Behind from time to time, he cast his eye,
> Lest This should quit his place, That step awry.
> Appearances to save his only care;
> So things seem right, no matter what they are.
> In him his parents saw themselves renew'd,
> Begotten by Sir Critic on Saint Prude.
> Then came Drum, Trumpet, Hautboy, Fiddle, Flute;
> Next Snuffer, Sweeper, Shifter, Soldier, Mute :
> Legions of Angels all in white advance;
> Furies, all fire, come forward in a dance.

Two years later, Edward Thompson, in depicting a less imaginary procession in his ribald satire, *The Meretriciad*, thus paid his friend Churchill the sincerest form of flattery :

> Next from each playhouse with the salt-box come,
> A Snuffer, Sweeper, Trumpeter and Drum,
> Then, solus, hops a dull Orchestran flute,
> Behind him waddles a theatric Mute.

There came a time, however, when the Candle-snuffer, the Stage-sweeper (who, by the way, proved of good service to Sterne in the " asides " in *Tristram Shandy*) and the Scene-shifters no longer sufficed to form a stage crowd. With the dawn of the new century the two patent theatres grew to mammoth size, spectacle reared its head, and it became a nice question how to fill the vast scene. To satisfy the eye, troops of auxiliaries had to be raised. A host of mercenaries succeeded the old volunteers. No longer on the staff, the mute of yore came to be characterised a supernumerary, but the word proved too sesquipedalian for ordinary theatrical usage, and soon came to be degraded to " super."

W. J. Lawrence.

THE ANALYST OF MOODS

Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy. Edited by Floyd Bell and Paul Jordan-Smith. Routledge. £1 1s.

Another Burton, not in the beer-shops but on the counters of the booksellers. " O wonderful wonderful and most wonderful wonderful—and yet again wonderful, and after that out of all whooping."

But why these exclamations? What is there wonderful about it?

The bibliography of the *Anatomy* is romantic and full of interest, as indeed are many bibliographies.

The first edition appeared in quarto in 1621 in a very different England from the England of to-day. Yet, after all, was it so very different an England? How does Burton describe his England to us in his famous Introduction to his Readers :

> Though I live a collegiate student, as Democritus in his garden, and lead a monastic life, a theatre to myself, sequestered from the tumults and troubles of the world . . . I hear news every day; those ordinary tumults of war, plagues, fires, thefts, murders, massacres, of towns taken, cities besieged in France, Germany, Turkey, Persia, Poland, etc., which these tempestuous times afford. New books every day, pamphlets, whole catalogues of volumes of all sorts, new parodoxes, opinions, schisms, heresies, controversies in philosophy, religion, etc. . . . To-day we hear of new Lords and offices created; to-morrow of some great men deposed, and then again of fresh honours conferred, one is let loose, another imprisoned, one purchaseth, another breaketh—now plenty, then again dearth and famine. Thus I hear and such-like, both private and publick news.

It is not after all so very unlike the England of 1931.

I never read the whole passage from which the foregoing is an extract, but I am reminded by its irresistible rush and go of one of Dr. Newman's Catholic sermons, to be found in his *Discourses to Mixed Congregations*, entitled " God's Will the End of Life."

In 1621, when this amazing book, for amazing it is and puzzling and hard to read, first appeared amidst a " glut of books," " who can read them," " a great book is a great mischief," it was at once greedily devoured.

We have the author's word for it, " that at the first publication of this book men began to admire and eagerly tear to pieces—the first, second and third editions were suddenly gone."

After the quarto, a delectable volume, still sought after, folio succeeded folio, in 1624, 1628, 1632–1638, 1651–1660, 1676—the ugliest of books—huge, clumsy, shapeless, congested heaps of print, with margins crowded with notes, often infused with rare Burtonian humour, but all the same disturbing to the reader's attention and destructive of his eyesight.

Then for 124 years a slumber did Burton's spirit seal—he ceased to be published; but old scholars at the universities, and in the neighbourhood of the Temple, had no difficulty in procuring one or other of the folios (cheaply enough) from the London booksellers, and if Dr. Johnson is truly reported (as we are sure he is not), in getting out of bed two hours earlier than usual to read it.

Then at the very end of the eighteenth century something happened to make a stir in Burton's grave-clothes.

To Burton succeeded in the great Order of Humourists Lawrence Sterne, who without shame, acknowledgment or detection (for there is always very little literature in Grub Street) pillaged the *Anatomy* without mercy, going so far as to plagiarise *verbatim* Burton's description of plagiary! Never was there so original a plagiarist as Sterne! He could create characters and left it to Burton to fill their mouths.

But for Burton's huge unwieldy collection of " all the reading that was never read," how could Sterne have illustrated, as he was able to do, the sophisticated character of the Elder Shandy, and where but in the Elder Shandy could he have found the necessary contrast for the divine simplicity and adorable ignorance of " my Uncle Toby "; without the Father and the Uncle, where would Tristram Shandy be? and yet without *Tristram Shandy* and his consequences, not only England, France, and Germany, but places farther off, would be duller than they are to-day.

In 1798 John Ferriar, a most accomplished physician in Newcastle-upon-Tyne, published his *Illustrations of Sterne* and exposed the thief, and by doing so, in the opinion of Sir Walter Scott, aroused Burton from the tomb. Nobody kept his eye upon the book trade more attentively than the author of *Waverley*. Scott was not only a book-buyer, a book-reader, an indefatigable, if somewhat indiscriminate, editor, a most sensible biographer, but also, to his ultimate misfortune, a publisher on his own account.

Sir Walter has informed us that after Ferriar's book on Sterne, copies of the folios of the *Anatomy* went up in price.

Later on, but early in the next century, appeared Lamb, not as the plagiarist, but the parodist, and though Lamb was never so world-wide an author as Sterne, he numbered amongst his readers and friends many of the finer intellects of his day, so that it is not to be wondered at that every now and again new editions of *Burton's Anatomy* appeared in booksellers' catalogues of " forthcoming events."

Of these later editions Mr. Shillito's, in three volumes, 1893, is commonly reckoned the best. In 1925 the Nonesuch Press

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(*March* 12.)

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produced a beautiful edition in two slim, graceful (almost girlish in their grace) volumes on Dutch paper, in a well-arranged type, with copious illustrations by Mr. McKnight Kauffer, which, though they do not throw floods of intellectual light upon the printed page, most pleasingly break it up, thus giving relief to the tired eye. This beauty of the printed page could only be secured by the sacrifice of Burton's *Marginalia*, and that sacrifice the Nonesuch Press made without a murmur. The price was five guineas.

But now, what about the edition before us? It hails from Columbia, and has been reproduced here by Routledge in one exceedingly handsome well-printed volume of more than a thousand pages at the very moderate price of one guinea.

This edition has one striking feature of its own which it owes to the courage of its two American editors who, though themselves scholastic personages, have the courage of their opinions, and evidently belong to that class of persons who have trained themselves to look "facts in the face," and, if need be, to go down to the "bed-rock" to discover them in their disagreeable reality.

These editors are convinced that for the "modern reader" Latin is not only a dead language, but has become "partly unintelligible." Is anyone prepared to deny this? A few scraps of choice Latinity, as, for example, *multum in parvo*, may still, so we are told, be employed in the House of Commons without raising cries of "Translate," but little bits of Horace, Cicero, Seneca, Virgil, Lucretius, to say nothing of "Philostratus in his fourth book of his life of Apollonius," are for most modern readers not only rocks of stumbling, but actual permanent obstructions in their path.

How can these stumbling-blocks be blown up, and the road made open to the unlearned public of so hyperlatinistic an author as Robert Burton?

We honestly think these new editors have accomplished their humane task without grave mutilation, and have achieved their purpose, which was, in their own words, "to produce a Burton that will remain the edition preferred for popular reading."

The method adopted is this: whenever Burton quotes Latin (and for a long time he was doubtful whether he should not write the whole book in Latin) the editors drop the Latin altogether, and substitute an English translation—though whenever, as often happened, Burton paraphrased in his own English the Latin he quotes, the editors adopt Burton's paraphrase. One or two other slight alterations have been made, but no one need quarrel with these, for they promote the passage of the reader through the Burtonian forest.

We commend this edition to the modern reader without any misgiving but one, and that happily is a doubt which can never be dissolved. That this edition will readily be disposed of in the market is certain. There are more book-buyers than book-readers; nor is it easy, for bad as well as good reasons, to get rid of an English classic. But the doubt remains, never to be settled, and it is this:

How many *new* readers of the *Anatomy of Melancholy* will now become sworn admirers of Robert Burton since these American path-finders have "blazed a trail" through the Burtonian forest? Not many, we may be sure, but how many?

Those who struggle on will be rewarded, for they will discover as they make their way through the wood, as Dr. Johnson did before them, that though the *Anatomy* is "overloaded with quotation," there is "a spirit and great power in what Burton says when he writes from his own mind."

To discover a mind behind a book is worth a little trouble. And Burton is behind his great book. *Mens agitabit molem!*

Augustine Birrell.

WORDSWORTH RE-VALUED

Wordsworth. The Clark Lectures. By Herbert Read. Cape. 10s. 6d.

Wordsworth. By C. H. Herford. The Republic of Letters. Routledge. 6s.

Wordsworth's greatness has never really been in dispute, but he has had his period of comparative neglect. Now, while the Victorians are under a cloud, and Keats and Shelley mean less to poetic youth than they did, Wordsworth with his bare simplicity of strength has strengthened his hold. And this coincides with the quickened interest in Wordsworth the man, caused by the disclosure of his early love-affair in France.

Wordsworth's is not, on the surface at any rate, an attractive personality. But it is a personality of extraordinary complexity and strangeness. The legendary portrait of Wordsworth, partly his own creation—the man of calm, domestic life, a pillar of Church and State, the seer who spent his days in communion with Nature—is being sponged off, and the truer outlines emerge, though not even now completely revealed; much is still mysterious, some things hardly explicable. How different an interpretation can be put upon the facts appears from these two volumes. Witness Professor Herford's treatment of the Annette episode and of the poet's political "apostasy" contrasted with Mr. Read's. Professor Herford's book is fully up to date, enthusiastic but judicious; it is an excellent companion to the works; but it does not challenge discussion as Mr. Read's does.

Even if the Annette episode had never been discovered, it is clear that Wordsworth, in his earlier life at any rate, obeyed a temperament which, but for his astonishing good luck, might have landed him in the material disasters that have befallen many improvident and impulsive artists. He was "violent and moody" as a boy; as a young man he refused to make any plans for getting a livelihood; he acted on impulse and was as wayward as self-willed. But just at the right moment Raisley Calvert's legacy came his way; friends were always at hand to give him money at need; later he applied to the Government for a sinecure, and got it. Of course it was not merely luck; he had immense strength of will, frugal habits, and above all unquenchable faith in himself and his poetry. But he was for a long time an anxiety to his friends and family:

> My whole life I have lived in pleasant thought
> As if life's business were a summer mood.

So he confesses in *The Leech-Gatherer*, and for a moment, thinking of Chatterton and Burns, realises what shipwreck he might have made.

Mr. Read dwells on Wordsworth's Northern stock, with its character of strong emotions masked by impenetrable reserve. He is indeed the greatest representative in poetry of the Northern genius. But how strangely wedded was his rock-like strength with the rarest and most exquisite sensibility!

People have become accustomed to think of two Wordsworths, the one who produced a mass of splendid poetry before his fortieth year and who shared the unbounded hopes of the French Revolution, and the other who even in middle age had turned his back on all his former sympathies and produced, with only intermittent gleams, a mass of uninspired verse. Mr. Herbert Read attacks this accepted view. For him there are indeed two Wordsworths, but the antithesis is not of Youth and Age, Energy and Decay, but rather of Man and Mask, Reality and Myth. And one of the two aims of this book is to "unmask the man," hidden by the poet's idealisation of himself in *The Prelude* no less than by suppressions of his actual experiences. In seeking to explain the real man, his ten years of brilliant productivity and the subsequent drying-up of his inspiration, Mr. Read gives an overwhelming importance to that second visit to France, when Wordsworth fell in love with Annette Vallon and passed through the greatest emotional crisis of his life. "As that storm subsided, the outraged feelings sought compensation in memories; and then at first slowly, then riotously, the treasury of his unconscious mind, so richly stored in childhood, was opened and given forth in the poetry of one wonderful decade." But Mr. Read goes much further than this general explanation. He says: "As the love for Annette grew less another change took place. We never suddenly lose an emotional attachment; we slowly bury it under rational camouflage. And so from now onwards we find Wordsworth losing faith in France, losing faith in those humanitarian ideals for which France was a symbol. Why? Because he was transferring to this symbol France the effects of his cooling affection for Annette. He could not avow to himself his loss of love for Annette; but he could give his uneasy conscience scope in the idea of the country and nation to which she belonged." On another page this is put even stronger: "We grow to hate the object of a dead passion, but we do not acknowledge this to ourselves; we transfer that

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hatred to things associated with the dead passion." This is certainly an explanation. But to me it seems more ingenious than convincing. And these confident generalisations are surely questionable. They may be true in some cases; they are not true in all cases. There can be no doubt about the nature of Wordsworth's love for Annette. It was a first passion, founded on physical attraction, and not likely in any case to have lasted long. But that was not how it appeared at the time to the young poet, for whom "all paradise could by the single opening of a door let itself in upon him"; it was an enchantment that made his spirit "over-bless'd for life." Removed from Annette, and back in England, he could soon recognise the illusion of his idealised emotions. Why assume that he would not avow to himself his loss of love? The imputation of insincerity or self-deceit is gratuitous. Might it not rather be that this very realisation of the terrible transience of what seemed at the moment an ideal and enduring love was what affected Wordsworth so profoundly and made him—so prone hitherto to obey his impulses—distrustful of all passion, distrustful too of the flaming enthusiasms of the Revolution, which also brought their disillusions with them? Yet Wordsworth is so complex a nature that I feel we cannot go beyond conjecture.

More valuable, I think, is the second part of Mr. Read's study, which is concerned more directly with Wordsworth's poetry and philosophy. Keats in one of his letters says (I quote from memory) that Wordsworth had "thought deep into the human heart." This pregnant phrase complements a truth that Mr. Read rightly insists on throughout, "the interdependence of emotional and intellectual development." "Wordsworth's poetry at its best is philosophical poetry, and belongs to that rare species of poetry in which *thought is felt*." Admirable too is the analysis of Wordsworth's theory of poetry and of his view of Nature. On this last theme it is so easy to be nebulous, so easy by a wrong conception of what Wordsworth meant by Nature to vitiate our whole attitude to his poetry. "For Wordsworth Nature had her own life, which was independent of ours, though a part of the same Godhead. Man and Nature, mind and the external world, are geared together and in unison complete the motive principle of the universe." Mr. Read does not think Wordsworth's philosophy well-founded, but that does not affect his extreme admiration of the poetry. The concluding chapters of the book are so full of insight and so interesting that one wishes more space had been devoted to Wordsworth's poetic art.

Various reasons have been given for the sudden termination of Wordsworth's brilliant period and for the inferiority of his later work. Mr. Read, though he allows the influence of what Coleridge called Wordsworth's "hurtful segregation," has, as we saw, his theory of the "mask," and after thirty-seven the poet is supposed to have put on the mask for good, letting "prosaic pretensions" overlay his native sensibility. I wonder if the simple truth be not that Wordsworth had exhausted himself. His only subject was his own thoughts and emotions, and he had said all he had to say. At rare intervals a "spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings" inspired him with the old exquisite felicity of expression. But Wordsworth had not the spontaneous overflow of music in the mind (if one may call it so) which animates and sustains the verse of a Milton or a Virgil, whatever be its matter. For so great a poet he was strangely deficient in rhythmical inspiration. Without the spur of powerful feelings his verse falls flat. But he had made a profession of poetry; and having nothing else to do, went on writing.

Laurence Binyon.

I(GNIS) F(ATUUS)

If—It Had Happened Otherwise: Lapses into Imaginary History. Edited by J. C. Squire. Longmans. 21s.

With heavy heart do I write the words at the head of this column. They indicate that what I took for a kindly light, to lead my stumbling ignorance through apparent impasses in the labyrinth of history, has proved little better than a wild fire, springing from the corruption of the mighty dead, to decoy me into a morass of Funniness. I blush to add that, being once immersed, I wallowed therein shamelessly. The depravity of this slough is tricked over with wit and humour. Yet, except for the contributions of Mr. Chesterton, Mr. Milton Waldman and Mr. Maurois, the book is little better than a mockery. I have sometimes thought Mr. J. C. Squire, the editor of this book, less patient with the pettifogging details of recorded fact than I; but I have never doubted the luminosity of his view of history. So the mere advertisement of this book with its list of contributors, numbering in addition to Mr. Squire itself and those already mentioned, Mr. Belloc, Mr. H. A. L. Fisher, Mr. Winston Churchill, Mr. Guedalla, Father Ronald Knox, Mr. Emil Ludwig, Mr. Harold Nicolson, made my mouth water; and as I opened the preface my hand trembled. Even the editor's oracular announcement that "The contributors do not all write on precisely the same plane of reality" did not prepare me for the discovery that few paid respect to reality on any plane whatever. They throw it a name or two and a date, and then go skipping off with the sandropes of their fancy, which presently entangle and floor them.

Thus Mr. Guedalla in his dazzling armour of wit, so impervious to the shafts of criticism, leads the van with a sheaf of quotations, often delightfully imagined, illustrating the consequence to Europe of Boabdil of Granada beating Ferdinand and Isabella instead of Ferdinand and Isabella beating him. The opening paragraphs are irreproachable. Professor C. H. Grisley's *Modern Europe* informs us: "After the decisive defeat of the Catholic kings at Lanjaron (1491) the attempt to reduce the Moorish kingdom of Granada was definitely abandoned. Few of their companions escaped to tell the tale; and while the little mountain stream ran red with the noblest blood of Spain Ferdinand and Isabella made their escape with a tiny remnant through the snowy defiles of the Sierra Nevada." So far so good, and we accept the assertion that tough Ferdinand (who actually lived another twenty-four years) died of grief "and a complication of mortal ailments" in 1492. But, turning the page, we find Mr. Guedalla's tongue already out. "What eloquence could efface the dreadful memory of Lanjaron, justly ranked by Sir William Creasy as the sixteenth decisive battle of the world?" Here even the callowest schoolboy will realise that he is being "had." For Professor Creasy did not give marks for comparative decisiveness to his battles but ranked them in chronological order. Wherefore he must have ranked the Moorish victory tenth, ignoring his actual tenth, the Defeat of the Spanish Armada; for if there had been no Spain the Armada would have established its claim to invincibility by escaping construction. Had the infantry of Leon and Castile flinched before the Moriscoes their descendants would never have straddled Europe. François Premier would have chased Charles V. to premature sanctuary, hanged young Chauvin before he could become Calvin, and made himself Pope at Fontainebleau with Luther as his vicar-general at Rome; while Henry VIII., captured by him at the battle of Mons (1525), would have remarked "All is lost but the faith" and purchased from him a Bull (*De Gustibus Non*) with plenary matrimonial indulgence (*Fidei Defensor capricornus inconstans ludere permissus est*), and England would have been merry by the Catholic ritual ever after. Or else we should be young Turks, and, as I write this hour (6 p.m.), the Dean of St. Paul's, instead of ringing his Angelus bell, would be clinging to the dome, his eyes directed towards East Ham and his lips singing the words *Allah il Allah* into a microphone, that with the fanatical sloth of the Orient we might at once be called to prayer and not go. But Mr. Guedalla is less inclined than I to take his hypothesis seriously.

On the other hand, Mr. Chesterton follows him by breaking a stout, if not very strong, lance in defence of the rights of the imaginary issue of a jacitated marriage, between Mary Stuart and Barbara Blomberg's love-child, to govern Britain; to the exclusion of Mary's less sympathetic though actually delivered first-born. Mr. Chesterton argues that these children, accouched by his fancy, would have been less perverse than James the Sixth and First, and I am sure of it. For the rest, as Mr. Chesterton is too honest to pretend to like reading history so much as writing it, one must not be so captious as to reproach him with not knowing that John Knox (though he came uncivilly about Mary) had his moods of kindness towards women and might be preferred by them

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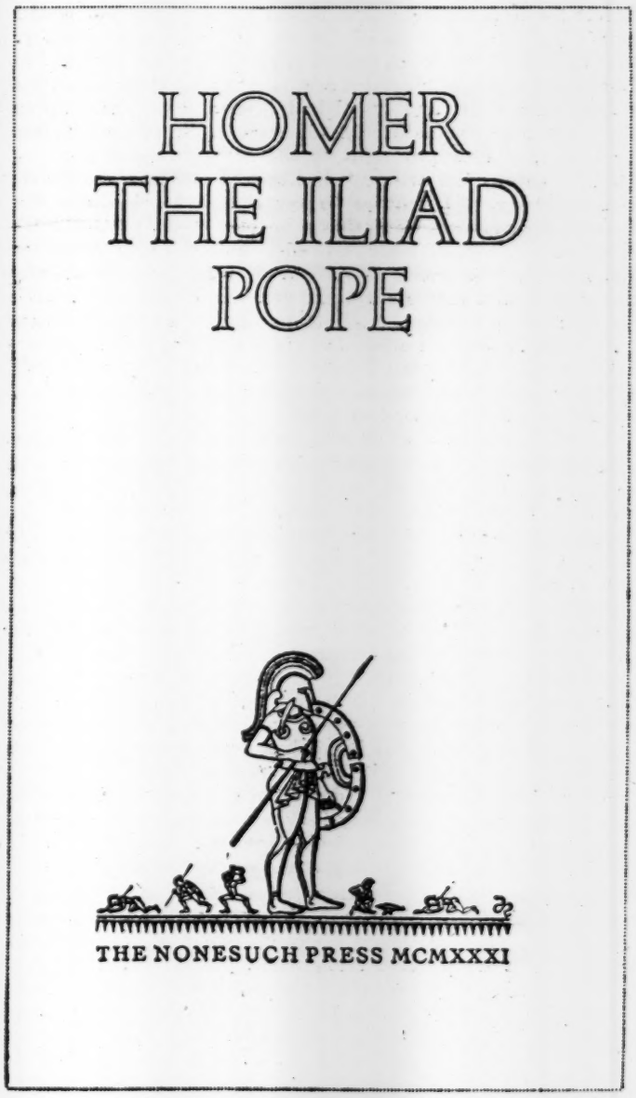
For example, the *Iliad*. The Nonesuch Press *Iliad* gives the Greek text and Pope's translation on facing pages. It extends to 930 pages, but the pure rag paper on which it is printed bulks to less than two inches, and is at the same time crisp and opaque. At the head of each of the twenty-four books is a typographic decoration, in the composition of which is used a series of Homeric figurines, designed as types for this edition by Rudolph Koch. (Several appear at the foot of the title page here illustrated.) Francis Meynell is responsible for the typography, which is simple in the result but very complicated in the measures which have been necessary to make English and Greek balance. The binding is whole native-dyed niger morocco, and the book will open flat, since the back is flexible. There are 925 copies for England, and the price is £4 4s. The booksellers have taken up the whole edition, and will be pleased to offer for inspection and sale a copy of what is certainly one of the half dozen most desirable Nonesuch books. Early application is, of course, necessary.



Title page, much reduced, of the Nonesuch Iliad. *In the original the lines* HOMER *and* POPE *are in red.*

to not a few of the Popes. Mr. Chesterton writes nobly, and so does Mr. Maurois in his study, "If Louis XVI. had had an atom of firmness": here is learning as well as poetry, though I am more impressed by the beauty of thought than the logic.

Mr. Belloc starts off at his best with a description of Louise and his Queen pushing past the baffled Drouet to their army at Varennes; and then, most provokingly, takes to turning catherine wheels and cracking jokes as irrelevant and worse tempered than Mr. Guedalla's. All the authors who mention Napoleon in the book do so with an odd indifference to the known facts. Even Mr. Fisher, treating of "If Napoleon had escaped to America," shows himself (not for the first time) careless, as the law itself, about trifles. Surely he is too chivalrous to represent that irreproachably decent poor woman known as Walewska as gallivanting after General Bonaparte across the Atlantic if he had remembered that she was lying in her grave, the wife of Colonel d'Ornano. He may also have forgotten that the Bonapartes had an hereditary feud with the Jesuits which might have made things different in Canada; also that it was Las Cases who looked a Jesuit and not the impious sapper of a Bertrand. He mentions neither Bordenstown nor Baltimore, yet his Bonaparte is admirably alive, and his table-talk at once plausible and droll. Droll too is Mr. Nicolson's picture of Byron as King of Greece, though I imagine too recondite for most readers. How many will understand the reference to Keats as an Eton master? Had he been called Shelley's master it might have been better; for it is unlikely that Byron as an Harrovian would have been interested in Dr. Keate as apart from Shelley. Mr. Churchill, with characteristic wilfulness, reduces to absurdity a brilliantly opened argument as to the consequences if Lee, Longstreet and Ewell had been able to stand up to the three days' pounding Meade gave them at Gettysburg. He somewhat wantonly adds to the general fogginess of the book by calling his article "If Lee had not won the Battle of Gettysburg." I venture to say that if he claims in the House of Commons Gettysburg as one of Jack Churchill's victories on the Danube no one, unless Lady Astor or Mr. Amery, will notice it. Who cares how, where or why thirty thousand men sixty-eight years ago took each other's lives . . . Gettysburg . . . Lincoln made a speech there . . . . Mr. Shaw the other day (in the preface to *The Apple-cart*) says he didn't; but I believe he did, only unfortunately it wasn't heard and no one knew anything about it until, in revised form, it appeared in print.

And this brings us to Mr. Waldman's deeply impressive picture of a Lincoln who escapes Booth's pistol, to survive, like Wilson, his triumph, and, like him also, to die, baited with the rabble's curse. I found this a great piece of writing and profoundly moving. But it is a purely personal tragedy, and Mr. Waldman does not suggest the tiniest deviation in the course of American history. That inspired ignoramus, Mr. Emil Ludwig, boldly attacks the question of what would have happened "If the Emperor Frederick had not had cancer." Mr. Ludwig says he would have lived to be eighty-three, reigning over a happy and peaceful Germany for twenty-six years and handing it on in a practically fool-proof condition to his no longer naughty son, "who still in his handsome prime at fifty-five, ascended the throne with quiet dignity, and was loyally welcomed by Europe." I don't believe a word of it; but I do believe that Mr. Ludwig may yet gain a genuine reputation as an historian if he will hire someone to supply him with facts. Or does he dread they would cramp his style?

Mr. Squire himself enlarges skittishly on the postulated proof by Professor Skinner J. Gubbett, of Jones University, Rhode Island, that Bacon really did write Shakespeare, and manages to whip some fresh drollery out of the supposed commentaries of various celebrities, including a Mr. John Dumbell, expressly described as of the *Daily Sun*. Mr. Dumbell, passionating alternately for Shakespeare and Bacon, makes very good fun: ". . . A fig for this American professor. A fig for all professors. A fig? No! rather a fig-leaf to cover his shame! . . . He is a spoliator of literary shrines. He is a trampler in the Temple of the Muses," etc. And Father Ronald Knox winds up the book with an ingeniously sober travesty of the *Times* as it might be "if the General Strike had succeeded." But I find no real speculation in Father Knox's playful eyes and challenge him to show his mettle by telling us what *If the Rector of Woolavington-cum-Graffham had not lost his wife in the first month of the first year of the reign of Queen Victoria.*

Conal O'Riordan.

PERSIAN GUIDES

An Introduction to Persian Art. By Arthur Upham Pope. Davies. 10s. 6d.

The Persians. By Sir E. Denison Ross. Oxford University Press. 5s.

Both these books deserve to outlive their occasion, which is, of course, the exhibition at Burlington House. Dr. Pope's is a pioneer work, but is likely to become a standard one. He writes with enthusiasm, but the enthusiasm is supported by knowledge. He has succeeded in stimulating present-day Persia to reviving the ancient glories of its art, so that he may claim to be a practical specialist. Admitting at once the difficulty to Western taste in overcoming the strangeness of Persian art, he begins by laying down its basic distinction: "Broadly speaking, it is decorative rather than representational, and it is on such terms that it must be judged." It is essentially an art of design, but so, he points out, are music and architecture, and his advocacy is easily persuasive. He traces out the history of the Persian tradition in architecture, ceramics, book-production, carpets, textiles, metals and the minor arts, with a delightful chapter on gardens. In all these various branches he sees the tradition unbroken, though at times stretched tenuously by national vicissitudes, and on the eve of a renaissance. "Precision, definiteness and controlled articulation have ever been the commanding ideals. . . . Persian art seems with peculiar intimacy and transparency to set forth a very distinctive national personality." Such characteristics make for survival, since they are superior to tides of fashion.

The close connection between art and religion makes many of these Persian products seem as if they were constructed for eternity. They have nothing of the ephemeral about them, and fewer distinctions of "period-style" than is visible in Western work. Architecture, for instance, seems in Persia to have sprung from the ground a finished art, undergoing development in the course of time, but without the initial hesitations which prevailed in Europe. "Persia created the architecture of Islam," says Dr. Pope, and with the dome she imposed a part of her conception upon the West. In what may be called "interior decoration" we are only now beginning to catch up, for the Persians realised that such decoration should be a part of the structure itself and not a heterogeneous imposition upon it. "No other architecture has ever been encased in a texture of such varied beauty and appropriateness." The stucco coating of the walls, with its various schools of decoration, the tile-work and the shapes of doors and windows—all these were a vital part of the structure itself, and enfolded it; and it is towards a similar aim that our modern architect-decorators are working. The Persians saw that the building should be more than a bare box, enclosing independent and isolated decorative items.

The same theory of the complete entity of a creation is carried out also in their ceramics. The material, the form and the design all form a unity, with the "intentions" of the substance worked in as a basis which can dictate the finished product, instead of a more or less accidental choice. In the creation itself a logical sequence is followed, from the first lump of clay to the last touch of the designer's brush. "Perhaps," Dr. Pope says, "the enthusiasm for wine and the profound respect for water both played a part," and, incidentally, "The importance of water is a key to much in Persia, from poetry to economics, including warfare." Certainly the potter's art created beauty directly from necessity.

"Persian supremacy in the art of the book has never yet been seriously challenged." And here again we find the religious impulse behind the creation, for the writer, who could transcribe the Koran, had a share of the awe which accompanied the priest. He was lucky, too, in having at his command an alphabet of remarkably decorative quality. Where illustration was used, it made with the picture a unity

¶ *Some Books for Today*

Not all of these are publications of 1931, but they are all topical in the best sense—they are books worth re-reading and therefore worth *buying*. Your Bookseller will be glad to show them to you

In THE LEARNED KNIFE (12s. 6d.) Lawrence Hyde has made a serious contribution to modern thought which has continued to win recognition since its first publication over two years ago. The sequel, entitled THE PROSPECTS OF HUMANISM, will appear on March 26 (10s. 6d.). 'In the end,' says Mr. Hyde, 'the humanistic attitude breaks down.'

Of kindred interest is John Crowe Ransom's GOD WITHOUT THUNDER, to be published in April (12s. 6d.). Mr. Ransom, a poet and former Rhodes scholar, who is now Professor of English at Vanderbilt University, Tennessee, has written a shrewd and timely defence of traditionalism in religion. He shows the truth behind Fundamentalism which its crude exponents have been unable to express, and counter-attacks with a witty analysis of the 'Ghosts' which the modern world is exalting through its incapacity to interpret the myths of true religion.

Once again in *The Science of Life* has Mr. Wells proved himself to be a man with a message for his age, and his life story, as told in H. G. WELLS, by Geoffrey West (10s. 6d.), should be read by everyone who has enjoyed and profited by his writings. 'Here will be found Wells the Man, Wells the Artist, Wells the Thinker'; in a word 'the manifestation in every sphere of the activity which is H. G. Wells.' Geoffrey West also wrote THE LIFE OF ANNIE BESANT (15s.).

An outstanding personality of modern Germany is revealed in the life of WALTHER RATHENAU, by his friend and colleague, Count Harry Kessler (16s.). Founder of Germany's post-war foreign policy and originator of the rationalization of industry, he propounded his theories 'like an artist who gives you his vision in a flash, as the image of a personal revelation.'

Modern psychology can show no more remarkable development than the Mental Hygiene movement, as described in the INTRODUCTION TO MENTAL HYGIENE written by Ernest R. Groves and Phyllis Blanchard (16s.). Its function is shown to be concerned with the whole life adjustment of the individual, and with all the relationships of individuals to each other and to their environment.

¶ *Other Days*

A vivid character is disclosed in the RETROSPECTIONS OF DOROTHEA HERBERT, who tells her own story in two delightfully printed volumes (7s. 6d. each). Though coloured by an ill-fated love affair, nothing could be more racy and amusing than her picture of life in an Irish country parsonage in the years 1770-1806.

A notable 'revival' was GERARD'S HERBALL (edited by Marcus Woodward), a fine quarto, profusely illustrated after the original woodcuts (21s.). 'Since 1636 lovers of the literature of flowers, seeking out Gerard's thoughts, have had to make content with such quotations as they could find in other books, should they not possess one of the scarce copies of his *Herball*. This being now out of print, a popular (7s. 6d.) edition is in preparation.

A figure of the past which occupies the stage in *The Barretts of Wimpole Street* has sent many readers to ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, by Irene Cooper Willis; and now the impending production of *The Venetian*, by Clifford Bax, will cause a demand for his short biography of the subject of that play, BIANCA CAPPELLO (3s. 6d. each). In the same series of 'Representative Women,' many volumes are of perennial interest, including V. Sackville-West's APHRA BEHN, Richard Church's MARY SHELLEY, Martin Armstrong's LADY HESTER STANHOPE, and Naomi Mitchison's ANNA COMNENA (3s. 6d. each).

¶ *Science for Children*

Mrs. Amabel Williams-Ellis has done pioneer work in HOW YOU BEGAN, which is an introduction to Biology in simple and fascinating language such as any child can understand—and most parents will find illuminating (4th impression, 2s. 6d.). A sequel is provided in Dr. Isabel Wilson's introduction to the human body, HOW YOU WORK (3s. 6d.). 'Even the amount that you read here may make you think, as everyone who knows about it thinks, that the body is a perfect marvel to do so many things at once and to do them so well.' And in MEN WHO FOUND OUT, Mrs. Williams-Ellis has told the stories of Galileo, Harvey, Faraday, Darwin, Lister and other great scientific discoverers (5s.). These 3 books are illustrated and make most satisfying gifts.

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of the page like that of the bowl or the building. And the paper itself had its essential qualities, and might be as valuable as brocade. And Dr. Pope thus celebrates the miniatures so exquisitely set upon the page—"clean of all cloying shadows, the figures shine with a celestial clarity, and what has been lost in substantiality is more than gained in intensity." It is almost ecstatic praise, and one would claim some share of it for our own mediæval illuminators. But if the enthusiasm seems at times a little too highly pitched, in regard to these and the minor arts which are also comprehensively dealt with, it should be remembered that the author is pleading a cause as well as writing a treatise. Its very fervour is part of the book's charm.

Sir Denison Ross provides the background for Dr. Pope. This little book is a model of concentration. He deals with Persian geography, history and religion, as well as art, and manages to squeeze in a vast amount of information without ceasing to be readable. Both books are very well illustrated.

T. W. Earp.

THE RUSSIA OF YESTERDAY AND TO-MORROW

Things I Remember. By the Grand Duchess Marie of Russia. Cassell. 21s.

My Russian Memoirs. By Sir Bernard Pares. Cape. 25s.

If one were offered the choice of a book by a Romanoff and of a book written by the greatest living British authority on Russia, which would one select? Ninety-nine people out of a hundred, suspecting royalties in general and Romanoffs in particular, would choose Sir Bernard Pares's book. And the selection would be wrong.

The two books which form the subject of this review have a special importance. Both are important contributions to the history of the great drama which led up to the Russian revolution. Both authors were closely connected with the principal actors in that drama. Both narratives are the personal narratives of privileged eye-witnesses. But both as history and as literature the book of the Grand Duchess Marie is infinitely better than the book of the English professor.

The Grand Duchess Marie was a cousin of the late Tsar. She was less than two years old when her mother died. She was brought up by her uncle, the Grand Duke Serge, a sinister and selfish man, and by her aunt, the Grand Duchess Elisabeth, who was a saint, but, as the Grand Duchess Marie shows, a difficult and not very understanding saint. Her early life was one of seclusion, culminating in a royal marriage which she sought to avoid and which was subsequently dissolved. The carefully supervised and strictly limited education which was given to the Romanoff children revealed no special talents in her case. At the time of her marriage she had the reputation of a tom-boy, whose capacity for high spirits was the cause of much head-shaking. Up to the age of twenty she was never taken seriously.

But of all the Romanoffs the Grand Duchess Marie was the most intelligent and the most observant, the least shackled by the fetters of sacrosanct autocracy. One does not look for literary talent or for tolerance in a Romanoff, but in her memoirs the Grand Duchess reveals the possession of both in a high degree. From the beginning the story, told with admirable simplicity and restraint, moves to its inevitable conclusion. One by one the hopeless figures of Tsardom, illuminated by a single phrase or a hitherto unrevealed detail, are passed under review: the Emperor, weak, indecisive, loving his country, but obstinate with the obstinacy of three hundred years of unchecked self-will; the Empress, neurasthenic, longing passionately to pass on to her child the heritage of unimpaired autocracy and clutching desperately at any remedy which will promise health to the son, whose hæmophilia is the curse which she herself has brought into the Romanoff family; the Tsarevitch himself, the last hope of the Romanoffs, born after a succession of four healthy daughters and doomed from birth; the nobility, selfish and sycophantic, seeking their own ends; Rasputin, the symbol of the vengeance of the Russian peasant against an aristocracy which for centuries had never attempted to understand him.

There is not a dull chapter in the book. Nothing could be better than the account of the Grand Duchess's work in the Pskov hospital, of her second marriage and of her escape from the Bolsheviks, of the parting with the sick father whom she loved and who was afterwards murdered, and of her tender affection for her brother Dmitri, who owes his life to the exile that fell on him for his participation in the murder of Rasputin. The story, too, is all the more convincing for the restraint and absence of hate with which it is told. There is no book which gives a better insight into the Russian character or a clearer picture of the war atmosphere of pre-revolutionary Russia.

Sir Bernard Pares's memoirs are a little disappointing. No Englishman has had such excellent opportunities of observing Russia. No Englishman has brought greater love and loyalty to Russia. And yet, as one reads through this long story of the professor's Russian life, there is something elusive which is a source of constant irritation to the reader. One is always hoping that the Professor will reveal the mystery which so obviously is troubling his soul. But in the end one is little wiser, and, in his scrupulous loyalty to all his colleagues, in his successful attempt to be fair to every class of Russian, he is confusing where another writer, who might have taken a bolder line because he knew less, would have been more lucid.

What did Sir Bernard want? His Russia—the Russia of the intelligentsia, of the Duma, of the Zemstvos, of the professors, of the Moscow Art Theatre—had gone down in the welter of Bolshevik bloodshed. Many of Professor Pares's judgments are eminently sound. His analysis of the causes of the revolution is accuracy itself. His criticism of the Lloyd George policy towards Russia, which consisted in playing with the Bolsheviks, playing with Denikin, playing with Kolchak, playing with Semenoff, playing with the Czechs, playing with the Social-Revolutionaries, and being serious with no one, is no less than the truth. But what was England to do? Professor Pares, who was with Kolchak in Siberia, is sufficiently illuminating about that ill-fated adventure to make it clear to every reader why the unfortunate admiral failed. There were, in fact, only two things to be done: (1) to intervene with Allied forces in full strength, every other form of intervention being doomed to failure because Russians—and this applies to officers as well as men—had had their bellyful of fighting, and (2) to leave Russia severely alone until some form of order had come out of chaos.

Was Sir Bernard prepared to advocate this, the only feasible intervention? As a Russian loyalist he could not recommend the alternative policy. One feels sorry for Professor Pares and for professorial Russia. His position was a difficult one. He himself is so imbued with the spirit of Russian mysticism that he feels that in some way England has been disloyal to Russia or to the Russia that was. And yet, with the best will in the world, one cannot help suspecting that there is a certain "muzziness" in this mysticism and that an English schoolboy would have shown more practical administrative ability than the Duma professors, who, charming as they were, were as helpless before the Bolsheviks as gazelles in a cage of starving tigers. One does not wish to be unfair to Sir Bernard. His honesty of purpose is so transparent. No man has worked harder—is working so hard to-day—for the cause of Anglo-Russian friendship. He is right, too, in preserving with unfailing courage his Russian ideals. The Russian Liberals whom he knew and admired—men like Shingareff and Kokoshkin—belonged to the best type that Russia has ever produced. They may not have died in vain. "For the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal," quotes Sir Bernard in a characteristic dedication "To my Comrades." One can only wish that it may be so.

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beginnings, revealed candidly and impetuously—for he kept this day-book for his private use and did not intend that it should see the light. The MS. was discovered about the middle of last century, a hundred years after Berkeley's death, and Fraser printed it in his large editions of the philosopher's collected works, 1870 and 1901. The present volume gives English readers for the first time a separate and a correct—Fraser mistook the order of the MS.—version of the *Commonplace Book*. In Germany there has been Hecht's edition, in Italy Rossi's; France, too, has had a separate edition, though not a correct one. A curious oversight on the part of publishers in these islands—Berkeley reiterates in the *Commonplace Book* that he is an Irishman, and even that his philosophy is Irish—now, however, admirably remedied by the work of Dr. Johnston, who establishes and employs the proper text, describes very clearly the complicated fate of the MS. (mixed up with the rules of a Trinity College debating society, an essay about a cave near Kilkenny, and the draft of a sermon), and adds useful notes to many of the entries.

Dr. Johnston tells us that the *Commonplace Book* has been his "constant companion" for over twenty years. Hecht speaks of it as "unique in the history of thought." For Rossi the charm of its pages—and their example to youth—consists in the warm energy to "explain and understand" of a philosopher of twenty who "works serenely to unravel the knots of the veil of Isis, looking only on the one hand at the pages of the meditated book and on the other at the infinite blue of the world of God." Certainly the *Commonplace Book* is not a meditation on life in general, or an account of the author's sensibilities. This "intimate journal" consists for the greater part of a consideration of definite problems. But its pages have a fascination for others besides "technical" philosophers; an example is Papini, who tried to make the book the rage in Florence some years ago.

The entries are over 900, many of them single sentences, short and sharp; the "philosopher in action," as Papini said. There are a few personal remarks, of purring intent and of Irish defiance (a "who will tread on the tail of my coat?" attitude) as the obscure young scholar in Dublin contemplates the frightful havoc he is about to cause in the camp of the Newtonians and of science with his two new principles (are they compatible?) "to be is to be perceived," and "nothing truly exists except persons." But the diarist has his prudences, too; and so we find him asserting that immaterialism is *really* the most artless realism. Very serious is the effort to establish a new theory of mind or soul as will, and of will as pure act, not an object of knowledge. It is necessary, otherwise a canny Scot may soon come along and make the same criticism of mind as the Irishman has made of matter. We get then, surprisingly, a philosophical explanation of Freud; Berkeley cannot excuse error, which falls into the category of crime, both being due to the absence of will. He must have known he was in dangerous waters; still he was hopeful that it had been given him to effect a complete understanding between philosophy and Christianity. His voyage among problems had "the same effect of visiting foreign countries; in the end I return to where I was before but with my heart at ease," and though he may be called "young" and an "upstart" and all sorts of "vilifying appellations," still he will "bear up" against the "rage and envy" of the world.

FROM THE ROMAN NOIR TO PROUST

French Novelists from the Revolution to Proust. By F. C. Green. Dent. 7s. 6d.

Professor Green has produced the much-desired sequel to his previous volume on the French novelists up to the Revolution, and it will be read with no less pleasure and profit. He adds to a profound knowledge of his subject the precious gift of being able to use erudition lightly. Not many readers, probably, will realise the long hours spent in that exhausting toil, the reading of old newspapers, that must have prepared the material for some quite brief references to contemporary thought, but the careful study on which this book is based does not escape anybody who knows how books are made. Professor Green conceals all traces of labour, and very happily strikes a balance between covering too much ground and too little. It was imperative, as he says, that there should be omissions in this survey of an age surfeited with fiction. M. Reneé Lalou's *Histoire de la littérature française contemporaine* would have been more readable had he realised this truth. Yet, to use Professor Green's words, "an age peopled solely by Balzacs, Stendhals and Flauberts would be magnificent but incredible"; the minor and the forgotten writers also claim their place. With a taste and concision that are Latin, but with a reflectiveness that is Anglo-Saxon, he leads us without fatigue from the "horrific" novels of pre-romanticism, through the lady Rousseauists and the great portraits of the romantic *homme sensible* (*Atala, René, Obermann, Adolphe*) to Hugo, Balzac and George Sand who formed the first French wave of that vast movement, the modern novel.

Most of the ground has been covered by many writers of many nationalities, for the French literature of the nineteenth century is part of a universal heritage. Yet those who use Professor Green as a guide for their first steps could certainly not find a better; for he is equally illuminating when he is describing the merits of an old work such as Madame de Souza's *Adèle de Sénange* or Chateaubriand's *Atala* as when he is subtly spinning a guiding thread of commentary to lead from Flaubert, through Bourget and Gide, to Proust. Those, on the other hand, who are more or less familiar with the criticism of the literary period, will test him by his treatment of certain questions and authors and enjoy his successful issue from the trial. Romanticism and Realism, hackneyed subjects, cannot be avoided in this connection; Professor Green makes them seem quite fresh. His refusal to admit them as opposites is typical of the latest views on the subject, and he puts the matter well in saying that "every Romantic is a potential Realist *if we speak in terms of art and not of morality*," in pointing out that the duality mysticism-realism inherent in Romanticism was a characteristic very amply illustrated, and that both Romanticism and Realism lie outside the domain of the greatest art in the novel, "which is bounded on either side by these two vital sources of inspiration." Naturally, again, what a man says of Balzac, Stendhal, Flaubert and Maupassant is highly indicative. Professor Green is especially admirable in the words that he finds to express the peculiar contributions of these great writers to their art. Thus:

> The greatness of Balzac lies in this. By an extraordinary feat possible only to a genius, he was able to adapt the artistic procedure of the great dramatists to the purposes of the novel.
>
> * * * * *
>
> Even a Chesterton will soon fail to interest us when we learn, like him, the trick of looking at life standing on our heads or how to run through the alphabet of logic backwards. An ironical incident by Stendhal, however, stands the test of meditation. . . . With him the novel of psychological analysis acquired new vitality and tragic passion, as distinct from lyrical and pathetic sensibility, re-entered fiction for the first time since *Manon Lescaut*.
>
> * * * * *
>
> What is it lends such vitality to Flaubert's prose? Is it not the discovery that there is no such thing as "still life"? . . . Flaubert possessed to an uncanny degree the sense of that relativity which links us to our physical environment. . . .
>
> * * * * *
>
> This "secret quintessence" (*i.e.* that contained in certain inexplicable combinations of things, noted by Maupassant in the story *Un Soir*) escaped the scientific eye of the naturalists, who, in their efforts to reconstruct existence, reproduced much that was of historical interest but missed the suggestive trait that carries with it, like an aura, a fragment of vital reality.

These quotations illustrate Professor Green's zest and his capacity for leading the reader onwards along what seems an inevitable path, but is, as a matter of fact, very cunningly traced by him. It is almost obvious, in the above references to Flaubert and Maupassant, that his eye is on Proust; but the final chapter, in which he ascends from Loti through Anatole France, Bourget, Boylesve and Gide to Proust, is not only his most original chapter but his best. Whether one entirely agrees with its judgments or not, it is a delightful piece of descriptive criticism, always reasonable yet fearless in expression. He does not hesitate to point out that M. Bourget buried a potentially great novelist in the active social reformer, to remark that "writers like Boylesve are the glory of France, for in them the national spirit finds its

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This is a man on all counts worth knowing, and in Mr. Godwin's tale, told with an attractive austerity of style that well fits his subject, Vancouver comes to life again. His biographer has adopted the excellent method of relegating all his historical material, which is extremely well marshalled and supplemented by a good bibliography and index and carefully reproduced charts, to his Appendix, thus enabling the reader to follow Vancouver's story without encountering interpolations distracting from the run of the narrative. Mr. Godwin has little difficulty in replacing the legend of a harsh, if not a downright brutal commander, with the picture of a worthy successor of Cook, with whom Vancouver as a boy in his teens—nominally rated as A.B.—circumnavigated the world on Cook's last voyage, being present at the *mêlée* with the natives at Kealakekua Bay, Hawaii, in which he met his death. Again and again Vancouver records his indebtedness to his early training under Cook, whose work in the conquest of scurvy he followed up and whose care for the preservation of the health and strength of sailors during long voyages was matched by his own. If he drove his men hard, he drove them no harder than himself; and it was no unfeeling commander who, at the close of his great survey of the north-west coast of America, the culminating point in a voyage by way of the South Seas which lasted four years, eight months and twenty-nine days, tells us in his windy way that he celebrated the occasion by allowing "my people" to get a little drunk for once. This great seaman is to be congratulated on the biographer who has rescued his memory from obloquy and oblivion.

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There are several papers dealing with the practical teaching of individual subjects — the classics, history, modern languages, science, mathematics. It is invidious to select among these, but—perhaps moved by special sympathy with the theme—the present writer would like to draw attention to Mr. D. C. Somervell's paper on "The Teaching of History."

Finally, there are four or five essays on the difficult question of religion in schools. In an age when it is not safe to assume that as many as half your pupils, or their parents, believe in Christianity at all, masters are naturally shy of touching on the subject. It is however tolerably certain that, while particular dogmas are rejected, religion in the widest sense excites as keen an interest as ever; and it is fully recognised that, as a force in the background, it is present in the chemistry-class and the arithmetic-form as in the chapel or the scripture-lesson. To reveal religiousness without priggishness, to "allure to brighter worlds and lead the way" without obtruding your own personal beliefs, this is the hard task of the modern master. That many masters realise their duty, and have character and tact enough to perform it duly, is our firm and happy belief.

There is one strange omission in this book. Little, or rather nothing, is said about compulsory games or about the absurd worship of the athletic hero. The most plausible complaint against the public schools is that they tend to suppress individuality and to turn out their boys in one pattern, as monotonously uniform as the couplets of the eighteenth century; and the chief cause of this is the compulsory games, the tyranny of which it is high time to protest against. The word "game," indeed, is a ridiculous misnomer; the slavery of work in football and cricket is far more drastic than that of the class-room. The master is but single; the slave-drivers of the "games" are multitudinous and ubiquitous. Still worse, perhaps, than toiling at your own recreation is the compulsion to watch and cheer others when you are not yourself playing—a direct lesson in hypocrisy. Hell itself, in the opinion of Mammon, was preferable to a heaven of "forced hallelujahs" and worship paid to whom he hated. The public-school is not a heaven; but its "forced hallelujahs" are quite as numerous and just as vexatious as those that resound in any city however celestial.

A public-school master once set an essay to his form on "Your Favourite Game," giving his word of honour to maintain secrecy as to the views expressed. Three-quarters of the essayists avowed their detestation of cricket and their hope never to see another game of the kind. Shortly afterwards the master was interested to observe all these boys, in defensive enthusiasm, each with a cautious eye upon his neighbour, wildly cheering the school idol as he retired to the pavilion after a lengthy innings.

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building, and not a series of decorative façades. With this solid foundation she has been able to carry as much ornament as she pleases. And it pleases her to be sparing and intrinsic. There is not a line which is put into this poem merely for its own sake. Every image, every excursion of her senses, refers to the growth of a beautiful general effect.

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So does Miss Adamson. To read her poem is to be lifted up to a wakefulness that comes too rarely to one's spirit. One meets her heroine, the sinful and cruelly punished Helga, and recognises in this lovely face the features of Browning's Pompilia and Shelley's Beatrice Cenci.

The story is told by a village priest, one Peter Matthias. Matthew, the Duke's Forester, takes as his second wife Helga,

> A woman proud of body with lips
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COVENTRY PATMORE

RATHER curiously, Mr. Derek Patmore's* seems to be the first selection made from Coventry Patmore's poems since Richard Garnett's *Florilegium Amantis*, of 1879. Curiously, since no poet ever cried more loudly for selection, his better being so many miles above his worse. There are, I know, those who say that Patmore's work, more than that of most poets, must be taken and judged as a whole, on account of the consistent philosophy that pervades it; as someone said of him, he was a poet of one idea and one metre. (As a matter of fact he had two metres, that of the *Angel in the House* and that of the odes, but still, only the one idea.) As to the philosophy, it is not intricate or subtle, and, to grasp it, one does not need to ride over every day with Felix, of the *Angel in the House*, to call on Dean Churchill and his daughters, or to pursue those exemplary nuptials to their solemnly ecstatic end. It is all very well, but the *Angel* really will not do. Whatever Ruskin, Tennyson, Carlyle, Alfred Austin, Monckton Milnes, Gerard Hopkins, and all Patmore's other literary friends, not to mention the great public, said to its credit (and apparently they said plenty), one is inclined to endorse the much less complimentary verdict of the press, rudely lead by the *Athenæum*, which, when first it appeared, offered it a chilly contempt. (Not, however, in America; the Americans took it at once into their warm hearts.) This contrast, not unknown in literary annals, between the attitude of newspaper critics and that of private correspondents, puzzled Patmore—"The *total silence* of the press about *Espousals*, in face of things that are being said and written *privately* about it by men of the best literary name in England, is very odd and unexpected," he writes, apparently too innocent of the literary world, or perhaps too confident in his own achievements, to discount the private epistolary excesses of men of the best literary name in England. When Father Gerard Hopkins wrote to him of the *Angel in the House*: "To dip into it was like opening a basket of violets. To have criticised it looks now like meddling with the altar vessels," Patmore thought him a good deal more reasonable and just than the *Athenæum*. Still, to dip into it is *not* like opening a basket of violets; anything less like the fresh wild sweetness of violets than these pedestrian stanzas, sometimes facetious, sometimes sentimental, though sometimes also pleasant and pretty, could scarcely be discovered among all the annals of verse. And yet it was by the *Angel* and its "great rustic success" (as Sir Edmund Gosse puts it) that Coventry Patmore has always been best known. Not, I imagine, that it is to-day much read, it lacks the authology-bestowed familiarity of some of the odes; but its name is inseparably tagged on to its author's. Inseparably and deservedly, since, of course, he wrote it.

It is one of the paradoxes in which poets are so prolific that Patmore, with his heaven-soaring philosophy of connubial love, which he held to be sacramentally divine, could express it with such lines as

> The man seeks first to please his wife,
> Declares, but not complains, St. Paul;
> And other loves have little life
> Where she's not loved the most of all.

This is a very fair specimen of one of the less prosaic passages in the *Angel in the House*. The more prosaic should never be quoted. Mr. Derek Patmore, who edits this selection, wisely represents his great-grandfather by a much larger proportion of the *Unknown Eros* odes than of the earlier poem. The odes are in a very different poetic category from the jog-trot domesticities of the *Angel*. There is some very fine poetry in them. There is the perhaps facile, and certainly hackneyed, but all the same very lovely, *Farewell*, which is remarkable among the odes for treating of lovers who (it would appear) parted without marriage. In these seemingly irregular, but carefully constructed, odes he no longer trots in the hampering harness of the commonplace quatrain of the *Angel in the House*. The "free tetrameter" is kind to its themes; it helps the verse along as the flowing waves of the sea help a swimmer. Its danger lies in its ease; with Patmore, as with some other ode writers, one occasionally feels that he is piling phrase on phrase, and line on line, in the exposition and decoration of an idea (in this redundancy lies his one obscurity), and that there is no reason why he should ever stop. I cannot agree that it is a metre discouraging to verbosity. "I have hit," Patmore writes, "on *the* finest metre that ever was invented, and on *the* finest mine of wholly unworked material." His main theme was not, of course, unworked: it had always been beloved of Spanish, Italian, and English Catholic mystics; but Patmore approached it with an important difference. To him, earthly and heavenly love were one. In the Psyche-Eros poems he pressed the analogy so far as to alarm his gentle and more reticent friend and co-religionist, Aubrey de Vere; and, indeed, it is an analogy, however beloved of the mystics, which is by no means pleasing to all tastes. He pressed it further still, it seems, in his prose, *Sponsa Dei*, of which even Father Hopkins disapproved, and which Patmore, in annoyance at this, destroyed before publication. The great difference between Patmore and the earlier erotic mystics is that, where these had used human love only as analogy and symbol, Patmore took it as a sacrament of divine love, refusing to separate them—an interesting reminder of how the nineteenth was really the first anti-Puritan century in English literature, the first to get away from the old mediæval dualism which had held the poets of love and of religion alike in thrall. Patmore had been occupied with his theme almost from boyhood. What, one wonders, would have happened to it, and to him, if, instead of consolidating his position with regard to it by making three successive happy marriages, he had made three unhappy ones, or even one or two? The "great subject" must have been discredited in so personal, sensitive and emotional a poet; would he have turned to another? That would probably have been a pity; his finest poems are round his own theme; when he writes of politics he is grandiose and rather silly; when of telescopes and microscopes, of which he did not approve, he is pettish, though charming. But because his great subject, as he conceived it and expressed it (for all his magnificence and power, he falls at times into what has been unkindly called "Catholic lushness"), may cloy, he is best when taken in small doses. Here and there he recalls Crashaw, whom apparently he did not read until after the odes were written (on this point, by the way, is

**Selected Poems of Coventry Patmore.* Edited by Derek Patmore. Chatto and Windus. 3s. 6d.

not the editor anachronistic?). But, even at his finest, Patmore does not touch Crashaw's top level; though his far greater austerity preserves him from Crashaw's lushest wading. Nor does he, I think, reach Francis Thompson; and possibly not even Laurence Housman's best religious odes. But, with less of actual music, he has often a fine and rolling ecstacy, and, less often, a lovely and stirring phrase, such as

> And he as soon
> Shall map the other side of the Moon,
> As trace what his own deed
> In the next chop of the chance gale shall breed.

As Valéry Larbaud wrote of him, "*L'homme qui écrivait*

> The bees boom past, white moths rise,
> Like spirits from the ground

était un poète."

A few more bees, white moths, chance gales, a little more of the other side of the Moon, a little less of Psyche, Eros, Felix and Honoria . . . but this is to remove the central pin from the wheel of Patmore's chariot, and this one must not do with poets, who must, we know, deliver the message which they believe to have been entrusted to them.

Anyhow, this is a little book of poetry that one ought to have. Patmore, always rated above the deserts of his worst work, has never in general been esteemed up to his best.

Rose Macaulay.

SLOOTER'S VENGEANCE

THERE is no man more dangerous in his misery than he who is made to save money against his will and for a cause in which he does not believe. This was the case of Edward Slooter. Thin and bleak, he whistled down in the lift like a streak of rain; and went up, a dismal evaporation. Up and down, between heaven and earth all day and unwanted in either place, six feet odd of malarial, watery-eyed despair, with an Adam's apple that quavered naked over the collar of his commissionaire's uniform. He lingered for tips, had an ear that knew the difference between the jingle of keys, the clink of coppers and the gritty "cheep" of sixpences. He was a bone picked clean. And the cause of this was that all his married life his wife had made him save, save, save for the sake of saving, though when the matter led to anger, she always invented an ostensible object—in later years, a piano.

But Slooter was a man whose one desire was to spend passionately, continuously, recklessly "to cut a dash," notoriously "to blow the lot." To buy a piano was one thing; to save up for one, another! But he could do nothing. She whose ever active tongue skimmed the cream off his earnings and his good nature had him cowed and exhausted. Why was he always grumbling and complaining: a decent man who loved his wife would never say a word. Like Ernest! Ah, this was her trump card, the incredible virtue of Ernest, her brother-in-law, and the perfect husband. It was indeed when the angelic Ernest hired a piano for his daughter that Mrs. Slooter's covetousness had been roused and a piano had become the apparent object of her economies.

How Slooter hated Ernest! Ernest was a sandy, cherubic little man who blinked but never complained, willing and handy in the house. Ernest was regular in his habits. Ernest never smoked. Ernest never drank. Ernest never betted. Ernest never missed church. Ernest gave his wife all his money. Ernest never used bad language. Ernest "got on." Ernest saved. Ernest was a good father. In fact Ernest did of his own free will, if you could call it that—what Slooter admittedly did also, except in the matter of the piano, but under compulsion from the misty, freckled, mouse-haired and whimpering woman who was his wife. And Slooter hated Ernest as he hated his own baser nature, the Ernest in himself.

"If only you was decent like Ernest," begged his wife. Why could he not avoid being like Ernest? was how it seemed to the wretched Slooter, who longed for escape and vengeance.

But one day in the spring when the wine of rebellion diffuses in the veins, Slooter had a premonition that his hour was approaching. Up scorched the lift like a rocket and his eyes broke into light like stars as it bounced at the top. Then archly, villainously, "Ha! Ha!"—down dropped the lift from under your feet so that sardonically you were telescoped and your boots went "plop" against the roof of your mouth. The news came. Slooter was slippery, pink and artful with joy. In an hour a spike of hair grew devilishly out of the tip of his nose. Ernest, the precious Ernest, Ernest the pure, the exemplary, the chaste, the abstemious, the perfect husband—Ernest had gone off with a girl at the factory. Deserted his own wife and child. Left them without a penny. Said he had gone for ever. Slooter, when his wife came with portentous earliness to bring his lunch and break the news, seized an accumulation of parcels, shut the lift gates in her face and went up and down the six floors twice, laughing in the faces of the people who were angrily ringing the bells. Then, as he came down the second time, he slid back the lift gates and astonished his wife by the loftiness of his response.

"You never know when your hour won't strike," he said.

"Women and children first, as they said at Jutland," he said. "It's plain where our duty lies."

"And little what's 'er name in the middle of the hired piano," said Mrs. Slooter, wiping her eyes. "It only shows. I could limb 'im." And more than ever she looked as if she were standing in a puddle of misery.

"No, no," he said nobly. "Whatever we think of Ernest we musn't harden our hearts."

With an austerity that startled and alarmed Mrs. Slooter he added, "Why should the children suffer, as you might say, for the sins of the fathers? We're 'uman, aren't we?"

But Slooter was wiping clean the sword of his soul for revenge, a slashing, piercing, overwhelming revenge on Ernest's wife, on Ernest, on Ernest's Gladys, on his own wife; on Society, in short. An overwhelming and abasing revenge of generosity he was looking for. "Who says," he thought, "that the wicked Uncle Ted hasn't got a heart of gold?"

Ernest! How he loved that name now! How merciful he felt! Ernest! he tried it on his tongue. He tried it deep in his long throat. He tried it high and low—and through clenched teeth. And every way it was sweet, ecstatic. He kept back some of his money at the end of the week. Released, he had a couple of drinks at The Blackamoor and put half-a-crown each way on a mystery at Catterick. No, damn it, he would make it five shillings. "If it wins, little Gladys shall have it." People wondered if he had robbed a bank, the way the money flowed.

"What claim have they got on me and you?" complained Mrs. Slooter bitterly.

"We're Christians I 'ope," said Slooter.

She could say nothing. At least, she could say nothing yet. She swept out offices in an anxious dream. She wandered down corridors slopping water out of her pail. Ernest!

And Slooter *had* robbed a bank. He had robbed it on the

day the great idea of a revenge of renunciation had come upon him. But it was his own bank he robbed, the Post Office Savings Bank from which he took the total sum of thirty-two pounds. He took the whole of that painful accumulation in a flash. He ran with it into the street. It seemed to shine in his pocket.

"Poor little Gladys!" he said to himself. "Too young to understand. Did her low-down, dirty father stop her learning the piano? Did the cruel men take the piano away? Now don't you cry. Uncle Ted has got a surprise for you."

And he went into a piano shop, sailed into it, floated into it. The great renunciation was to be made. The great revenge was about to take place. A piano was to be bought—but not for Mrs. Slooter.

"Something in the neighbourhood of twenty pounds?" asked the salesman, who seemed to hover like a magpie over the instruments, staring through Slooter's clothes into his underclothing and down his neck into his secret. "A little gem for a bijou villa?"

Slooter was unimpressed. He looked thirstily at a pool of grands at the far end of the showroom.

"What about them?" he pointed.

"Grands? Baronial. Gentleman's instruments," sneered the salesman. "Beautiful tone." The salesman's fingers pattered down the keys like little pigs. "You sit down and try it. It feels like saying your prayers."

"How much?" asked Slooter.

"Pooh!" The salesman shrugged his shoulders. "Hundred and thirty."

"Pounds?" said Slooter to keep a grip of things.

"Guineas," said the salesman, shocked into sneezing.

Slooter drew back from the instruments and stood as if about to dive into the middle of them.

"If I could I'd buy the most expensive in the shop. The most expensive wouldn't be good enough for him—her, I mean," he said, gritting his teeth. "Straight it wouldn't."

He brought one for twenty-seven guineas. He was transfigured. For a moment he was at the summit of his life.

He returned to his room.

"I've got a nice little surprise for Gladys," said Slooter to his wife, fixing her with a frightening stare. "Sell all you 'ave and give to the poor. We're Christians I 'ope." After many feints he struck home. "I've bought them the piano."

Mrs. Slooter was stunned. She could not scream. She could see nothing but the piano, her piano, her twenty-seven pounds bobbing up and down in the air before her eyes. She thought she must be already dead.

And Ernest's wife, how stunned she was when the piano arrived, and poor little Gladys weeping for joy. Slooter went round and rolled and waded and splashed about in their abasement and gratitude. The more they wept and laughed and thanked and crawled at his feet, the more he lorded it.

"Forget the past," he cried, pink in the face.

"On with the dance," he said, waving his long arms.

"Fate vo joos,' he sang. "'Come on, ma, sing us a song."

Mrs. Slooter, smeared with tears and trembling from head to foot, watched his diabolical joy. Suddenly their gratitude was too much for him: he began to weep too. "Don't thank *me*," he said, with the tears running down into the ends of his lips. "I ain't nothing to do with it. I'm the *bad* one of the family. Thank *her*," he wept, pointing to the astonished Mrs. Slooter, who found herself being kissed by everyone. "She says to me, 'Ted,' she says, 'We're Christians I 'ope. Do unto others' . . ."

"Well," asked Mrs. Slooter, suspiciously feeling her way. "I don't deny but what Slooter had been savin' up, but a sister's a sister, specially in trouble, as I said, and welcome," giving her a look which Mrs. Ernest received suspiciously through her weeping like the offer of a handkerchief.

And Slooter sat struggling to hold himself against this disturbing current of tears. He had reckoned on plenty of theirs, but none of his own. And from this moment his self-assurance, and the certainty of joy in his vengeance, began to weaken. He suddenly began to feel that, like the real Ernest, the Ernest in himself had gone gallivanting and was, perhaps, a little overwhelmed. For, as the elated tide of Slooter's vengeance began to ebb, and bitter weeds of repentance were being deposited in his soul, so the tide flowed to Mrs. Slooter. She whined no more. She spoke little, and that abruptly.

Soon after this an ominous calamity occurred. The lift broke. On the second day of the trouble Slooter, unable to fly up and down between heaven and earth, unable to sit in his cage, wandered listlessly in the corridor. Outside it was raining. The old sigh of the lift had gone. There was nothing to listen to but the dismal spitting of wheels on the drenched streets, and the lapping of soaked boots. Time crawled. He became anxious for his lunch to break the monotony. His lunch was late. He gave his wife another five minutes. She did not come. Ten minutes, twenty, half an hour—she did not appear. He was dismayed. He asked for her through the building. She had not been seen. He searched for her in the basements. No sign. He made a dash for it through the rain round the corner to their room. It was empty. That little bit of something he always kept under the seat of the lift—he could have wept! As he waited, newsvenders appeared with their red placards at the street corners, announcers of bloody tidings.

At four o'clock signs began their snake dances over the cinema opposite. He saw the black spots of rain coming down out of the lilac glow above the streets like a plague of cold flies. No answer. He dashed to his room and, back again, panting and wet at the knees, he felt his arm being pulled. He turned and there was his wife, swollen, pale and with red rings round her eyes, but *dry*; dry, the only person in London, as you might say, whom the rain hadn't touched.

Crisp and crackling as a biscuit her voice was, while people streamed around them. She was sinister and terrible. Her lips were rigid and thin. Slooter knew before she spoke.

"Ernest's come back," she said.

V. S. PRITCHETT.

AN IMPERIAL TRAGEDY

The Life of the Empress Eugénie. By ROBERT SENCOURT. Benn. 21s.

"A fairy-tale." So Mrs. Edith Wharton is said to have called Eugénie's life; so we have all called it; yet on reflection we may ask ourselves why—for that a de Guzman should marry a Bonaparte was, if fairy-tale at all, the other way round; and that this Bonaparte should become Emperor of the French belongs rather to the fantastic sphere of French national feeling than to that of the fairy-tale. And the classic ending: "So they were married . . ." suffers here a sad curtailment. Of course it was her loveliness—had she been less lovely, we should not talk of fairy-tales. To herself, whatever the first amazement may have been, a more sinister word soon spoke. From the beginning she remembered Marie Antoinette—born, as Eugénie was, on a day of earthquake, and surrounded, as she was not, with evil omens from the moment of her marriage. Eugénie lived under the cloud of that superstitiously-felt affinity, so nearly justified by events. Mr. Sencourt keeps that aspect of her well before us; for him, too, the pearls worn at her wedding carry their fabled tears along with them—for him, too, she was doomed consciously,

inevitably. Though he does not by any means ignore her beauty, his aim is rather to minimise than to stress its appeal; he seeks to show the woman, not the "lovely creature," and analyses her nature in a way which proves him a student of our modern mysteries—of which, however, he shuns the now hackneyed jargon, substituting a jargon of his own so disconcerting as to make us wonder if English is his native tongue. Writing of her "Platonic enjoyment" of other women's beauty, he remarks that "when friendship or admiration, rather than their blood, gives [such women] the instincts of passion, their natures are more tense, more ambitious, sometimes more religious." Whatever else that is, it is not an English sentence. We may, after our impatience with it has faded, see what Mr. Sencourt meant to say; but this, and scores of its like, do set us a task resembling that of translation from a badly-written foreign language.

But despite this irritation, never long absent from its pages, the book will be read with more than the interest inseparable from the story it has to tell. There have always been, will always be, those to whom any chronicle of the Second Empire is absorbing—incomparably more so than the countless volumes relating to the First. The tale of the first Napoleon's conquests is for many such dust and ashes as those conquests soon became; the fall of the third and the later story of his Empress have, on the contrary, such elements of human tragedy as can never cease to move us. And of Eugénie Mr. Sencourt has much that is valuable to give, though Napoleon III keeps his secret from him as from all. There is nothing here of the Emperor which we have not long known. He is not the theme—true; but we might have expected a less superficial treatment from so eager a student of the period.

The picture of Eugénie is the outcome of intense and loving study of a nature evidently sympathetic in the highest degree to Mr. Sencourt. All her attributes are those which fascinate him—her dazzling courage, her sportsmanlike spirit, her Spanish Catholicism; on "Spanish" the emphasis is laid, and well accounted for. Mr. Sencourt sees it as a thing *sui generis*, and Eugénie as its incarnation. This portrait is, in my view, what gives the book its value—far more than the documents, though of these there are many hitherto unpublished. The author's interpretation is on many points too plainly influenced by his sympathies; his comments on the famous "*C'est ma guerre!*" (of the war of 1870) will not carry conviction; he scarcely, indeed, seems himself to be convinced, so mechanical is his advocacy.

The Mexican horror gets more resolute treatment, and in the narrative of this he shows his best powers. Sympathetic still, he yet spares the Empress nothing; this *was* "her fault," and he does not seek to condone it. The details of Charlotte's madness, never before so explicitly given, are almost intolerably moving.

The flight in 1870 "in a common cab" (as she had sworn she would never fly!), the death of the Prince Imperial, the long winter of her later life, so bravely, even at times so cheerfully, endured, and the dramatic death in her own country—the Spain to which at the last in heart, spirit and body she went back—are told with a simplicity which, had it but always been present, would have given Mr. Sencourt's work a higher place than, as it is, can be accorded it. In these concluding pages the Empress and the woman lives again in the hour of her death.

Ethel Colburn Mayne.

ENGLAND

The Evolution of England: A Commentary on the Facts.

By James A. Williamson. Oxford University Press. 15s.

Some time ago a worried Roman official asked "What is truth?" and did not stay for an answer. The question, in fact, was possibly unsuited to the assembly in which he happened to ask it, although that was certainly democratic enough, and democracy depends on the assumption that truth is what any three men in a given five happen to believe. Like most simple definitions, it invites speculation, though one need not attempt to answer the Procurator. We all know that there are lies, damned lies, and statistics, and that, among recorders of the truth, there are historians, impartial historians, and scientific historians. To the scientific historian, history—that is, past human action and experience—resembles a number of draughts in a vacuum: it is, and engenders, gas. (The physics of the analogy, perhaps, are not scientific, but then neither is history, least of all scientific history.) To the impartial historian, it is a colourless and tasteless fluid, moulded in shape by the containing vessel: X happened, but no one must care that it happened, or why, although probably the odds are that it happened because someone once cared very much about something or other. The historian, plain, deals with human action and experience: being a man, he enters into that experience, approves or regrets that action. Being a man also, he will certainly tend to colour his portrayal according to his approval or regret. He is a mortal man, and he can't help it. But for all that, because he is a mortal man, and sees other men as men, not as words walking, his facts grow nearer truth than do those of the others. Read an historian with a good strong prejudice, and you can allow for windage: read a passionless one, and you merely fall short of the target. If I want to know the truth about Henry VIII, Mr. Wells and Mr. Belloc read in succession will tell me more of it than the desiccations of that sound and impartial scholar, Professor Z.

Now, opening Dr. Williamson's history and coming on the wistful little remark, about a lost episode, "It must have been exciting," one knows that here, at least, is an historian, a man who can be excited over action. Reading on through this cursus of English history from the Flint Men to the last General Election, one discovers other things—among them that one becomes, and stays, excited. I am not accusing Dr. Williamson of bias: he has his prejudices, like an honest man, and sometimes invites a non-Protestant reader to ask why, if religious ceremonies matter so little, should their presence be allowed to matter so much? But he combines his frank likings and dislikings with a warm-hearted and generous fairness even to enemies—even, as a rule, to those enemies whose point of view he does not understand, and these are not many. And he does so without disparaging his own side. His treatment, for instance, of the luckless Plantagenet wars with France and Scotland—a period in which most English historians are content to leave large traditional lacunae—is not only well-balanced and brilliantly lively, but scrupulously just, while none the less that of a loyal Englishman.

But this, though a primary merit, would be useless alone. It is far from being that. There is a great range of knowledge, to begin with. Knowledge is no more history than bricks are a wall, but the wall needs bricks, and Dr. Williamson's are a substantial article, and of good Adam's clay. Moreover, his knowledge is both wide and articulated: when he deals with an episode we have all the *kinds* of factors. He begins with seven pages of pure geography, going on from that to a lucid sketch of the history of Rome from its foundation, and shows the core of late-Tudor politics by a map that sets England at the crossing of the opposed Franco-Scots and Hispano-Netherlandish groupings. But he also studies the personal character of the House of Cerdic, or of William I. He knows that most men are shaped by their environment, but that some men shape the environment for others: an historian who grips both these facts has gone far. Dr. Williamson's previous work has given him a first-rate training here. His history covers, and well, great social movements: but individuals, from King Stephen to Francis Place, stand out as such, and although it can take great sweeps with a brilliant ease, it can arrest the moment as Harold Godwinsson goes down or King Louis announces *Voici le roi d'Espagne*. It is, in short, dramatic, in the best sense—is not drama, precisely, the human will in the lists against environment, with the gods looking on? Few historians I have read can rival him for the sane and masterly balance between social, political, economic, and military factors, nor for the security of touch with which the significant, the *explaining* detail from one is made to illuminate the working of another. His power of setting events in a larger background is one that a great novelist might envy, and this though he has little to say of the conceptions or assumptions that underlie men's share in events, taking them, as a rule, for granted. England to him is no precious stone set by itself in a sea, but the captain jewel of a carcanet whose others he can make glitter when he needs them. His handling of mediæval internationalism, of the reverberations of the Imperial alliances, is admirable.

One can find flaws, of course. I have just suggested that the reader has to supply his own obligato of the history of thought. And in details—alas, the Scots are very far from being "the most united nationality in the world." Outside Scotland, perhaps! And in regretfully putting by the compliment, may a Scot balance by reminding him that if our two races become *Les Anglais* abroad, it is due to the quaint if discourteous English custom (from which Dr. Williamson himself is free) of describing as "English" any Scotsman or Scots achievement that takes the fancy, from Adam Smith to Adams architecture?

HARRAP

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This new volume of King's College lectures covers the period from 1760 to 1820, and includes chapters by Professors Laski, McElroy, Holland Rose, Veitch, etc.

More seriously, it is something of a shock to find a downright denunciation of logic: assuredly, men cannot be governed by reason, but neither can they in fact be governed without it. The Englishman, to be sure, is rather prone when he is logical to find himself cutting his fingers on Ockham's Razor, as if the weapon did not come natural to his hand; there is a cloudiness in his temperament . . . and clouds may make light more wonderful than flowers, or may turn it to darkness. The English temperament has produced the greatest poetry of the world, and a legal system that defies philosophers, a chaos without form and stuffed: it induces Dr. Williamson, leaving his normal fairness, to praise on one page the treatment of Mary Stuart and affirm on another that in England there can be "no imprisonment without due process of law" . . . and has trial, the culprit absent yet in custody, ever been legal? Some other remarks, on the same episode, suggest an ignoring or an ignorance of the correspondance lately published by Dr. Rait, and of Amyas Paulett's letter to his sovereign. And the account of the Oxford Movement, again, gives what is one of the oddest definitions of a business that has had some pretty queer ones.

One regrets these blemishes, but in fact they are merely trifling in the mass of a book that is solidly full of good matter and good art. Dr. Williamson may not be a great stylist, though his prose has vigour, brevity, and bone: but the conduct and ordonnance of his huge narrative are nothing less than superb. If I know great technique when I see it, there is some here. And it has been used to make a *History* as English as Dorset or the Cotswold townships. It grows as livingly from the greatness of England as oak and ash and thorn grow out of her soil.

Agnes Mure Mackenzie.

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The first story was told to gain time. In this the plan of *The Thousand Nights and One Night* is true for all story-telling, though no longer may the story-teller be sure of saving her head by inventing an extra ingenuity or postponing an exciting climax. We who listen to tales are a shade more sophisticated than King Shahriar, the husband of Sheherazade; and we need something a little more subtle in the way of suspense than the pauses and breaks of that ingenious lady's devising. In the search for subtlety the story-tellers have gone a long and wearisome voyage, and many have fetched home to the way of simplicity. Such, in spite of a certain pretension to moral defiance, are Mr. Aldington and Mr. Hanley. They are, these two, out to shock us; but their brutality is not really anything more intellectual than the brutality of Smollett—it has nothing of the cool, ironic despondency of Maupassant, and still less of the genuine and gigantic simplicity of Tolstoy when he told a plain tale. One must apologise for bringing in those great names; and yet in a way Miss Gale, Mr. Manhood and Mr. Coppard need not scurry away at such proximity. For as the first story, told to gain time, was a hurried, nervous, inverted kind of a lie, that could only impose on an oriental king who was given to too much clinical intemperance, so, as time went on and men learned how to tell lies with a straight face and an honest eye, some few discovered that a true story could be more entrancing and attention-holding than a false one. Oddly enough the first true stories were fables, Aesop's, or Bidpai's, or those of the hundred odd unknown authors whose work is collected by Mr. Lee in his long-distance charabanc—and the truest of all stories are those fables which we are accustomed to call Parables, so true that there is not one in which a man of ordinary imagination cannot quickly find himself a part. For there is the line that divides the true fiction from the false or fantastic fiction; in the stories of the great truthtellers, we easily find ourselves, proudly or with shame. That is why I say Mr. Manhood, Mr. Coppard and Miss Gale need not withdraw at mention of the masters; for their stories have this unmistakable mark of self-recollection; they are seen and known, not invented. Mr. Coppard's genius is by now well recognised. He is not yet a master. The master may look in the glass, but he does not remember what manner of man he is with the poised, nervous anxiety of Mr. Coppard. He gets more used to himself than Mr. Coppard has, at any rate, in the hundredth tale. Still in it there are moving and delightful things, only spoiled, to my mind, by Mr. Coppard's mixture of the two methods of recollection and imaginative reconstruction. He is still angry for his John Flynn, who has suffered from life and from women. Mr. Manhood's story is a magnificent success. There is something Tolstoyan in its conclusion, and in its determined acceptance of life and truth and goodness in spite of the enemies which attack them. It is a fine tale of great emotional simplicity—so profound and sincere in its detailed picture of country life that I am sure some critic, still deafened by Bow Bells, will declare that he cannot understand it. Miss Gale has never had justice done her in this country. She is as American as Mrs. Wilkins-Freeman or Sarah Orne Jewett—but she has none of the dullness that, one must admit, overhangs the work of the latter. Miss Gale's State is Wisconsin, and she writes of life there so as to make that country seem as rich as Hardy's Wessex. All the tales in *Bridal Pond* are about simple country people, narrow-lived, deeply-living people; and once more the reader cannot fail to see what an advantage the recorder of such lives has over the novelist who is forced to face the salons of Monte Carlo, the studios of Greenwich village, or the synthetic boudoirs of Bloomsbury. These may all have style, but such sterility with it that the story-teller is reduced to pattern-tracing. Miss Gale's book gains incredibly because she writes of people who have roots, who are quickened by the real issues of life and are moved to great and simple issues.

I must say a word about the two "omnibus" volumes. The first word shall be chastening. Messrs. Harrap still defile their books with an ugly stamp. Each of these volumes have three or four pages embossed with the words "presentation copy"—an ugly and useless device which nearly all decent publishing houses have abandoned. Each of these books is an amazing eight-and-sixpenny worth; and the folk-tale volume is as good as anyone could want, except that there should be more Grimm. The collection of English short stories is not so satisfactory. It is not the fault of the editors that some authors—presumably including Mr. Kipling, Mr. Frank Harris and Miss Katharine Mansfield—are among those for whose non-inclusion the authors or their representatives are responsible. But why are Harland, Elia d'Arcy, May Sinclair, Ethel Colburn Mayne, Arthur Machen, W. de la Mare, C. E. Montague, M. R. James, Q., Max Beerbohm, Leonard Merrick, to name but a few, absent from an anthology which includes Michael West, "Bartimeus," Britten Austin, Anthony Farley and F. St. Mars? There is a good deal of amusing reading in the collection of Mr. Lewis Melville and Mr. R. Hargreaves; and if neither the introduction nor the selection show that the editors have any great skill in the appreciation of the short story, few people who read for amusement will worry about that.

Mr. Aldington and Mr. Hanley derive, and at no great distance, from the kind of realism which was explicit in so early a book as Nash's *Jack Wilton* in England, and in Grimmelhausen's *Simplicissimus* on the Continent, the kind of realism, that is, which depends on its facts, not on its truth, to shock one; so Mr. Wescott, Mr. Baker, Mr. Strong, and Miss Warner, derive from that sentiment which Sterne placed firmly among the privileges of the novelist. Sentimentality is older than its name, older than Sterne. It is perhaps a mistake to try to define it; but it is present when a beggar, to get alms, exposes a sore which has long ceased to hurt him—it is more deleteriously present when the beggar paints on his leg a false sore, and induces in the spectator pity for his sickness, and in himself pity for the straits to which he has been driven, and

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in the end is a victim to his own falsehood. Mr. Baker is the only one of our authors who is in danger of the painted wound. He will always heighten the effect, and if the blood does not seep through the bandage he will scatter a dash of red paint on it. Still, there are some restrained things in his book, and some in which he shows a pretty gift of irony. Mr. Wescott has read his Stevenson and his Tchehov, and his story is a pleasant display of well-acted sincerity. Miss Warner is not at her best in this new volume. Her fantasy is rather flagging, and I think she was in a harsher mood than she allows herself to indulge. The best of our sentimentalists is Mr. Strong. He has a natural delicacy of touch, a rightness of feeling, and a severe beauty of expression that are more conspicuous here even than in his novels. *The Big Man* is a little masterpiece; and how pleasant it is to meet a modern short story which treats of marriage as if it were a life—not merely a getting out of one bed and into another. Mr. Davies and Mr. Metcalfe are authors with that queer difference which the fantastic, when it is natural to a man and not applied to his work, gives to art. Mr. Davies' story is a bitter, cruel sketch of a dwarf who finds life and love deceitful and destructive, so that he too lies and destroys. Mr. Metcalfe's brilliant fantasies are more intellectual both in conception and treatment; his world is the world of science, only he knows it to be liable to sudden incursions by the magical and the uneasy. Beauty as well as terror is in these tales, that show Mr. Metcalfe as one of the greatest masters of the uncomfortable since Mr. Arthur Machen. Remains for praise Mr. Gibbings: he tells his story in rather less than two hundred words and a series of most entrancing wood-engravings. Here is a story about which one does not ask whether it is true or false—it is so evidently life; and Mr. Gibbings has presented it in the briefest, most emphatic and most effective manner possible.

R. Ellis Roberts.

CHERRY BLOSSOM AND EARTHQUAKE

Yofuku: or, Japan in Trousers. By Sherard Vines. Wishart. 7s. 6d.

Realism in Romantic Japan. By Miriam Beard. Cape. 18s.

The Changing Fabric of Japan. By Captain M. D. Kennedy. Constable. 16s.

Japan may rank as a first-class Power; it is a country where squalor is much in evidence, and where the most violent contrasts are commonplaces. In the heart of Tokyo, for example, lives an Emperor who is supposed to be divine, but who sometimes wears plus-fours, and whose hobby is the microscope; after his wife bears a child, the event is announced on the wireless and the umbilical cord is ceremoniously buried in the palace garden. Feudal, industrial, animistic and scientific ideas jostle each other like bacilli in the blood; now one set prevails, now another; and all is change. Anyone, therefore, who makes an attempt to understand these conditions has a hard task, and obviously no calm and final judgment is possible. These three authors, placed between the lotus and the dynamo, differ widely from each other. Mr. Sherard Vines, who has lived six years in Japan, is the most successful, his standpoint being that of the highly cultivated, ironical European who would be genial if his liver would let him; all is fish that comes to the net of Mrs. Miriam Beard, but the meshes of her mind are so loosely woven that the catch slips through them; while Captain M. D. Kennedy is almost official in tone.

Nature in her most exuberant phases sometimes tends to seem sinister, and perhaps the best specific against the possible effect she may have upon the emotions of the observer is humour. It was in humour that Lafcadio Hearn was entirely deficient; it is in humour that Mr. Vines excels. He is handicapped by his habit of generalising. It is true that his generalisations are often sound and supported by the most piquant instances, but there must always be so many exceptions to any general statement about human beings that it is often necessary to balance it with a counter-statement, the truth being "made up of contradiction." Mr. Vines, as a poet, might have been expected to pay a little more attention to the individual and a little less to the mass, and to show us how to reconcile in the individual that "avowed hostility" of the Japanese mass towards the foreigner which, nevertheless, can produce a type capable of a more "intensive charity" than the author has ever encountered in the West. It might be objected that Mr. Vines lays too much emphasis on urban conditions, but as the population has nearly doubled in the last fifty years and is increasing by three-quarters of a million annually, he is perhaps justified. The lack of drains and kindred matters especially disturb him, and in this connection he quotes Maeterlinck on termite economics: "*L'excrément est . . . la matière première, si l'on peut dire, de toutes leurs industries, y compris, nous venons de le voir, celles de l'alimentation.*" People who still believe that the Japanese are the cleanest and politest of nations will do well to read some home truths about this "most squalid and unhygienic empire" where the tyro will be "elbowed, jostled, spat across, stared at, have his feet trodden on, be deliberately slighted in hotels and restaurants, and will receive . . . the gratuitous insolence of people in the street, on the platform, or at the seaside." The truth is that the Japanese are among the most insular and to a great extent the most self-satisfied people in the world, and a sharp corrective to their complacency was badly needed. This Mr. Vines supplies, and it is a welcome change from the *japon-niaiserie* of the travel bureaus, with their "carefully-planned pageant of gold and scarlet temples, mountains dredged with icing sugar, flesh-pink cherry-avenues, and polychromatic dancing girls."

Mr. Vines's most serious indictment of the Japanese is that they are prigs and humbugs. Lecherous, tricky, rude and unhygienic, they pretend not only to cleanliness and politeness, but to a puritanical rectitude. For this, however, they cannot altogether be blamed. They want to "save face" before the West—and especially the Middle West—which, through its missionaries, Methodist or commercial, or both, has superimposed its own forms of pretence upon the pretence, so largely ceremonious, of the country. Japan, as Mr. Vines remarks, is the paradise of the Yankee missionary, who is a "formidable instrument for the propagation of emasculated culture and provincial ethics," and who appears to think the intellect "a kind of sin, nearly, if not quite, as bad as adultery." America preponderates, with Germany a good second, in the region of "thought," and "American outlines of philosophy, canned theology and economics, inundate the low terrain of mental receptivity." Mr. Vines sees in Japanese education, the films and the press, a definite effort on the part of provincial America to aggrandise itself, and very reasonably suggests that an active religious reprisal on the part of the East has been long overdue. The Buddhist bishop of Hawaii, it seems, has already waged "a gallant and holy war against the Nonconformists of that group of islands. . . ."

Comparison, like truth, may be odious, but where Mr. Vines has at least used his brains and his spleen, Mrs. Beard has relied overmuch on her typewriter. In one case there has been a grinding and sifting of facts and ideas, in the other there has not; and the sly gleam of wit is inevitably more interesting than the tiresome glittering of a Broadway night-sign. Mrs. Beard's book resembles a number of others that have been written on the same subject. Indeed, she will remind the reader of the Miss Helen (pronounced "Halln") K. Bokum recorded by Mr. Vines, a lady to whom was revealed, after hearing for the first time the oboe of a macaroni-vendor, the Soul of the East, on which she discoursed for an hour to the Tokyo Ladies' Uplift Association, and what was worse, explained it at length to her Japanese pupils, who realised with astonishment that hitherto they had known nothing of themselves. Chatty, and even garrulous, Mrs. Beard rattles about in a spiritual Ford car, making flickering cinematographic "travelogues." Always merry and bright, she fills more than five hundred pages with "colorful" information and impressions. Streams rush, shrines nestle, the skyline is italicised by temples (whatever that may mean), roots are gnarled, little maidservants flop out of houses, thousands of quiet little lanes run radiating in all directions, city-planning accelerates, and before long the reader's head begins to ache and throb like Mrs. Beard's frantic, ungrammatical prose. America has taught the world that enthusiasm can be deadly and vitality sterile, and Mrs. Beard does her part in enforcing the lesson. Accuracy does not trouble her, and she does not inspire immediate confidence by naming incorrectly Fuji-san, the sacred mountain, which forms the subject of the frontispiece. What she may, however, claim to have done is to have reflected something of the noisy confusion of contemporary Japan.

Captain Kennedy is sound, sober and accurate, but unfortunately cold and often dull. Intending, no doubt, to carry on the tradition of writers like Aston and Chamberlain, whose scholarship was lively and urbane, he has produced what might almost be a Commercial Counsellor's report on matters connected with the Japanese social problem—the present position of Labour, unrest and reaction, the women's movement, the growth of representative government, the influence of the press, and the intermingling

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William Plomer.

JOHN CLARE

Sketches in the Life of John Clare. Written by himself, now first published with an introduction, notes and additions by Edmund Blunden. Cobden-Sanderson. 6s.

Mr. Blunden, adding another to the noble services he has rendered to the memory of John Clare, has edited in this volume a document hitherto unpublished. Clare wrote for Cary, the translator of Dante, an autobiographical sketch which has disappeared, but he wrote also a shorter sketch for John Taylor, which has remained in the possession of Miss Louisa Martin, daughter of Frederick Martin, Clare's biographer, and is now put into print. Mr. Blunden, who is, of course, the most competent person in the world for the task, has edited it and included in his volume some of Clare's recollections of the attractions of London, because this sketch ends when Clare visited London in 1820. It is a slight thing, but, as Mr. Blunden says, "It will be a long time before a voice again speaks from a cottage window with this power over ideas and language." Clare's tragical life is profoundly interesting as a social study. He lived at a time when the class to which he belonged was suffering calamitous loss and degradation, and he is its solitary voice. Here is his picture of the peasant driven to accept parish help: "My father, who had often been crippled for months together with the rheumatics for ten or twelve years past, was now totally drove from hard labour by them, and forced to the last shifts of standing out against poverty. My father's Spirit was strongly knitted with independence, and the thoughts of being forced to bend before the frowns of a Parish to him was the greatest despair; so he stubbornly strove with his infirmities, and pottered about the roads, putting stones in the ruts for his five shillings a week, fancying he was not so much beholden to their forced generosity, as if he had taken it for nothing." Clare's poem on the enclosure of his native parish, Helpstone, revealed an aspect of these village tragedies that was ignored by the upper classes and the statisticians; the attachment of men and women to the villages in which their childhood had been spent. Helpstone was enclosed by an Act of 1809. Clare, who had tended geese and sheep on the common, and had learnt the old village songs from the last village cowherd, was then sixteen.

> These joys, all known in happy infancy,
> And all I ever knew were spent in thee.
> And who, but loves to view where these were past?
> And who that views, but loves them to the last?
> Feels his heart warm to view his native place
> A fondness still those past delights to trace?
> The vanish'd green to mourn, the spot to see,
> Where flourished many a bush and many a tree?
> Where once the brook—for now the brook is gone—
> O'er pebbles dimpling sweet went whimpering on;
> Oft on whose oaken plank I've wond'ring stood,
> (That led a pathway o'er its gentle flood)
> To see the beetles their wild mazes run,
> With jetty jackets glittering in the sun.

After describing the beauties of old Helpstone, which it had pleased Fate to lay in a "dark corner of obscurity," he describes the catastrophe of enclosure:

> Now all laid waste by Desolation's hand,
> Whose cursed weapons level half the land.
> Oh! who could see my own green willows fall,
> What feeling heart but drop a tear for all?
> Accursed wealth, o'erbounding human laws,
> Of every evil thou remain'st the cause;
> Victims of want, those wretches such as we
> Too truly lay their wretchedness to thee.

The lines about "Accursed Wealth" were too much for Lord Radstock, one of Clare's patrons, a well-known Evangelical, whose success in enlisting persons in high rank in the support of the Society for Suppression of Vice delighted Wilberforce. Radstock said that if Clare kept this "Radical slang" he would disown him. Other lines offended his pious susceptibilities for rank and property.

> Sweet rest and peace, ye dear departed charm,
> Which industry once cherished in her arms,
> When ease and plenty, known but now to few,
> Were known to all, and labour had its due.

Yet Clare did not like Radicals. This sketch he ends with a confession of faith:

> Tho' I am at heart a Protestant, perhaps like many more I have been to Church (more) often than I have been seriously inclined to receive benefit, or put its wholesome and reasonable admonitions to practise. Still I reverence the Church and do from my soul as much as anyone curse the hand that's lifted to undermine its constitution. I never did like the runnings and racings after novelty in anything, keeping in mind the proverb "When the old one's gone, there seldom comes a better." The "free will" of ranters, "new light" of Methodists and "Election Lottery" of Calvinism I always heard with disgust, and considered their enthusiastic ravings little more intelligible or sensible than the bellowings of Bedlam. In politics I never dabbled to understand them thoroughly; with the old dish that was served to my forefathers I am content; but I believe the reading of a small pamphlet on the Murder of the French King many years ago, with other inhuman butcheries, cured me very easily from thinking favourably of radicalism. The words "revolution" and "reform" so much in fashion with sneering arch infidels thrill me with terror whenever I see them. There was a Robespierre or something like that name, a most indefatigable butcher, in the cause of the French levellers; and if the account of him be true, hell has never wreaked juster revenge on a villain, since it was first opened for their torture.

It is terrible that a man so happy kicking poetry out of the clods, to borrow his own phrase, should have been condemned to spend nearly thirty years of his life in a mad-house. Mr. Blunden prints in this book a few letters describing him in the Northampton Asylum, printed for the first time. He imagined himself to be Byron and Scott, Nelson and Wellington, and suffered all the illusions common in such places. One line that is quoted in these letters describes with almost unbearable pathos the happiness of his past and the misery of his madness: "Where flowers are, God is, and I am free."

SHORTER NOTICES

The Gardener's Year. By Karel Capek. Allen and Unwin. 3s. 6d.

Anybody who has come in danger of riding a hobby-horse to death should inwardly digest this book. For the gardener is not merely a gardener; he is the perfect specimen of a maniac, cousin-german to those who spend their spare time and a great deal of time they cannot spare in building wireless sets with strange new circuits, pulling the family Ford to pieces, and collecting stamps. While, however, the stamp-collector can make sure of his specimens, can fasten them in a book and ponder over them with pride, the gardener has Nature to deal with, and nothing could be more mischievous or inconsiderate. No one would believe what tricks the soil, the weather and the plants can conspire to play upon him. The campanula gigantea can turn into a horse-radish; that small packet of seeds can yield 160 ornamental thistles, potentially six feet high; the alyssum can plant itself just where the gypsophila is beginning to sprout; worst of all, the hose can spring a leak and coil itself around the gardener's legs, soaking him to the marrow while the garden pants with thirst under the summer sun. (This gardener is too learned to dig up his precious delphinium in mistake for a particularly malevolent weed, as some of us have done.) He had never a moment to look at the fruits of his labours, he passes his life keel upwards in his bed of perennials, nose glued to the soil. In December he wanders round the blackened sticks that mark his treasures, muffled in a greatcoat, the snow tickling his ears. "Brr, it is cold! Even in winter one can't enjoy one's garden." But one can sit by the fireside to read and re-read this book. Take courage, you English gardeners, and grumble to your heart's content about the weather. You will not, come December, bed your garden in green brushwood like the Czech, or muffle your roses against thwie nter frosts. You will not expect snow late in March, but neither will your spring be announced by a last year's butterfly. Joseph Kapek's illustrations are as expressive and economical of line as Karel Capek's prose.

Boom in Florida. By T. H. Weigall. Lane. 10s. 6d.

At the height of the great land boom in Florida a speculator whom Mr. Weigall happened to meet told him that to justify the price he had paid for a certain city property he would have to build on it an office two hundred storeys high with all the rooms let in perpetuity at the prevailing enormous rents. Yet although such a calculation was merely a matter of simple arithmetic, within a few days he had passed on that "investment" at a vastly increased price. There have been, of course, equally absurd and far more disastrous booms in the history of human folly, but surely not one more fantastic than that which Mr. Weigall describes at first hand. Mr. Weigall had fallen on evil days in America, and was working as a dock labourer, when he heard that there was an opening for an educated man in the publicity department of Coral Gables, that American Riviera which appears to have combined the soundest principles of town-planning with the bizarre brilliance of a Hollywood film star's dream. It was while engaged in writing up the attractions of this millionaire's paradise,

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that Mr. Weigall came into contact with the men who counted in Miami, and so into a position to give us these excellent journalistic impressions of American taste and finance at their most capricious.

Little John of Saintré. By Antoine de la Salle. Translated by Irvine Gray. Routledge. 15s.

Critics have vied with one another in attributing anonymous fifteenth-century French works to Antoine de la Salle. Besides the *Quinze Joyes du Mariage*, they have fathered upon him the *Cent Nouvelles Nouvelles* and the famous farce *Pathelin*. Yet the only book he certainly wrote—besides a couple of dull, didactic treatises, one of which, *La Salade*, was compiled for the edification of his pupil, Jean, Duke of Calabria—is *Petit Jehan de Saintré*, a prose romance. Born at the very end of the fourteenth century and in the service of various kings and princes, including Louis III of Anjou, his son the Good King René and Philip of Burgundy, Antoine de la Salle could afford to speak with authority about court life, at a period when the ideals of chivalry were beginning to decay. *Petit Jehan* is a mixture of textbook and story. The hero, half real, half imagined, falls in love with—or, rather, is picked out by—a lady of royal blood, who initiates him into the true meaning of chivalry with many a long and pedagogic discourse, ornamented with Latin tags. This part of the book is decidedly dull to any but the student of mediæval affairs. But in due course the young man goes off in quest of adventure, and the lady, less pedagogically, betrays him for a very rich abbot. The subsequent behaviour of this flower of chivalry seems none too chivalrous to the modern mind. *Petit Jehan* is rather a charming book, tinged with a kind of melancholy regret for the passing of decorative virtues; and those who care for Wardour Street English will find it here conveniently translated into that language.

The Scented Garden. By Eleanour Sinclair Rohde. The Medici Society. 10s. 6d.

There must be few people to whom a once familiar scent does not conjure up the scene with which it was first associated, even though the association was in very early childhood; and it is no credit to our horticulturists that in their lust for size and colour, they are so apt to breed out perhaps the loveliest of all a flower's attributes. So we welcome a book which stresses the charm of the scented garden, and teaches the practical gardener how to please even the frost-bitten nose in mid-winter. Miss Rohde praises not only the sweet-scented flowers to which we all pay homage, but also the "cottage-smelling" flowers such as marigold and phlox and snapdragon. She herself dislikes the privet, and truly privet and elder can be very distasteful at close quarters, yet their scent blown across a field at sunset may be pleasant enough. Miss Rohde gives us a fine collection of recipes from various sources for pot-pourri, etc. It may be that this book will revive the love of the scented garden which must indeed be waning when we can be told in all seriousness that "few people grow the old-fashioned scented sweet peas."

Fed Up. By G. A. Birmingham. Methuen. 7s. 6d.

This is a good but not a vintage Birmingham. Its readers twenty years hence will not be savouring it with delight at once fresh and reminiscent as old admirers of *Spanish Gold* and *Inish Inisheeny* test their palates by trying them over again. Perfect Birminghams need a settled climate, a clear, confident sky under which the grape pressers can sing about their work. To-day they do not sing. They are uncomfortably aware of contemporary politics. Mr. Birmingham's new story reflects some of the fashionable criticism of parliamentary institutions. It is the tale of a Conservative candidate and a Labour candidate who, fed up with politics, take advantage of one of the best motor accidents in fiction to clear out and leave the field clear for the unopposed election of the Conservative's wife who is nominated by both parties as a tribute to her dressmaker's skill and her own readiness to kiss miners, to present committee members with Woolworth beads, to dress up a miner's son in blue satin, and to describe everybody as a pet or a poor dear. The motor accident is admirable and so is the apparent miracle of a lorry running away with itself, but, when it is all over, we are left regretting that only one chapter of the book takes us to an island in the West where men pull lobster-pots out of the sea and women coo like pigeons. Let Dr. Hannay forget politics and help us to forget them, let him arise and go now, and go to Innisfree or Inisheeny or Inishgowlan and give us another vintage Birmingham before it is too late.

Rock and Sand. By John Rathbone Oliver. Allen and Unwin. 7s. 6d.

It is a curious problem; how an author who could choose so imaginative a theme as this treats it so softly and sentimentally. *Rock and Sand* is a story of French Canadian *habitants* whose tiny village gradually becomes a summer resort for English Canadians and for people from the States. The book shows the interrelation of these alien groups; and its theme is the contrast between the poverty-stricken Roman Catholic *habitants*, whose pride and fortitude give value to their lives of hardship, and the rich, rootless summer visitors who have no strength, no dignity, and no grasp on any meaning in life. All this is worked out in terms of a story that has fair plot interest. And yet the book is fourth rate, because every idea and every situation is thought in a flabby, easy, superficial way. The author is pecking at great ideas and noble emotions; but all he produces is a new proof that subject-matter counts for little in art, since value depends upon the range and intensity of the artist's imagination. Regarded as subject-matter, the *habitants* of this book belong to the same world as the people in *Maria Chapdelaine*; regarded as art, the two sets of characters have no more in common than a Milton sonnet and a Mammy song.

The Ravens Enter the House. Ivory Burnett. Murray. 7s. 6d.

The Ravens Enter the House is a Scottish novel of bitter clan feuds and endless quarrels between Kirk and King in the time of Charles I. The scene is set in the Highlands in "Real Argyle," where the wild moors and great forests are well-matched with a primitive and lawless people. The story develops slowly, and nearly the first third of it is devoted to the domestic affairs of Neil Campbell and his half-brother Ivar, who is the hero of the book. This gives an unbalanced effect, for the other two-thirds contain so much bloodshed, so many forays and house-burnings and reiving parties, that it is often difficult to remember who are the aggressors and who the victims, and the reason or lack of reason for each event. A novel of action needs to be written with economy, both of words and trivial incident, but Mr. Burnett is inclined to be verbose and weakens some of his best moments by too much insistence on detail. Ivar Dhu Campbell, however, is a fine hero, brave and resourceful, not too scrupulous, yet appealing. But with all the glamour of setting and subject, the book is muddled in the telling and lacks the splendour which restrained and vital prose would have given it.

Censored: The Private Life of the Movies. By Morris L. Ernst and Pare Lorentz. Cape. $3.50.

American films have been criticised, with sufficient justice, for their stupidity and vulgarity. This book makes it clear that the explanation is not to be found entirely in the ignorance and the cupidity of the controllers of the American film industry, but resides partly in its dominance by unseen though all-powerful dictators, the National Board of Review and the various State and city censors. These authorities, whose office it is to make America safe for morality, agree in nothing but the low view they take of God's own people, and their interfering activities are directed to the protection of the meanest orders of intelligence. The personal histories of these arbitrarily appointed bureaucrats and the records of their achievements in rendering pure and innocuous such artistic films as *The Patriot* and *Sunrise* are wittily characterised in this book, which should be read not merely as a side-light on films but as a sociological document of great interest and value.

A Fugitive in South-West Africa: 1908 to 1920. By Wilhelm Mattenklodt. Thornton Butterworth. 12s. 6d.

Too many books of reminiscences testify to the gulf between life and literature. The thrilling experience does not necessarily make the most exciting reading, and when the publisher of this book of African adventure announces that the narrative "loses nothing in the telling" he is, one feels certain, in error, though the fault may be partly the translator's. Herr Mattenklodt's primary claim to the reader's attention lies in the pertinacity no less than the agility and resource with which, following the surrender of the German South-West African forces to the British in 1915, he avaded capture for nearly four years, living in the bush, paying fugitive visits to the farms of friendly compatriots, and making more than one attempt to get away over the border in the direction of neutral territory. It was on these last escapades, and while in hiding in the lonelier areas of bush, that he found opportunity for the big-game shooting which, described in detail, fills a good many of his pages. He killed indifferently lion, elephant, giraffe, rhinoceros, anything that came his way. Unfortunately, he was a not much better hand with a gun than with a pen, and his record is occasionally as bloody as it tends to be, in bulk, monotonous.

A Selected List

This list is a selection from the most important books to be published during the coming season: the names of a few recently issued volumes are also given in the second division of each section. R. E. R.

ANTHROPOLOGY, ARCHÆOLOGY

Necrocorinthia. H. G. G. Payne. Oxford University Press. 70s.

Greek Cities in Italy and Sicily. D. Randall-MacIver. Oxford University Press. 15s.

A Short History of Biology. Charles Singer. Oxford University Press. 18s.

Spencer's Last Journey. (Journal of an Expedition to Tierra del Fuego.) The late Sir Baldwin Spencer. Oxford University Press. 12s. 6d.

Ancient Civilizations of the Andes. Philip Ainsworth Means. Scribner's. 30s.

The Stone Age Cultures of Kenya Colony. L. S. B. Leakey. Cambridge University Press. 25s.

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Professor of International Politics, University of Wales.

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Geoffrey Bles

In April I am publishing a number of interesting books, and, in particular, I desire to draw your attention to **"PITILESS YOUTH,"** a new novel by EDWARD HOLSTIUS, the author of "GOLD DUST," which was one of the most successful "first novels" of recent years and is now in its fifth edition. After the success of "GOLD DUST," Mr. Holstius was exposed to considerable pressure from his publisher to produce another novel; but he decided to take his own time, and, after reading "PITILESS YOUTH," I applaud his decision. The action of "PITILESS YOUTH" is set in the momentous years just after the War; the theme is, briefly, the capitulation of the older to the younger generation; and the scene is London, with its kaleidoscopic life which the author depicts so well. "PITILESS YOUTH" is certainly a novel which you will enjoy, and I fancy you will hear a good deal more about it.

Another April publication is **"UNVEILED"** (16s. net), by SELMA EKREM. This is the autobiography of a young Turkish girl who gives a vivid picture of life in the harem as it really was. The author belongs to one of the most distinguished families in Turkey, her father having been at one time Private Secretary to the Sultan, and later becoming Governor of Jerusalem.

Here are some reviews of that wonderful autobiography, **"EX-JESUIT"** (10s. 6d. net), by Dr. E. BOYD BARRETT, which is already in its second edition. *The News Chronicle* says: "Dr. Barrett (to whom his masters certainly gave a beautiful sense of the values of prose) was educated by Jesuits, entered the Order—and left it after twenty years in disgust. . . . This record of his stormy spiritual life is one of the most interesting books of its kind ever written." Mr. Richard King writes in *The Tatler:* "This very interesting autobiography shows how, step by step, the author was forced out of his religious calling, not because he had ceased to believe, but because he had tried to exemplify that belief in a manner which he honestly thought enlarged its scope"; and Dr. J. M. Bulloch in *The Sunday Times* calls it "an extremely interesting confession of faith."

Are you a devotee of what *The Star* calls "the new cult of the cat"? If so, you ought to give yourself a copy of MICHAEL JOSEPH'S **"CAT'S COMPANY"** (15s. net), a large quarto volume with illustrations by a celebrated Continental artist B. F. Dolbin. *The Field* says: "Certainly no more charming or delightful book on cats can ever have been written"; *The Evening Standard* calls it "a sumptuous book, which will charm all cat-lovers"; Mr. S. P. B. Mais in *The Daily Telegraph* says that the illustrations are so good that any true dog will bark at the sight of them; and Mr. Cecil Roberts in *The Sphere* sums up: "Cat-lover or boot-thrower, you have here a delightful book!"

In **"CHICAGO SURRENDERS"** (7s. 6d. net) EDWARD SULLIVAN deals with even more dramatic material than in his "LOOK AT CHICAGO," which was one of the most sensational books published last year. Here you have the true story of the assassination of Jake Lingle, the Chicago reporter; the St. Valentine's Day Massacre; the spraying of the dinner party at Fox Lake with machine-gun bullets; and the strange activities—and inactivities—of Chicago's mayor, "Big Bill" Thompson. *The Daily Mail* calls it "a startling book, which well deserves close study"; *The Daily Telegraph* calls attention to Mr. Sullivan's "vivid account of Al Capone's *début* in the Chicago underworld, much less familiar than his later exploits"; and *The Daily Herald* says: "This book, which gives some interesting personal 'shots' of Al Capone and recalls the most spectacular gangster crimes of recent years should create an even greater sensation than the author's previous volume 'LOOK AT CHICAGO.'" (I like the word "shots" in this connection!)

If you enjoy Mystery Novels—and most people do—I can direct your gaze to a new "Star" in the firmament, GEORGE LIMNELIUS, whose **". . . TELL NO TALES"** has received the highest praise from no less an authority than Mr. E. C. Bentley, the author of that classic, "TRENT'S LAST CASE." This is what Mr. Bentley writes in *The Daily Telegraph:* "'. . . TELL NO TALES' is a very unusual mystery novel, both in its setting and in the excellence of its mystification. An admirable murder mystery with one of the most striking *dénouements* I have met with for a long time."

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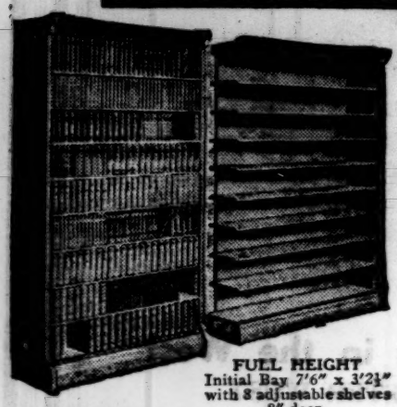

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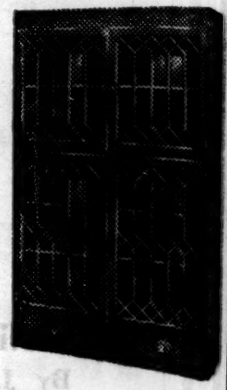

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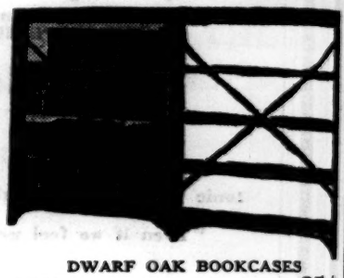

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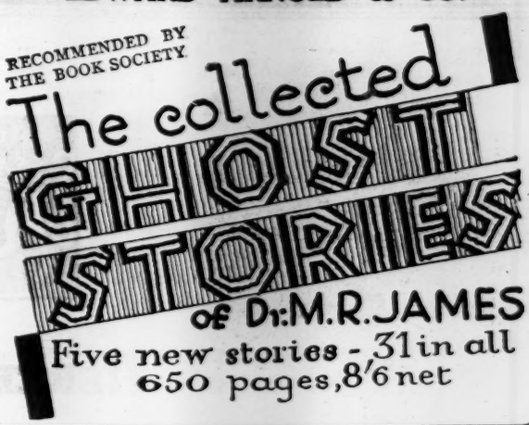

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HYMN TO LIGHT

WHAT is light, the light enduring
Painter's light, a scene immuring
Lonely, waveless, clear and coloured
In whose boundless crystal hollowed
Figures—tree or rock or human
Unicorn, giraffe or woman
Chestnut-denseness, airy willow,
Running water, moon-locked billow,
All are carved like songs of music
Made of silence; so these physic
Shapes of nothing-waves, æthereal
Light appearing as material
Are but dancing figuration
The muscles of imagination.

But the scene, the picture painted
By the mind in vision, tainted
With nostalgia, dyed with human
Feeling: Look! the forum Roman
Ruined, broken; Cæsar noseless
Venus but a torso—causeless
All this memory, was it ever
Aught but dreamlight lightly falling
Broken by this distance, never
Its original self spoiling!
Still that scene lives, is eternal
Only daylight's shift diurnal
Only memory slowly turning
Views Rome building or Rome burning,
Rome's a standstill made of lightning
Never darkening, never brightening
Made of inner light 'twill be still
When light pounds to dust light's crystal.

This inner light, imagination,
Fountain of our inspiration
Building human bodies, faces
Out of—what? There are no traces
Nowhere, never, earth or heaven
By bright sunlight or starred even,
Late or early, Time's illusion
Earth's abundant form-confusion
Show no trace, no sign, no inkling
Of this magic! In the tinkling
Of thin streams down rocky valleys
Shall we find the songs of Schubert?
The lily like the jaguar spotted
The sky with starry bodies dotted
Are that light that laughing madly
Leaps in silences. Ah! sadly
Sadly Light itself remembers
In our minds its dying embers.
We ourselves are these flames burning
Blue and crimson, ours the yearning
In the twilit grate of darkness
Soundless motion-dreaming. Hark! 'tis
Now the horns of flame-sound blowing
Softer than soft water flowing;
All the changing shapes of Silence
Soft explosions like the violence
Of the lily opening, blooming
Of the tulip, swift perfuming
In his sudden searching nostril
And the jaguar stands still.

Light immortal, every substance
Is of thee the bright or dark glance
Is of thee the slow or quick dance.
When I smash thy serene crystal
With my lust's exploding pistol
Instantly thy smooth lake shatters
Globuled radiance round me scatters
All the universe is breaking
Hill and valley-scenery shaking,
Visioned plants and trees and flowers
Blasted into fragments. Hours
Torn like little pebbled boulders
Out of nothingness where moulders
Time, Time like a flameless fire
Like desire without desire
Like a fire that is all airy
Nothing substance, wholly fairy.

Like the swan of Jupiter
On the crystal clear of water
Solid self-curved orb of light
Floating finite-block snow white
Light all light will melt away
Into one transparent day.
In what world Atlantis-drowned
Was light's scattered plumage found?
How collected, how informed
And into a swan-shape calmed,
Like a ship of living light
Crystalled in the beam of sight?
Can this swan, this Jupiter
Be made of light's frozen water,
Leda also but a nymph
Made of light's transparent lymph?
All, all, all, yes all I know,
Earth and Heaven do but flow
Out of light's wave-wandering
Soundless and illumining,
Darkened but then turned to sound,
Soundless but then rock-like found,
Stiff and dumb, tree and hill
Holes where vanished Light lies still.

Hail to thee! O now appear
Every separate starry sphere!
Music, all thy movements find!
Harmony, thy songs combined!
What is substance but a sound,
Sound but number sweetly found
Fitting to the figured ear,

Ear but light's long-empty shell
Where its waves their echo tell,
But are these the songs I hear,
Art *thou*, Heavenly Light? Appear
Radiant as thou canst thou art
Not the song that fills my heart,
Lovely as thou e'er canst shine
Thou art not this love of mine!
Though thou art all that doth seem
Thou art but the light of dream.

W. J. Turner.

PIN-PRICKS OF PUBLICITY

When a man has once allowed the written word to escape from the security of his portfolio into the open maw of the printing-press, he has committed, at the least, an indiscretion. It may be necessary that he should put pen to paper; that that which he has to say cannot remain unspoken; that he needs must, to save his soul from cracking, dissipate his word about the world. He may even (so vicariously do we seek immortality) hawk his Mythos in the market-place in the very praiseworthy effort of bringing the butcher to his door. But whatever cause may awake the voice of one to reverberate into the ears of the many, it can scarcely be doubted that such publication is, at least, as imprudent as it is impudent. There is no known limit to the ramifications of the printed word; it may die in the egg or multiply into a pestilence to shame the rabbit. To publish a book is as dangerous as to promote a company—although not usually so well paid. Such miserables as write, of necessity, to escape their creditors (knowing no other trade) must be forgiven. But those, if there still be such as these in this knowledgeable world, who write but to be read, should be warned of the perils that await them; and, if still recalcitrant, confined into comfortable asylums, expurgated of pen and ink. And lest there be left any innocents to-day wishful to see their names in print, I hasten to bring to their notice one, at least, of the horrors attendant upon that apotheosis. I do not speak of the critic; much should be forgiven him. He is as overworked as he is underpaid; and since no man in his senses would criticise for a pittance when he can write for profit, the critic's gall should be taken (if I may mix a metaphor) with a grain of salt. By no means. Critics, however bad, advertise you free; nor should you look a gift horse in the mouth. It is your public that you have to fear. I am not here speaking of the law of libel, though this grisly spectre should surely be enough to deter the hardiest novice from his attempt. When it is remembered that if one pictures a one-eyed Jones as a drunkard, a lame Smith as a Lothario or a bald-headed Brown as a defaulter, one risks a writ for libel from any gentleman compounding these defects, it is surprising that any story-teller has the temerity to print his tale. But there is yet another fly to be discovered in the ointment of publicity. This is that ubiquitous (and usually obnoxious) insect, the private letter-writer.

It may seem, at first sight, curiously ungrateful that an author should disparage any reader who takes the trouble to write to him in praise of his book. The gesture is, at least, a friendly one; and however futile the letter may be, should (one might insist) be at least gracefully acknowledged. There are, however, limits to an author's pride and patience. I remember, some years ago, when I had been billed to take a chair at a lecture, receiving a note from an unknown reader expressing a rapturous admiration for my work, informing me that she would attend the lecture, and advising me of the colour of her hat. I omitted to take up the challenge; nor do I remember to have felt flattered in the matter. But it is to be feared that all writers of this class are not so disinterested as their style might lead one to believe. Why these feminine readers (the habit seems confined to these) should consider the signature of a working novelist of more value than that of a working carpenter or of a working bank-manager I am unable to explain. But these female *autolycæ* are in the nature of a nuisance, and one of them at least deserves to be unmasked. This is a certain Miss Eva H. Jaffee, writing from 2249E 71st Street, Cleveland, O. I do not hesitate here to make public a private letter for reasons that will be apparent later. This letter (dated October 27th last and forwarded to me by my American publisher) reads as follows. As a model of fatuity, I print it in full; my modesty enforcing anonymity:

Dear Mr. A,

I could not refrain from writing this letter of appreciation to you. Your book " . . . " is very fine! It reveals a profound, penetrating philosophy of life. Its characters are fine, sympathetic, philosophic, and brilliant studies of human beings. You write as if you understand life and humanity; and they are not easily understood. Your book is one that paints a picture not easily forgotten.

You are certainly a very wise and brilliant person. A very deep understanding of human nature is revealed in " . . . " Therefore I would love to receive a personal reply from you. Of course I realise that I am merely a stranger to you; and the answering of these questions would be granting me a very great honor indeed! But a group of my friends who enjoyed your book and I would certainly treasure and appreciate an answer. So please answer the following questions unless you consider them too personal. What do you consider the more important in its influence: heredity or environment? Why? How can one face the death of a beloved one if reason forbids one to believe in immortality? What are the titles of your favourite books and who are your favourite authors? What are your hobbies? What do you think the world needs most in order to make it a better place in which to live? What do you think is the greatest thing in life? Do you believe that human nature can be altered entirely; to a certain extent; or not at all? Why?

Of course I realise that you must be a very busy person. So please answer as many questions as possible. I will be grateful even if you only answered *one*.

If you have copies of your picture among advertising material please send me one, as I would love to have it. I would also love to see what you look like.

I thank you very much for taking the time to read this letter; and I would appreciate any reply that I may receive. "May God bless you and keep you"; and may you continue to write for many future years.

Sincerely yours,
Eva H. Jaffee.

Having read this remarkable effusion, I threw the letter into a drawer; its sheer idiocy served to save it from the waste-paper basket. Two days later I was glad that I had kept it; for the post brought me another letter from Eva Jaffee (also dated October 27th); this time, however, addressed to Mr. B., the letter coming into my hands in the position of a literary executor. For the purposes of comparison, I print it herewith:

Dear Mr. B,

I could not refrain from writing this letter of appreciation to you. Your book " . . . " is certainly fine! Its characters are sympathetic, realistic and philosophic studies of characters. You write as if you understood life and humanity; and they are not easily understood. " . . . " shows a profound, penetrating philosophy of life.

You are certainly a very wise and brilliant person! A very deep understanding of human nature is revealed in your book. Therefore I would love to receive a personal reply from you. Of course I realise that I am merely a stranger to you, and the answering of these questions would be granting me a very great honor indeed! But some of my relatives who enjoyed your book and I would certainly treasure and appreciate an answer. So please answer the following questions unless you consider them too personal.

What do you think is the more important in its influence; heredity or environment? Why? How can one face the death of a beloved one if reason forbids one to believe in immortality? What are the titles of your favourite books, and who are your favourite authors? What are your hobbies? What do you believe that the world needs most in order to make it a better place in which to live? Do you believe that human nature can be changed entirely; to a certain extent; or not at all? Why?

Of course I realise that you must be a very busy person. So please answer as many questions as possible. I would be grateful even if you answered only one.

If you have copies of your picture among advertising material please send me one, as I would love to have one, and I would love to see what you look like.

I thank you very much for taking the time to read this letter, and I would certainly appreciate any reply that I may receive. "May God bless you and keep you"; and may you continue to write for many future years.

Sincerely yours,
Eva H. Jaffee.

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I hesitate to conjecture how many letters to authors have been issued from that modest address, "2249E 71st Street." From the evidence of her handwriting, poor Eva must have written many letters between mine and Mr. B.'s. Actually Mr. B. comes much further down the alphabet than I do, and Eva was certainly somewhat tired by then.

But I hope and believe that the number of writers who have acquainted this industrious scribe with their views upon heredity and environment, human nature and immortality, their reading and their hobbies, is comparatively small, and that the Jaffee anthology will be stillborn. But lest any of the very young and innocent should be tempted to reply and so aid this lady in her undertaking (as also to deter other adventuresses in the field) it has seemed to me only right and proper to publish these letters.

I cannot help feeling, however, that it is damnably hard luck on poor Eva that I happened to be B.'s executor.

MARSYAS.

PLUS ÇA CHANGE—

Bulwer: A Panorama. Edward and Rosina, 1803-1836. By MICHAEL SADLEIR. Constable. 16s.

The title of this book gives one qualms. Bulwer, and Bulwer's married life above all, offer congenial matter to the giggling tradition of biography, that may show a most pitiful ambition in the writer that uses it, but is too caressing to the sense of inferiority not to delight this age of uncertain status. Mr. Sadleir's name, however, is reassuring: his *Trollope* showed too sound a humanity, too courageous an appreciation of the Victorian virtues, for one to doubt his power of handling with comprehension as well as scholarship a figure the more dangerous to deal with just now in that he showed, and typically, so many flaws that are, some of them, Victorian. Yet one may be tempted to wonder, at first sight, why Bulwer, with *Lives* enough to supply a cat, should be done again on this monumental scale: this massive volume is merely the first of three.

In fact, by the time one has reached the end of it, one is left regretting that the others have not appeared yet. Art—among several hundred definitions—is the power of portraying the general through the particular: and that, precisely, has been Mr. Sadleir's purpose. He does not so much draw Bulwer's background for us as use him for foreground to the picture of an age, and an age with a curious and special relevance to us who see it across the nineteen-twenties. His work has thus an ambitious duality, for he does not forget he is writing a man's life too, and one, if of small charm, of uncommon pity. Bulwer had brilliant talents, amazing vitality, and resounding success through a long and distinguished lifetime: and his powers and their ample fruit were salt in his mouth. This study of him to the age of thirty-three, to the publication of half a score of novels, a start in politics, and the wreck of his marriage, shows a man whom success and failure conspired to attack. Indeed, he was tempting matter for Goddess Fortune. Three restless, fretting marriages gave him being: Mr. Sadleir's handsomeness in beginning with the conjugal careers of his subject's grandparents is justified by the portrait frontispiece with the too large, heavy lidded eyes and the pouting underlip. If he had, among more consciously Byronic qualities, the incurable puppyism that was in Byron, he had something of his dæmonic energy, his cool and sensitive power of seeing his own time, and his tormented inability to feel either with it or assuredly against it, by reason of the ferment within himself of arrogance and a terrified unsureness. He might have been, if not a great artist, a great man, but like Byron's, his gold had been cracked within the ring.

It was mainly the fault of three women, his mother first. She was a typical Englishwoman of good family: and the ethos of that type is, somehow, less often that of the aristocrat than of the *bonne bourgeoise*, who is in many ways an admirable person, but not a safe guardian for certain valuable qualities. Barring Florence Nightingale and the two great queens—and one of these was Welsh and the other German—one notices that in English history there is nothing corresponding to the active figures of women in that of France or Scotland or even Italy: those who are active are so by means of committees. The Englishwoman does not understand the cutting edge, which perhaps is why she is so often beautiful. Mrs. Bulwer-Lytton neither saw what her son willed nor that there was any reason why he should will it. Later, she praised "not what he had done, but its success." That is bitter. He had his sentimental education from Lady Caroline Lamb, then a Bright Not-so-Young Person with the lust of her kind to *pamper la vie* of younger people of parts. And he married a Bright Young Person of her training. One cannot help but be sorry for Rosina. She made him an intolerable wife, but only an uncommon woman could have made Bulwer a good one, and poor Rosina was common in more than one sense. And she did try. But a Goddess of Reason (deputy) for mother does not promise a very rational upbringing, and she had Lady Caroline for duenna. The wonder is that she was not *détraquée* sooner. The only comfort or stability is in that middle-aged Anne Elliot, Mary Greene, whose patient, upright, and unceasing kindness, good sense, and sympathy, strove to save their two pitiful children from the wreckage.

Behind the fretting unhappy muddle of it was the resounding success as man of letters that made Bulwer one of the most notable figures of his day—to it, at all events. He has lost his vogue: M. Prévot has long since pointed out the Nemesis that awaits "*l'excès de littérature voulue, apparente, aggressive*," and the often substantial substance of his books is drowned for us in that extravagant and erring prose of his where "windows" become "admittants of the celestial beam" in a way that reminds us of *Irene Iddesleigh*. But—and for more solid reasons than his uncanny flair for what the smart public would love, his uncanny versatility in being in immediate touch with the rising fashion—he was brilliantly accepted as eminent in those 1820's and 1830's that are so amazingly and amusingly a sort of stylised version of the last decade, with a different method, to be sure, of *étaler les appâts féminins*, but essentially the same loud shapelessness, whether social, economic, or philosophic, the extravagant gaiety on the thin lid of nothing, that grows from a disappointment past prouder desires.

Mr. Sadleir draws Bulwer in that society, and in politics—for the man found time, besides his astonishing outflow of ink, to rise to Colonial Secretary in an age when even a private M.P. was a personage—and handles too, with a solid thoroughness, his share in the politics of the world of letters. There one jolts into awareness of change, after all, for he was deep in the violent feuds of the press at a time when reviewing was still a real force. The modern novelist, who has nothing worse to fear from his reviewers than the narrow experience of the Cockney intellectual and the endemic inability either to write a *précis* or to omit one, reads the attacks on Bulwer with his hair rising. The war, in fact, was not magnificent. To a man of profound and uneasy sensitiveness combined with arrogance, conspicuous from spectacular success, worried to death for money in spite of it, with not a friend, in all the *schwärmerei*, to rely on, it must have been what Dante heard outside Hell:

> Diverse lingue, orribile favelle,
> parole di dolore, accenti d'ira,
> voci alte e fioche, e suon di man con elle.

But he was in it: and he comes out of it, at least, better than Thackeray, Lockhart, or the anopheles Maginn, although there was just enough justice in the attacks to leave him more defenceless than Keats or Byron. What stays in the mind is an active unhappy figure with a background of an age very like our own . . . . and a famous remark about learning from history that men never do learn anything from history.

AGNES MURE MACKENZIE.

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of Carlyle's History. The venom with which succeeding historians have treated Macaulay is easily comprehensible. He committed the sin which to professional men is most unforgivable: he opened the arcana to the general public. His avowed object was "to supersede the last fashionable novel on the tables of young ladies." In this object he succeeded. And the professional historians have made him pay for his success.

The supreme quality of Macaulay is that he is one of the most readable of all authors. Life is long and Art is short. That is to say, the satisfactory books of the world are still rather few in comparison to the 350,000 hours of leisure which the life of even a hard-working person may easily contain. And of Macaulay's works it is true what reviewers so continually and so falsely say about new novels, that once opened they are difficult to lay down. Not only is the writing invariably vivid, but each sentence and each paragraph invites you to read its successor. Macaulay scores with the certainty of a champion pigeon-shooter. "Every subject," he says somewhere, "has striking and interesting sides to it if people could only find it out." There were interesting sides that Macaulay never discovered, but the side he did discover was never dull. His narrative carries along beside the shores of the past at speeds always appropriate to the spectacle afforded. In his History he wrote no faster than Time itself: the events of fifteen years took him fifteen years to record. The compositor told him that there was only one sentence he did not understand at the first reading, and the reader may add that there is not one sentence which he did not enjoy.

Macaulay's style is based upon Gibbon, Johnson and the Latins. When he was taken to Strawberry Hill at the age of four, Lady Waldegrave inquired after his toothache. "Thank you, Madam," the child replied, "the agony is abated." His prodigious reading reinforced his mild taste for archaisms. He always writes "malecontents" instead of "malcontents," and he frequently talks of people not having "the forehead" to do something, meaning the impudence, or as the modern colloquialism has it, "the face." The pomposity of his language about frivolous matters is often comic, but like the mannerisms of other great writers, it is also endearing. Often he labours some obvious point with a very unnecessary wealth of arguments and analogies. As Leslie Stephen said, "nobody can hit a haystack with a surer aim," but in face of a torrent who complains that it would reach the sea as surely with a slighter display of energy? In his *Lays* he uses romantic metres, but the structure remains Augustan. The form is Scott's, but the similes are derived from Homer, and the neatness from Pope. Born in 1800, and fixed in his tastes and opinions before he left Cambridge, he remained as unaffected by Romanticism as by Radicalism. His verse, unlike Scott's, is still readable. It has the same qualities as his prose. But even at its best, as in the epitaph on the Exiled Jacobite, who:

> Heard on Lavernia Scargill's whispering trees
> And pined by Arno for *his* lovelier Tees,

it never rises beyond an eighteenth-century sensibility. His prose is always in the Grand Manner. Sentence is piled upon sentence according to the rules of rhetoric, and after a rain of short sentences, the paragraph is finally driven home with a hammer: "The most impudent of all lies was a fit companion for the foulest of all murders." He is a master of invective, but his words never suggest more than they state, and the rapid reader misses nothing. Macaulay's style has the beauty only of perfect adaptation to its purpose. He can match a pageant with sumptuous words, he can paint the more apparent beauties of nature; as in this description of Ireland:

> The turf is of livelier hue than elsewhere: the hills glow with a richer purple: the varnish of the holly and the ivy is more glossy: and berries of a brighter red peep through foliage of a brighter green.

But of "something far more deeply interfused," there is never a glimpse. For all his admiration of Shelley and Coleridge, he entirely lacked the sense of mystery and inexorable fate.

This limitation is his great weakness. His superlatives and exaggerations, his passion for making white whiter and black blacker, his love of unresolved discords in character—look at his Boswell and his Marlborough—seem attempts to use the picturesque to compensate for the absence of the poetic. He was a born Philistine, and nothing occurred in his life to unbalance him. A financial misfortune only gave him a chance to play the pious son and virtuous apprentice; and the experience that caused him most distress appears to have been the loss of an election. A good and kind man, he was never, that I can discover, in the least in love, and his one love poem is comically ungallant, with its dismissal of the lady, "O fly, Madonna, fly," at the crack of dawn. One doubts if he knew even the agitation of a vulgar sexual adventure. He found *Moll Flanders* "utterly wretched and nauseous," and his comments on the Restoration dramatists are as ridiculous as his indignation at Queen Mary's taste for Chinese porcelain. The historian as well as the critic was damaged by the narrowness of his experience. Of Frederic the Great he says that "he was accused of vices from which History averts her eyes, and which even Satire blushes to name." Unluckily, he chose as hero for his masterpiece a neurotic whom he could not possibly understand; and from William's temperament the historian averted his eyes with only too great success.

Macaulay's Puritanism was, however, less harmful than the complacency produced by so undisquieted a life in so progressive and prosperous a period. A loyal son of Cambridge, he had little sympathy for lost causes and impossible loyalties. And he saw history not as the tragedy of the human race, but as a moral tale ending in the Victorians living happily ever afterwards. This led him to what he himself stigmatises as "the error of judging the past by the present." In the chapter "On the State of England in 1685" he never tires of emphasising the superiority of the England of Queen Victoria to the England of Newton, Dryden and Wren. He might, indeed, have anticipated Taine by calling his History "The Origins of Contemporary England," and there are times when his chief object in describing the past, one would say, is to contrast it with the excellence of the present. He cannot paint William's landing at Tor Bay without congratulating himself upon the villas which have since embellished the scene, and when his subject takes him to Cork, he deplores the fact that the city did not in the seventeenth century contain a town hall in the style of Sir Gilbert Scott. At the same time, he was the first historian, I think, to perceive that the social life of the common people was at least as important a part of history as the making of constitutions and dynastic wars.

It is not party feeling so much as this complacent belief in the merits of Victorian civilisation which has exposed him to the charge of Whig prejudice. Similarly his inaccuracies of fact are less important than the limitations of his sensibility. John Paget exposed the untrustworthiness of his accounts of Penn, Marlborough and Glencoe, while Spedding, protesting too much, assaulted his essay on Bacon with two volumes of elaborate erudition. But the real scandal of that essay is not an occasional error in detail, still less the quite defensible estimate of Bacon's character: it is the vulgar contempt Macaulay displays for all disinterested speculation. His capacity was indeed no greater for profound thought than for profound feeling. But it is neither as a philosopher nor as a poet that Macaulay presents himself to posterity. It is as a historian with the most magnificent powers of narration.

The great Victorians were extraordinarily unlike the Victorian type evolved by the imagination of the moderns. Darwin was no more a prig than Swinburne was a Puritan: no one could wish for artists to be more neurotic than Tennyson, Ruskin, and Carlyle. But Macaulay, the greater part of whose life was over before the death of William IV, was entirely immune from the "strange disease of modern life" which afflicted these writers. He was Victorian as the Queen and her less distinguished subjects were Victorian. And it is this more than the hostility of later historians which has wrecked his popularity. I do not think that the selections made by Messrs. Downs and Davies will do much to revive his fame, for he requires to be read in bulk. He was averse himself from the republication of his Essays, he expressed a regret which one cannot share that he had ever written on purely literary subjects, and it is on the History that he wished and deserves to be judged.

I will end with two quotations, one about dogs from his Correspondence, and the other from a magazine article:

> How odd that people of sense should find any pleasure in being accompanied by a beast which is always spoiling conversation.
>
> Truth is the object even of those works which are peculiarly called works of fiction, but which, in fact, bear the same relation to history which algebra bears to arithmetic.

Perhaps there are others beside myself who may be attracted to Macaulay by these casual comments.

Raymond Mortimer.

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A CRITIC ON A TOWER

The Prospects of Humanism. By Lawrence Hyde. Howe. 10s. 6d.

Mr. Hyde has reached the second stage of his inquiry into contemporary values. His attitude so far has been largely critical, towards science in *The Learned Knife* and in the present volume towards modern religion and its substitutes. There are so many problems implicit in this research on which Mr. Hyde has already made up his mind, that it may be as well to state them. The first is that "the determining factor in our understanding of life is moral," and that no useful or important criticism of art, philosophy or life can be made by a man who does not submit himself to "a definite type of spiritual discipline, since it is on such discipline that insight in the end depends." Three questions arise from this which Mr. Hyde does not examine formally or successively, but which underlie almost every paragraph of his book: what is criticism? what is intelligence? and what is religion? I do not mean that he discusses these questions in the abstract, but that from his particular point of view he asks, what is *true* criticism *now*, and so on.

I shall take first the question of criticism, because Mr. Hyde is a critic, and it is on his conception of the duties and scope of criticism that the whole book is based. A critic in his view must be an intellectual leader, the modern equivalent of the scholastic theologian. Hence his scope is unbounded; he must examine and correlate the best contemporary thought in science, philosophy, art and religion; he must further be capable of judging the whole of it from a single eminence. Looking down from the top of his Eiffel Tower Mr. Hyde sees extended below him the labours and unrelated activity of his contemporaries: Mr. Wells perched on the back of a van broadcasting his open conspiracy in strangely genial tones, Mr. Clive Bell sniffing an orchid below the misty panes of a greenhouse, groups of people standing about on the grass, shabby individuals seated muttering along the paths. To Mr. Hyde from his look-out it is a varied, comic and pathetic scene. But he is not alone; a few have struggled up to the top with him and are leaning on the balcony, or he shouts to them on the platform below. Most of the talking is with Professor Irving Babbitt and Mr. Middleton Murry; occasionally he catches the ear of Mr. I'Anson Fausset, Mr. Eliot or Keats. On the plain below the ghost of Edmund Gosse, negligently detached and cocking a wary eye upwards, rouses Mr. Hyde to fury, and he denounces him—not serious, a snob, what does he *know?* etc. But the ghost vanishes.

Mr. Hyde is busy working out his disagreements with Professor Babbitt and Mr. Murry. The subject of conversation is intelligence, in the full sense of the term, with religion in the background. He objects to Professor Babbitt's Humanism, because it is negative and self-centred and restrained, rather than active and positive; and he makes the good point that for a hundred people who can understand religion, only one can understand Humanism. With Mr. Murry's "new Romanticism" he has more in common; it achieves the unity which Humanism lacks, but like Humanism it is a philosophy of the elect, and its unqualified acceptance of experience—"everything is valid, but incomprehensibly so"—does not seem to him a solution at all. In both these substitutes for religion Mr. Hyde argues that the head and heart do not work together—too often the brain spins round like an escaped cog. In an attempt to define the fully balanced intelligence which is not merely a machine for rationalising the emotions, he writes extremely well:

> Every failure of the mind to deal effectively with its experience can be traced to a lack of balance between two great potencies in the soul, one masculine and positive, the other feminine and negative, in character. There is, in the first place, that within us which is responsive to whatever belongs to order, which seeks always to create unity within diversity, which looks everywhere for basic principles, which finds its satisfaction in establishing hierarchies and rearing architectonic structures. And there is that within us also which is poignantly alive to the precious character of the momentary and the individual, which has no disposition to dissociate the universal from the particular in which it appears, which is as vividly aware of the uniqueness of each several tree as it is indifferent to the wood of which it is part. When either of these sides of the intellectual nature acquires an undue ascendancy over the other the result is a distorted view of reality.

On the one side, he says, you have highbrows, intellectuals, University professors; on the other sensationalists in literature and empiricists in science. His generalised pictures and criticisms of these types are brilliant and true; as when he says that for the intellectual "all utterances have become *anonymous*" and that "our modern critics have *appropriated* the intellectual conclusions of these living, passionate people [of the past] without paying the proper price for doing so." He might have based a whole book of criticism of modern education on that last remark.

I wish that in this book he had directed his admirably realistic gift of analysis to modern literature other than the philosophic writings of Mr. Murry, Professor Babbitt and others. He tends rather to be the critic of criticism; and though religion, with its implications, is the subject of his trilogy (there is another volume to come), he has found so much space for physics, biology, philosophy, and æsthetics that discussion of literature and the arts would surely not have been irrelevant. In one or two passages he shows an admirable understanding of the poetic character: then why has he nothing to say about modern poetry? His views on sensationalism and intellectualism would obviously apply here, and I am tempted to offer him a theme to start from. He follows up very closely and critically the various attempted "syntheses" of modern writers on philosophy and religion: why not do the same with the attempted artistic "syntheses" in the poetry of Mr. Eliot and the prose of Mr. Joyce? *Ulysses* and *The Waste Land* are probably the most deliberately synthetic works of art which have ever been composed; Mr. Hyde could have drawn and reinforced his moral here. Perhaps I am wrong, but I feel that he has evaded the issue of literature; with this omission his survey can hardly be complete, because he is dealing all the time with motives and first principles which apply equally to art and science. Possibly he is doubtful of the final importance of art; his depreciation of Gosse as a merely "literary" critic and his recommendation of Mr. Murry as "the most important critic living in England to-day" suggest that. And yet it is not the sort of blind-spot one would expect to find in Mr. Hyde.

What is finally important to him is religion. His diagnosis of modern culture is essentially religious, and the great merit of it is that it succeeds in combating other standards of value on their own grounds without descending to mere tricks of argument. He has a good deal of sympathy with all the writers he attacks; particularly with Mr. Murry. This gives his criticism a warmth of understanding which is usually absent in writing of this sort, and which makes his work valuable whether one agrees with him or not. He leaves conclusions for another volume. One gathers that he regards belief in God as essential, but he adds, "The religion of the Churches is a dead religion; on that point one must remain firm." *The Prospects of Humanism* is an argument, carried pretty wide, for the necessity of belief in God, though so far Mr. Hyde has expressed this necessity only in criticism of the position of others:

> Unfortunately, however, the modern intellectual does not happen to believe in God. Or, at the best, his God is something of the order of a bit of space-time, or a nisus towards perfection, communion with whom is hardly likely to prove a particularly invigorating affair. And the consequence is that, even if we are disposed to "explain" religious worship in terms of purely subjective psychological processes, it remains true that through the decline of his faith he is deprived of an extremely potent stimulus—a stimulus which is at any rate indisputably more powerful than the coffee and the cigarettes for which he is accustomed to reach out in the search for inspiration.

These remarks are intentionally low-pitched. In his next volume Mr. Hyde may be expected to come out with full cry; though what exactly he will be after it is impossible to guess.

G. W. Stonier.

DEATH IN LIFE

Post-Mortem. By Noel Coward. Heinemann. 5s.

Success makes some men soft at the edges. Others it "hardens off," as gardeners say. Mr. Coward has been duly hardened off. He is strong enough now to court unpopularity by choosing one of the most unpopular of dramatic subjects—the aftermath of the War. His impulse in this play is one of sheer moral indignation, rising at times to a white fury. Largely for this reason his play is timely and exhilarating.

It begins in the trenches, company headquarters, a quiet sector, in the spring of 1917; and the play's motive can be found in this speech of John's:

> I am not so sure. I have a feeling that one might see the whole business just for a second before one dies. Like going under an anaesthetic, everything becomes blurred and enormous and then suddenly clears, just for the fraction of a fraction of a moment. Perhaps that infinitesimal moment is what we are all waiting for really.

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2nd Impression

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John is killed, but before he dies he does "see the whole business" as far as he is capable of seeing it. We are projected forward to his father's house in Kent in the year 1930 when John, looking exactly as he did in the preceding scene and unaware that thirteen years have passed, comes forward to life, as it were, and visits his mother again. He is immediately disappointed. His father is still "going on like he used to." Monica, the girl he was engaged to, is now married; indeed, his mother "has not seen her for years" except in the illustrated papers. Lady Cavan is a wise, charming, gentle soul, and the scenes between her and her son, both here and at the end of the play, strike almost the only note of hope in the sombre pessimism of Mr. Coward's philosophy. John proceeds from disappointment to despair. He leaves his mother to call on Monica, now commercially well married, childless, deteriorated, but not dissipated, and cheap in everything but her tastes.

John's dismay is brilliantly brought out in that suppression of spoken sentences, that virtue of omission which is Mr. Coward's secret. They are discussing a gramophone.

> Monica: You see that sinister little arm keeps on slapping them on and snatching them off all by itself, horrid, isn't it?
>
> John: Good idea really, saves all that business of winding.
>
> Monica: It's certainly convenient, but rather scare making, don't you think? Everything's absolutely terrifying nowadays. I am seriously thinking of going into a monastery. (*She said this at dinner a few nights ago and everybody laughed. John smiles, rather absently.*)
>
> John: Oh, Monica! (*He sits down.*)

The above passage, poignant in its petty tragedy, helps to construct the fearful edifice of John's disillusionment. He is not mistaken for a ghost, his appearance deceives and disturbs nobody, but as the play proceeds he comes to the realisation that those who were killed in the War escaped from a world shortly to become bored and trivial. Perry, his former friend in action, deepens this impression. Perry calls life as it now is "a formless deserted boredom, everything eliminated, whittled right down to essentials which aren't there." Perry's book is just about to be destroyed officially as the result of machinery set in motion by the *Daily Mercury*, a paper owned by John's detestable father. Perry holds no brief for his book, but "you have to talk to dogs in bone language and it's difficult, particularly if you don't care for dogs." The scene culminates in a speech of powerful invective which sums up the tragic implications of the play. "Fundamental good in human nature," Perry says, "is all a joke with nobody to laugh at it." They agree that death among friends is better than life among enemies, and Perry shoots himself.

Inevitably we are shown the private office of Sir James Cavan, John's father, in the *Daily Mercury* building. Here Mr. Coward lapses into rank caricature. This scene, the fifth, is extremely good entertainment, but such entertainment is out of place in a morality play that moves from the plane of naturalistic drama to that of Strindberg's *Spook Sonata*. The entertainment of farce is not lacking, but there is no tragedy and no irony. Sir James, a man of many faces, can afford repeatedly to turn the other cheek. The truth glances off his hide like information off a certain type of tourist. John calls him a licentious sentimentalist and he smiles his thanks. "Father and I have always been pals," writes the messy-souled amanuensis. There is the figure-of-fun hostess who "gave" her sons and gives perpetual parties. There is a stage Bishop direct from fifth-rate comedy, as fatuous as a hot-cross bun without spice. John launches a speech or two on the dull waters of dead sorrows, is called "a very interesting young man" and asked to dinner.

The sixth and penultimate scene of the play abundantly compensates for the above lapse. In the sixth scene realism and fantasy are beautifully balanced. John has been dining with his comrades of the opening scene. All but he have deteriorated and are now mouldering in a fair prosperity. John touches the depths of despair. Like Monica, they catch his sense of their deterioration. The moment is one of nightmare for him. Each man flaunts the headlines of his casual creed, John is convinced "life has not compensated him for not dying." As though to clinch and emphasise the contrast, two of the men appear as they were at the moment of John's death. Only Tilley refuses to be mortified by self-content: life, peace, death, war, in whatever order, are "equal as jobs to me and I am a worker," he says.

So we go back to Lady Cavan and John's fulfilment of his promise to revisit her before his final departure. His mother alone remains untouched by the corroding influence of the world. All she need say is, "I love you far beyond the limits of my understanding." This exquisite interlude is placed between two scenes of controversy and bitterness. The play ends where it started, in a dug-out. John, his moment of revelation over, declares life a poor joke and dies.

We may not be justified in assuming that any philosophy arising articulately from a play's action is that of the dramatist, but whatever the truth or mistakenness of this philosophy, *Post-Mortem* is undoubtedly Mr. Coward's finest achievement. The play moves on the wings of its own compulsion, a little masterpiece of concentrated emphasis, and the sooner it is produced the better for the reputation of our theatre.

Geoffrey Dearmer.

A PROVINCIAL ZOLA

Charles Reade. By Malcolm Elwin. Cape. 12s. 6d.

The community will benefit when there is a direct entry into the Park from the bottom of Sloane Street which will prevent south-going traffic having to go round by Albert Gate. This piece of town-planning will entail the demolition of 19 Albert Gate, which, in fact, is already announced. The same scheme was mooted as long ago as 1878, when the house was inhabited by a litigious old gentleman born in 1814, who had been suitably rewarded for a third in Greats with a life fellowship at Magdalen College, Oxford, and was now settling down to a comfortable old age along with his platonic friend Mrs. Seymour the actress. The old gentleman renamed his residence "Naboth's Vineyard," and raised such a clatter that the scheme was finally abandoned. The authorities might well have hesitated before exciting the frenzy of Mr. Charles Reade, the householder in question, author, among numerous other works, of *The Lyons Mail* and *The Cloister and the Hearth*, a former dealer in Cremona violins and old masters, who had conducted with success the affairs of a herring fishery and outraged the feelings of his fellow dons when Vice-president of Magdalen.

Mr. Elwin, in a solid and informing though rather clumsy volume, drags us ruthlessly through the unpleasing life of this Zola of the provinces. Reade's life was conditioned by his Magdalen fellowship. It gave him just enough to live on if he did not marry and was willing to be a clergyman, a doctor or a lawyer. To the Church he had an invincible hostility. Anatomy schools made him sick. So he learned just enough law to acquire a taste for litigation. Meanwhile he made a little more money out of the violins and the herrings. He was in middle life before he had "penned a line." He had early a passion for the stage and wished above all to be a successful dramatist. As adaptor of *The Lyons Mail* he may be said to have succeeded. But his life of hasty translation from the French, his hobnobbing with Robertson, Boucicault and others do not make pretty reading. The English stage in the middle of the nineteenth century is an ungracious theme, and Reade never seemed to attain the dignity of letters. Few lives are more dingy than those spent on the outskirts of the stage, and too much of Reade's life was passed there. Yet he lived to write books, still known to everyone by name, which can be procured in cheap editions, which publishers go on reprinting, and which someone presumably buys. We all read *The Cloister and the Hearth* when we were children, and remember having enjoyed it. Swinburne paid Reade a generous and enthusiastic tribute, and he was immensely successful in his own day. Why was he successful? For his novels seem long, pretentious, boring. He could manipulate a complicated plot, but he was utterly without humour; his characters are generally unconvincing; his style is undistinguished. Too often he descends frankly to the absurd:

> He then delivered a glowing eulogy on his father and Mrs. Dodd, to whom the boy's character was now a grave and anxious study, saw with no common satisfaction, his cheeks flush and his eyes moisten, as he dwelt on the calm, sober, unvarying affection and reasonable indulgence he and his sister had met with all their lives from the best of parents.

It is disappointing after this to learn that the father, not the son, was a first-class blackguard.

But in the spacious days of Queen Victoria readers did not mind books being verbose and humourless if they got something for their money. And Reade always gave them something. In *Hard Cash* the iniquitous habit of locking up perfectly sane relations in private asylums is properly castigated. In *It's Never Too Late To Mend* the details of convict life are recounted with horrific realism. In *Put Yourself in His Place* we have for once a convincing study of a stupid and jealous trade union crushing a

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really intellectual workman. Reade's victims howled with rage. But he had always mugged his subject up and was rarely caught out in an inaccuracy. His floors were littered with newspaper cuttings, his walls lined with card indexes. For this he has gained the reputation of being an English Zola (under the title of *Drink* he made a successful melodrama out of *L'Assommoir*) and Swinburne has used this description as a term of reproach. But it was unfair to Zola, for Zola was a poet, *L'Homère des vidanges*, as Mme. de Guermantes called him, appropriating without acknowledgment an idea from Proust. Zola's researches inflamed his imagination and he painted vast frescoes, though with uncertain sensibility. His "handwriting" was often poor. But Reade had no imagination to inflame. His curiosity was stimulated, his sense of justice outraged, but that was all. He is like the bad bits of Zola.

I have spent the last three weeks trying to read Charles Reade, and the result has been a disappointment. I have not got all through a single book. But his life is worth studying; his so ambitious, litigious, various, eccentric, unromantic life, which seems to come straight out of Dickens. He never starved even when quite unknown, because he always had his fellowship; yet he was always rather battered even in his prosperous days. Though highly cosmopolitan, he seems quite uncivilised. When not inside of a theatre, he was inside a law court. He spent half his life writing flashy melodramas and then fighting cases about them. Finally he settled down platonically in Albert Gate. Otherwise nothing seems known about his sexual life. His family meant little to him, though he loved Oxfordshire, where he would often stay with his people on the downs above Goring in their delightful home, a house which still preserves a connection with literature. It was not a pretty life, but a better one perhaps than many which have been lived by the dons of Magdalen. Mr. Elwin will tell you all about it.

Francis Birrell.

THE WORLD WITHOUT AND WITHIN

The Structure of Thought. By Ludwig Fischer. Translated by W. H. Johnston. Allen and Unwin. 16s.

The Dynamic Universe. By James Mackaye. Scribner. 10s. 6d.

The Right and the Good. By W. D. Ross. Oxford University Press. 10s. 6d.

Some Problems in Ethics. By H. W. B. Joseph. Oxford University Press. 5s.

Ludwig Fischer's remarkable book is described as "a survey of natural philosophy," not in the restricted sense of physics, but because he finds the key to the interpretation of all things in a certain "natural" order of thought. On the analogy of mathematics, which he frankly takes as his model, he proposes to follow "the axiomatic method," which means the strictly analytical deduction of everything that falls within human experience from the "prime form" of thought. The first clue is found in the distinction between terms and relations. The ultimate terms, constituting "the infinite manifold of our experience," are immediately given, indescribable, irrational. We can believe that other men experience our own data, such as *green*, *hot*, *bitter*, but we never can prove it, and the behaviour that makes us all members of a common world is determined by relations. Although the non-rational can never be eliminated, the term is inseparable from its relations, and Fischer's "prime form" is revealed in the fact that every ultimate term stands between two opposed sides and is "the point from which the two opposed directions radiate." As in space any point determines right and left, or in time any "now" divides, yet unites, before and after, so in knowledge any moment or act of consciousness opposes ego and non-ego, and displays as complementary directions the active and passive elements in knowing. After developing this fundamental concept on a fourfold basis reminiscent of Kant's grouping of the categories, Fischer concludes that "the whole of human experience is one, and at the same time it is a multiplicity, and the whole of it is ruled by order. The prime form of all the reciprocal relations within this whole is opposition: this severs and resolves itself in the ultimate term or limit."

After much elaboration of his theory, with discussion of secondary concepts such as substance and essence, Fischer proceeds in the second half of his book to run over the history of philosophical systems, with a view to showing that this fundamental notion of the unity of opposites is the clue to their interpretation. Primitive forms of it appear in Heracleitus and other pre-Socratics, while the influence of dialectic, as the process of resolving apparent contradictions into a higher unity, can easily be traced from Plato to Hegel. Among mediæval writers Nicholas of Cusa is selected for special notice. The monadology of Leibniz Fischer is prepared to absorb into his system. Kant is sympathetically treated, but Fichte and Hegel represent the climax of past achievement. Interpreted with a suitable "relativism," all the historic systems can thus be regarded as different manifestations of the same fundamental law.

This is not the place to question the belief of modern mathematicians that the whole of their science can be deduced from certain elementary logical notions. But when philosophy begins to apply "the axiomatic method" to the universe at large, the result is likely to be the presentation of a skeleton as the true and perfect image of life. *Mundum effecit ex categoriis*, said Bacon of Aristotle, and with small justice. The criticism was prophetic rather of systems yet unborn. If a philosophical student of language were to resolve discourse into sentences, sentences into words, words into letters; and then, detecting the "prime form" of order, were to exhibit *Hamlet* and *Paradise Lost* as pure deductions from the alphabet, such a triumph of analysis would be but a slight travesty of Fischer's method. True, he is aware that another world-picture (styled the Converse) is possible, if "the concept of plenary reality" is made the starting-point. But this, it seems, is only an alluring fiction, ending in the cold consolation of the *Als ob*.

The "radiation" theory, by virtue of which Mr. Mackaye's universe is dynamic can be estimated only by experts. With this he combines a lively criticism of "relativity," summarised as to its general character in the statement that "the equations and assumptions of relativity do not stand or fall together." In other words, he neither disputes the mathematics of Einstein nor belittles his achievements, but argues that there is profound confusion in the intellectual background, and that many of the "discoveries" are no more than new definitions, whereby the policy of using one name for two meanings has produced a totally false impression. As a typical example he gives the "simultaneity" of Einstein, which is merely a different thing from Newtonian simultaneity, yet perversely called by the same name. It is unfortunate that Mr. Mackaye's own philosophy is far from convincing. His chapter on "Separating the physics from the metaphysics of relativity" contains not a word about metaphysics, except on the naïve assumption that metaphysics means verbal confusion. It is strange, too, that he should quote Mill's *Logic* as an oracle, even to the point of declaring that the kind of "cause" discussed by Mill is "the only kind known to science or recognised by logic." But Mill never had the faintest notion what he meant by "cause." He uses the term in at least three incompatible senses within the same chapter. Despite his nebulous philosophy, there is, however, real force in some of Mr. Mackaye's criticisms. For the belief that the coherence of a system based on carefully selected axioms and definitions proves its truth as a description of nature is a delusion all too commonly exemplified in the history of science.

The wind, the fire, the earthquake, and then the still small voice. At a time when both science and philosophy are deeply infected with relativism we may turn at last to ethics in search of something that remains immutably itself. The broad difference in this respect between ancient and modern philosophers is that the ancients were chiefly concerned with the *summum bonum*, while the moderns, at least since Kant, have made duty the central fact. From this has come a sharper antithesis of act and motive, leading on to the wider discrimination of "right" and "good," with the baffling problem of their interrelation. This is the ground traversed by Mr. Ross and Mr. Joseph, with like aim but different results. To this extent they agree, that, whereas moral goodness depends on motive, the rightness of an act does not. And further, it cannot be our duty to act from a certain motive, for motives cannot be summoned at will. At this point arises the suggestion that acts and agents have to be judged by totally different standards. And here our two Oxonians begin to part company. Mr. Ross is content to hold that the two types of theory, stressing, respectively, the rightness of the act and the goodness of the agent, are largely compatible because they talk of different things. From this it is only one step to the view that right acts (their rightness being intrinsic) have no value; *i.e.*, no inherent moral goodness and no essential relation to the production of any good. Against this Mr. Joseph rebels. The contention that it can be our duty to do what is

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valueless and unproductive of good he dismisses (surely with reason) as absurd. His own view is that "right but valueless actions do not exist." In the doing of every act there is a motive, "and you cannot separate the doing of it from the motive without substituting for action in the moral sense action in the physical." This does not imply that the motive makes the rightness, but it does mean that the "right act," if done with a bad motive, is *not* the right act but merely a counterfeit. If (as Mr. Ross appears to think) the rightness is as intrinsic and unalterable as the roundness of a sphere, then "right" is not a moral notion, and ethics has no concern with it. The most that can be claimed for such rightness is that it represents the legal point of view.

Unanalysable and irreducible as both "right" and "good" may be, we still may venture to assert that no theory requiring different criteria for acts and agents can be more than an evasion of the problem. That right presupposes good is Mr. Joseph's argument. May we not put it in this form, that, if nothing were good, nothing could possibly be right?

ART BY THE NILE

The Art of Egypt Through the Ages. Edited by Sir Denison Ross. The Studio. £2 2s.

The 265 pages of plates contained in this book are divided into nine groups, conveniently furnished with dates: Predynastic, Old Kingdom, Middle Kingdom, New Kingdom, Tutankhamen, Saïte and Græco-Roman, Coptic, Muslim Architecture, and Muslim Applied Arts. The chapters of the text correspond, each being contributed by an expert. Sir Denison Ross furnishes a lucid historical introduction.

The inevitable result of this arrangement is a distressing lack of æsthetic assessment, a lack which is particularly unfortunate in view of the forthcoming Egyptian Exhibition. For much as the work of Sir Flinders Petrie, Sir Ernest Wallis Budge, and Professor Elliot Smith has increased our knowledge of the origins of Mediterranean culture, it is precisely this work that is now beginning to leave a rather acrid taste in the mouths of those who feel that the time has arrived to judge the art of Egypt rather by standards of constant æsthetics than by those of the excavator and the anthropologist. Some feel that an even less pleasant taste has been added by the discovery of the objects in Tutankhamen's tomb: are these meretricious vases and sophisticated palace furnishings really the apotheosis of four thousand years' culture, or are they merely a degenerate by-product? Questions of this kind are left unanswered. With the exception of Mr. Gaselee, who appends a welcome bibliography of Coptic studies, the experts have adventured little more than a categorical enumeration of monuments and remains. Nevertheless, the text is useful, especially for those who would set about, in their own minds, to remedy the deficiency in criticism which it shares with all writings on Egyptian art. The main historical events, and the consequent developments or retrogressions in style, are indicated with admirable clarity.

The photographs deserve the highest praise, particularly those by Messrs. Dell and Wainwright, who have dramatised the less interesting objects by an ingenious use of strong shadows. In the case of statues and busts, the individual patina of the stone employed is always apparent. Without appreciation of this quality it is impossible to understand the art of ancient Egypt at all. For no other sculptors have ever worked on such a scale in basalt, obsidian, granite, limestone, slate and diorite. It is the tradition of rigid economy induced by the hardness of these materials which produced at once the austere virtue of the older art, and, when this tradition became combined with an exuberance of form and design which it could not properly interpret, the decadence of the later. The invasion of Græco-Roman naturalism continued the process of deterioration. There resulted a kind of harsh merit in realistic portraiture. But there also resulted such things as the relief of Cleopatra at Denderah, a work as degraded as her incestuous ancestry.

With the coming of Christianity, the native genius of the people reasserted itself. Coptic stuffs, and one or two ivories, show that, but for the Moslem conquest, Egypt must have sponsored a Christian culture as individual and highly developed technically as the Byzantine, and at the same time descended in some degree from the tradition of the ancient monuments. Instead, this genius was diverted to the superb glass and metal work for which Egypt was renowned from the Arab conquest in 640 till the transference of the Caliphate in 1517. Even in architecture, whose inspiration was imported from Syria and Persia, Cairo differs from the rest of the Muslim world. While retaining the universal taste for delicate ornament, the general forms have a graver aspect, and are endowed with a more solid, three-dimensional quality than elsewhere: no buildings in Islam can rival the cool simplicity of plan and structure exhibited by the Mosque of Ibn Tulun or the aspiring magnificence of the portal to the Mausoleum of Sultan Hasan. It is possible to exaggerate this thread of continuity in the interest of sentimental nationalism. But whatever the country's political vicissitudes, its face has remained unchanged, its hard ancient stones cropping out of the sand, its river, and its pale menacing light. It is these surroundings which determine the character of Egyptian art through the ages, and provide a slender link between the artists of Osiris and the artists of Christ and of Islam.

THE PRINCE-OF-ALL-WORK

Prince Consort. By Frank B. Chancellor. Allan. 21s.

Mr. Chancellor shows a great deal of courage in his choice of subject, perhaps a little rashness. The life of a royal personage is always an undertaking, even for a skilled and hardened biographer, and apparently this is the author's first work. The truth about royalty is not easily ground out from between the upper millstone of national and international affairs and the nether millstone of popular delusions. Moreover, the Prince Consort was survived by an adoring widow who prevented the appearance of anything derogatory to him for forty years after his death; and owing partly to her devotion, partly to the Prince's own habit of committing everything to paper that could conceivably be so committed, his life is heavily and tendenciously over-documented. Prince Albert is buried deep. Forty centuries from this the archæologist excavating the mausoleum at Frogmore may create for the world a slender, but lucid, story and a spare, coherent character. At the moment we are probably under fewer misapprehensions about the kings and queens buried at Ur and Knossos and Luxor than about the grandfather of George V. But as each century feels a curiosity about the century preceding it as acute as—and not unlike—the curiosity of a child concerning its parents, a writer of the present day who faces the difficulties of explaining the Prince Consort deserves our particular esteem.

Mr. Chancellor is also to be praised for the level-headed manner in which he has written this book. His style is sometimes slipshod, but he writes a straightforward narrative of the Prince's public and private life, not turning aside to record either semi-imaginary conversations or wholly imaginary death-bed recollections. He admires more than he criticises—a pardonable bias if one compares the sons of George III, the last survivors of a herd of dinosaurs, grotesque, alarming creatures, but essentially vulnerable and doomed to extinction, with the delicate, prim but indomitable Albert. Since 1689 the English Constitution had preferred dinosaurs upon the throne and found them, upon the whole, less difficult than creatures of larger brain. But Mr. Chancellor does not take the English Constitution very deeply into consideration, and consequently he is able to give an unambiguous picture of a prince whose influence, both educationally and commercially, was progressive and valuable.

The Prince Consort introduced the Christmas Tree into English life; he was responsible for Classics and Mathematics ceasing to be the only subjects treated with veneration at Cambridge; he initiated and carried out the Great Exhibition, the parent of so many exhibitions, the grandparent of Wembley, one of the most successful methods of breaking down the commercial insularity of England. He seems to have been the only royal person in this country since the Tudors who had enough prudence and business capacity to grow wealthy from his profession, and yet he never neglected in the interest of his own or the Queen's private concerns any of the vast secretarial labours of the modern ruler. It is easy enough to satirise his lack of humour and lack of taste and his ignorance of human nature, or to condemn his royal policy as retrogressive, but it is hard not to regret that the State has so few servants of his calibre. To take an event near our own time—the loss of the R. 101—if we imagine the Prince Consort in a position of importance in the Air Ministry of 1930, the concatenation of small negligences and errors of forethought which led to that disaster becomes inconceivable.

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She had the obstinacy and egotism—the less attractive parts—of a strong personality, but she lacked an individual sense of life, and to supply that lack her mind received the outlook and the ideals of anyone whom she admired greatly. Inevitably the Prince Consort's outlook became her own. She duplicated his heaviness and dampness during his life, and then gave it forty years of posthumous existence. In such an atmosphere her subjects did not lose either their vitality or their powers of enjoyment, but the style vanished from English society, as the crispness out of lawn frills. Had Queen Victoria borne more resemblance to Queen Elizabeth—after whom the Duke of Kent wished to call her—had she been capable of originality as well as determination, and asserted that originality, had she flouted the Prince Consort at times—always appreciating his genius as a private secretary—then the combination would have been admirable.

Sir Theodore Martin's life of the Prince Consort probably does not find many readers in the present day; our chief source of information is, of course, Mr. Lytton Strachey in his *Queen Victoria*. Mr. Chancellor has produced more material than Mr. Strachey gave us about the Prince, but not much more, and on the grounds of lack of space he mentions none of his authorities except the *Memoirs of Baron Stockmar* and Sir Theodore Martin's *Life*, and those only in the preface. In consequence, his work has the appearance, but less than the flavour, of Mr. Strachey served up cold. There is, however, an interest in considering the Prince's life detached, as far as it ever can be detached, from that of the Queen. No doubt anything written about either the husband or wife in that remarkable union unavoidably reminds us of Mr. Strachey and then sends us back to Mr. Strachey to realise again the difference between his genius and the talent of others. For this reason, too, Mr. Chancellor's courage—and perhaps rashness—deserves notice.

FRESH UNIVERSES

A New Model of The Universe. By P. D. Ouspensky. Kegan Paul. 25s.

Novius Organum. By J. C. McKerrow, M.B. Longmans. 9s.

There is a certain mellowed wisdom about autumn books which is not always evident in the spring. The fancy of authors at the beginning of the year seems to leap riotously to the most fantastic conclusions. Of the books before us, M. Ouspensky's, we are told, was begun and practically completed before 1914, and Mr. McKerrow's contains essays dated from 1925 to 1930. It is amazing that so many years can have resulted in so little of value. The two books are alike in the grandiloquence of their aim and the futility of their achievement. Yet there are some good passages in both. M. Ouspensky's opens with an attractive description of his own life as a leader writer on the Moscow *Morning* and of the mental perturbation which induced him to begin his present unprofitable speculations. Excellent also are the author's description of his travels "in search of the miraculous," of his awe before Notre Dame de Paris, the pyramids of Egypt, and the Buddha with the sapphire eyes in Ceylon. There is a wholly admirable account of the systems of Yoga (subjugation) as practised in India. The author's analysis of his own dreams is interesting; and he is bold enough to pit his interpretation against the whole weight of psycho-analysis. Mr. McKerrow also has two good detached chapters at the end of his volume. They are doubtless meant as applications of a principle, but are best read on their own merits. "The Social Psychosis" finds the root of all social evil to be the excessive spending of the rich, though he looks upon Socialism as a disease of the body politic, not the remedy. "The Nature of Man" makes an unexpected overture to religion, and finds in Jesus Christ "humanity's own conception of a life lived according to the will of God."

Having seen the best let us turn to the worst. With M. Ouspensky it is unquestionably his theology and his physics. The only merit about his fourth chapter is that it does reproduce a great deal of the Gospel text. The chapter is based on the principle that "every phrase, every word, contains hidden ideas." That way madness lies. But even this principle is no excuse for ignorance of the Greek text. M. Ouspensky gives as an illustration of "an abstract idea which in the later translations has become a concrete image" the petition in the Lord's Prayer "deliver us from evil." He is under the impression that the English translation "corresponds to the Greek and Latin texts." The Greek, as a matter of fact, is uniformly ἀπὸ τοῦ πονηροῦ, "from the evil one," as is made certain by Matt. xiii., 19. But what does putting the cart before the horse matter to M. Ouspensky? We know the value of his theological position when he proclaims—"No historical evidence that Jesus actually existed is extant besides the Gospels." For what do Tacitus and Pliny and Josephus count? Let us pass to M. Ouspensky's physics since the section "A New Model of the Universe" is chosen, rather oddly, to give a title to the book. It is based on the idea that time, which is compared with a spiral, has three dimensions analogous with those of space. This would seem to wash out a previous chapter entitled "The Fourth Dimension," already published, and it has no foundation in physics or in experience. M. Ouspensky's knowledge of physics, however, seems limited by the pages of one Professor Chwolson, though he quotes, without much understanding, from an elementary book by Professor Einstein and from Sir Arthur Eddington. It is not surprising that "the author could add but very little to the second part of the tenth chapter in spite of all that has appeared during the last years in the line of 'new physics.'" In view of these vagaries of his imagination it is a relief to find that M. Ouspensky is content to leave the pyramids as observatories and does not elaborate too greatly the philosophical significance of a pack of cards. The idea which leads M. Ouspensky through this mass of material is that true knowledge is esoteric, found only among small groups separated in time and space. Hence his searches in such diverse fields. Upon this idea we feel inclined to recommend to M. Ouspensky his second important requirement of occult rules, that is, "the knowledge and capacity to be silent."

The guiding thread of Mr. McKerrow's book is more difficult to pick out. At last we come to a chapter, "Extruding the subject," exhibiting an unexpected clarity from which it appears that he exalts accident and habit to great importance. "'Accident' has hitherto been the most despised of concepts, as 'purpose' has been the most exalted. This despised stone we propose to make the head of the corner. By accident the solar system happened, by accident life appeared on earth." His other principle is that action always tends to be repeated, that a mouse runs away from a cat because it has done so before. He proposes by this combination to eliminate both necessity and purpose from life. Unfortunately at the end of the chapter we find a puzzling note: "the reader will observe that at this time (1927) we appear to have been satisfied with the adequacy of habit as a metaphysical principle." We suspect the meaning to be that Mr. McKerrow developed subsequently his dislike of metaphysics, for he now appears to hold that nothing metaphysical or scientific can ever be fully true. The philosopher believes what he likes and the scientist believes what best fits the facts. He makes it plain beforehand that all scientific or metaphysical criticism will run off him like water off a duck's back. By the standards of science and metaphysics his principle that life is accident and habit must certainly be considered inadequate to the complexity of life, and we know of no other standard by which to test it. This much, however, can at least be said that he supports his "heterodox metaphysic" with more relevant information than does M. Ouspensky gives us to buttress his.

A RUMANIAN'S RUSSIA

Russia Unveiled. By Panait Istrati. Translated by R. J. S. Curtis. Allen and Unwin. 10s.

The first few months of this year have seen a spate of books on Russia which is doubtless symptomatic of the general interest taken in that enigma of modern Europe. The abuse of those who regard Russia as the blackest of black sheep, and the appreciation of others who look to Moscow as the place where their ideals are being realised have recently been broadcast in the press and through the ether; neither, perhaps, has been particularly unbiassed, both have had the effect of stimulating public interest in a country which probably holds the key to the future of mankind both in the East and West. The political effects of Russian propaganda and doctrine have been the most marked feature in Eastern affairs since the War, while the West has yet to feel the full impact of Russia's economic reconstruction. Naturally, therefore, there has been a widespread desire for trustworthy information, and many attempts, more or less successful, have been made to fulfil it; one of the most remarkable of these attempts is Panait Istrati's *Russia Unveiled*.

Istrati, who is a Rumanian by birth, has had an adventurous life, the first part of which was largely spent in roaming round the

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Levant and Asia Minor. Returning in 1913 to Rumania he met Rakovsky, later to become the Soviet ambassador in London, and became an ardent convert to revolutionary ideas. After the War he lived for a time in Russia, and in 1929 published three books, of which this is one, on Russia and the Soviet system. In *Russia Unveiled* the author claims that he presents only established facts, taken exclusively from Soviet sources, and if the facts are as he presents them it is not difficult to understand his obviously bitter disillusion; the book resembles nothing so much as a series of special articles on Russia in the *Morning Post*. It gives a picture of almost unrelieved oppression by a ruthless bureaucracy—and it is documented throughout not by references to an English newspaper of Tory sympathies, but by quotations from Soviet papers, the *Izvestia*, the *Pravda*, the *Trud*, and many others, covering the years from 1925 to 1929. Here is an account of how the Moscow municipal workers are housed:

> Three men sleep in two beds, placed side by side; some on the dirty floors, in the corridors, under the beds. Women with children at the breast live in this filth, in this heavy, smoky atmosphere. There is no system of lighting and the courtyard has been turned into a latrine.—*Pravda.*

Again, in the province of Vladimir:

> The workmen live in narrow, damp barracks, all in a ruinous condition, and some families which are stricken with typhoid and venereal diseases live in sheds. Living conditions in these barracks are dreadful beyond imagination. In winter the inmates are frozen, in summer rain falls through the roofs; everything is rotten, crumbling. They are not workmen's rooms, but kennels.—*Pravda.*

Both these cases date from 1925, but there are others quoted from the following four years, and declaring that the situation is getting worse, Istrati sums up this section of the book by saying:

> Such is the lot, not of a few sections of workmen suffering under specially unfavourable circumstances, but of the great majority of the working classes in this, the first Republic in the world to call upon the name of Socialism. Those human beings to whose labours the creation of everything is due are penned up, millions of them, into foul hovels worthy of the Middle Ages, are sent to seek shelter under the stars, or left to the tender mercies of the weather. Retailers of the Soviet legend have not seen that side of the picture. They have allowed themselves to be shown round a few palaces and villas where a small number of specially favoured workmen live—a few hundred at the most. But these veritable sties in which a decent European peasant would not keep his pigs, in Russia are crammed with thousands wallowing in filth.

Not only housing conditions, but health services, education, justice, the increase in drunkenness combined with the growing revenue accruing from the sale of alcohol, are described by Istrati, who does not keep to accounts of oppression, as when the *Communist* of Kharkov is quoted concerning the number of prostitutes only fourteen years old, and the *Pravda* records the case, one of many such, of a girl student forced to sleep with a university official before being able to obtain leave of absence or a railway ticket. And so on *ad nauseam*, like the all-night conversation in a story of Dostoevsky.

And yet, in spite of its impressive documentation, it is impossible to take *Russia Unveiled* quite at its face value or to believe that such unadulterated gloom, if true, is the whole truth. There is no reaction so fierce as that of a disappointed idealist, and Istrati would not be the only admirer of Lenin whose sympathies were with the exiled Trotsky rather than with the triumphant Stalin and who can, therefore, see no good in the present regime. It is something that the press has been allowed to record the instances quoted, even if 60 per cent. of the population is illiterate. Much of the book, especially the part dealing with agriculture, must be considered out of date in view of the developments of the past twelve months, and there is little attempt to assess the real value of the trials through which the Russian people are passing. Istrati has thought it sufficient to record those trials, and in those friends of Russia whose admiration is not merely facile they will produce pity as well as condemnation.

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Mr. Duguid's account of his journey through the Bolivian Chaco is the work of a man who has that rare combination of gifts—a capacity for adventure, and a sensitiveness and imagination that are equal to the occasion when he comes to write. With two companions he set out from Rosario, went by steamer and later by launch up the Paraguay River due north into the tropical heat, through Asuncion and Corumbá to Lake Gaiba, whence with mules they cut into the dense forest westwards to Santa Cruz at the foot of the Andes. This last, the most arduous stage of their journey, was five hundred miles long. It has scarcely been traversed since Nuflo de Chavez, the conquistador, took three hundred soldiers, two priests and five women with him to found Santa Cruz in 1557. After him there came the Jesuits, but since their expulsion the scattered Spanish and Indian communities have decayed. Green Hell was the name which Mr. Duguid, with a taste for vigorous epithet, gave to the immense hothouse forest which during his time was nearly waterless, and which almost quietly devoured the party. That they survived was in a great degree due to their luck in obtaining the leadership of an itinerant Russian, whom they called Tiger-Man, and who was deeply experienced in the ways of animals, insects and the forest, matters of which the rest of the party were ignorant.

They had expected to be attacked by every kind of savage beast, the jaguars, snakes, tarantulas, but these did not come near them. Their first tarantula in Corumbá dropped to the ground the four hairy front legs it was waving in the air and slid away, their first jaguar swam for his life and got away wounded, and subsequent ones were hunted with dogs. Mr. Duguid went out of his way to wrestle with an anaconda that his companion might photograph it. He shot a crocodile and saw the cautionary spectacle of the creature being devoured in a minute by thousands of piranha fish. The real difficulty was not with the wild beasts, but with the insects and the lack of water.

Yet the forest seemed familiar and "lived in," giving a deceptive impression of beauty and security, at first seeming hardly more than a Somerset wood—but with a difference:

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SHORTER NOTICES

Donjon of Demons. By Benedict Fitzpatrick. Routledge. 10s. 6d.

"Donjon of the Demons" was a phrase used in 1639 by Father Hierosme Lalemant to describe the country of the Hurons. The Father had been appalled by the abominable cruelty of the Red-man, whose treatment of defenceless prisoners is described in this book with a realism that is as vivid as it is painful. Mr. Fitzpatrick tells the story of the life and death of Father Brebeuf, who was the Superior in charge of the priests in the country of the Hurons. Taking his material from the *Jesuit Relations* he writes rather as a novelist than an historian, recreating the scene for us and dramatising the events and personages. At times his style is too flowery, but he can be powerfully simple and is then at his best. The heroism of the French Jesuits in the early days of the colonisation of Canada, when they went alone into the wilderness and lived among the Indians, was seen at its highest in the work and martyrdom of Father Brebeuf; and Mr. Fitzpatrick enables us to gauge its quality by filling in the background of untameable savagery against which it was displayed.

The Mystic Will. Based on a study of the Philosophy of Jacob Boehme. By Howard H. Brinton. Allen and Unwin. 8s. 6d.

Mr. Brinton is aware of this difficulty of presenting mystical experience in prose, and he writes: "Not only does he (Boehme) continually repeat the warning that his books are not intended to satisfy intellectual curiosity, but he declares that theory alone cannot grasp his meaning. Only those who have actually experienced rebirth into the light can understand it. He adjures his readers in these words, 'You must follow the flights of my soul, not of my pen.'" Unfortunately, no one will be helped to follow the flights of Boehme's soul by a book like this. Mr. Brinton's book would be of use to a man who had to lecture on Boehme before a group of people who cared nothing for mysticism. Also—and this is its chief value—it helps to place Boehme historically by showing his relation to the thought of his day and the extent of his influence on later writers. But there is nothing in *The Mystic Will* that explains why such men as Blake and Coleridge found Boehme exhilarating. Everything poetic, everything deeply influential, has disappeared in the process of subjecting Boehme's works to the dry exacting categories of scientific scholarship.

The Family. By Dr. Müller-Lyer. Allen and Unwin. 16s.

Dr. Müller-Lyer, though much that he has to say is unimpeachable, has a disconcerting way of presenting a fallacious statement on a highly speculative hypothesis as a self-evident truth. His demand that the words "prehistory" and "prehistoric" should forgo their usual, useful, and intelligible meaning, as applying to that part of man's story disclosed by archæology which immediately preceded written or memorised record, and that henceforward those terms should apply only to "the far distant period in which all and any progress and culture first arose," seems utterly unreasonable, unless it is merely his ingenuous way of implying that his conjectures with regard to the social relations of earliest man are to be accepted as history. Dr. Müller-Lyer is of those who believe that mankind first appeared living in hordes, and he is entitled to hold that belief; provided he does not insist that it is demonstrably true. Dr. Müller-Lyer makes so much of his initial conjectures that his subsequent argument is suspect. Yet his discussion of the human family as it is seen to-day in primitive and civilised communities is always ingenious, and his bold anthropological challenge to social tendencies of the present day deserves consideration.

History of Palestine. By Angelo S. Rappoport. Allen and Unwin. 12s. 6d.

At a moment when excavators are particularly busy in Palestine any definitive history of the country is out of the question, but it is well that we should have from time to time summaries of what has been discovered, and Dr. Rappoport's book is therefore welcome. The appeal of the book is twofold; first it is addressed to Biblical students, and only secondly to students of human culture generally, the result, of course, being that the trend of the book is always towards the corroboration of Jewish history and legend and that much space is devoted to the historical period. The most interesting part of the narrative, however, is that in which Dr. Rappoport endeavours to reconstruct for us that land of Canaan in which the intruding Israelites came as marauders and conquerors. Dr. Rappoport is a little confused over the *Exodus*, but his conjectures with regard to the conquest, which he perhaps antedates a little, are reasonable.

From Surtees to Sassoon. By F. J. H. Darton. Kennerley. 6s.

Mr. Harvey Darton has attempted, in this rambling, reflective discourse, to entrap the somewhat diffusely spread spirit of England. His book has atmosphere rather than certainty, sentiment rather than fact, and lingers on slow country contours rather than town angularities. One cannot lay material traps to snare a spirit; so Mr. Darton snares it through literatures. Certain writers are selected as achieving, in their personal attitudes, a typical quality that is English in the manner of the fox hunt, the quiet village, the slow humours at the country inn. The fox-hunting writers—Surtees of last century, Masefield and Sassoon of this one—are considered, leading up to a discussion of the War poets and prose writers such as Blunden, Graves, Manning and Aldington. Mr. Darton's criticism of these poets is not, in itself, detailed or profound; but he makes use of certain salient characteristics in them to question "How has England altered?" and, going behind the obvious answer that nothing is the same, to find that essentially there is nothing changed. The threads that Chaucer, Shakespeare, even Surtees, worked with run through it to-day. Mr. Darton refuses to be more conclusive.

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U-Boat Stories. By K. Neureuther and C. Bergen. Constable. 10s.

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